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SATURDAY NIGHT

OCTOBER 10, 1942

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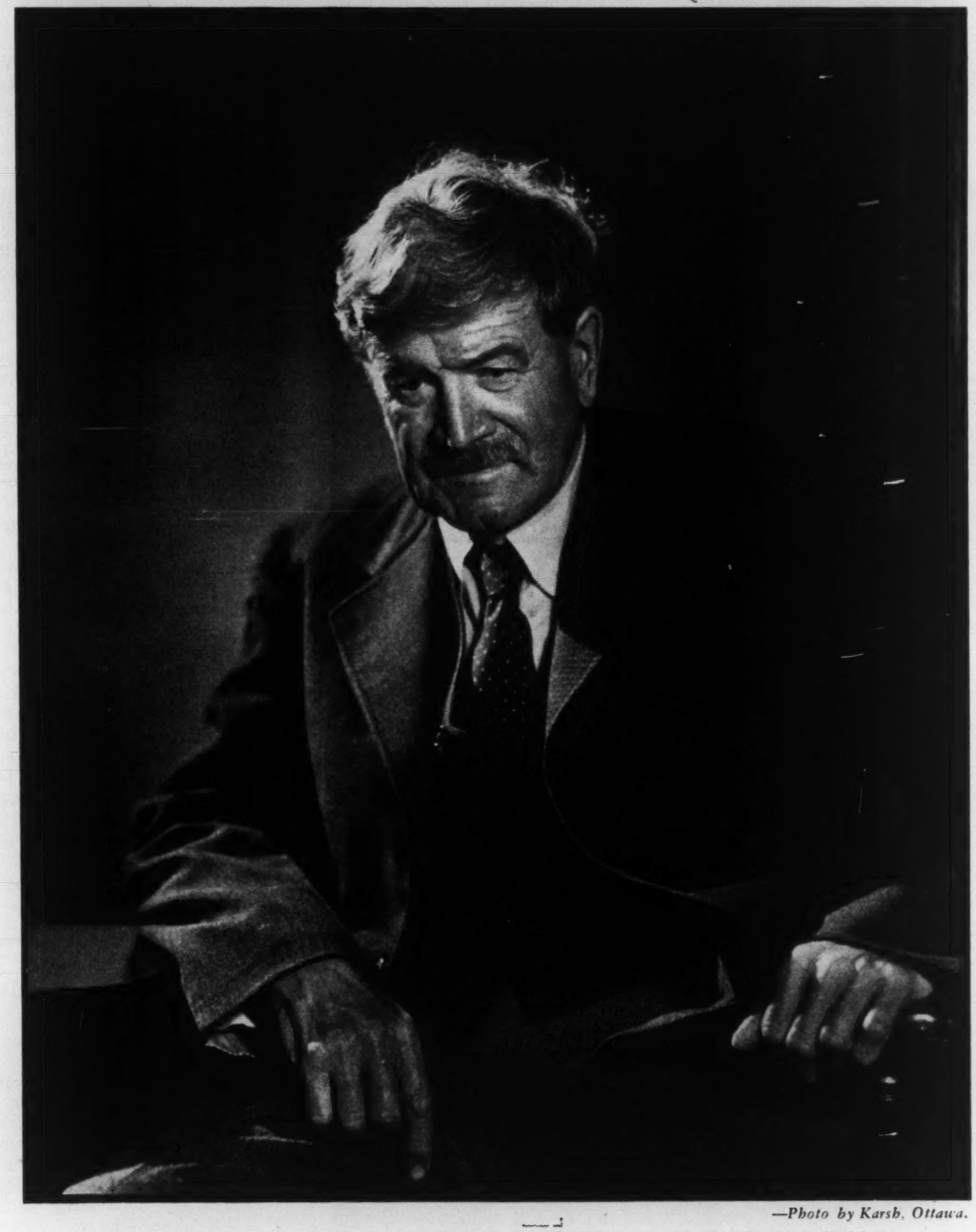
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Global Food War

See article by Claude L. Fisher on page 34



—Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.

STEPHEN LEACOCK, WHOSE "SUNSHINE SKETCHES" HAVE ENDEARED HIM TO THOUSANDS. SEE PAGE 4 FOR PICTURES OF HIM AT HIS ORILLIA HOME.

The Front Page

BOTH the personal qualities and the official powers of Mr. Justice Byrnes, head of the new Economic Stabilization Board of the United States, seem to be precisely what is needed in Canada if we are ever to realize that concentration of our economic effort towards a single objective, without which our innumerable controls and priorities and regimentations are simply bound to get in one-another's way.

Mr. Byrnes is described by Walter Lippmann as "a deputy President for the home front." His instructions—for which his powers seem to be considered adequate—are to "formulate and develop a comprehensive national policy relating to the control of civilian purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, profits, rationing, subsidies, and all related matters." This does not leave much except taxes outside of his purview in the economic sphere, and Mr. Lippmann thinks that Mr. Byrnes and his Board "must fix Administration policy in regard to taxes and savings," and must also play a determining part in manpower policy.

Obviously these are highly autocratic powers. But they do not exceed those which the President should enjoy in wartime, and the President cannot exercise them in person, and they must therefore be delegated. The point is that in the United States they are delegated *en bloc*, and in Canada similar powers have hitherto been delegated piecemeal to different and often contending functionaries.

The Danger of Reading

MR. HEPBURN has been reading a book. We have always maintained that this is a dangerous practice when indulged in too suddenly after a period of abstinence. It is well known that men who have been starving for a considerable time are never allowed to satisfy their hunger at the first meal, because the sudden intake puts more of a strain on the digestion than its weakened state can stand.

"Last night," said the Premier on Monday to the American Federation of Labor, "away into the small hours of the morning as a matter of fact, I read a book recently written by a very prominent labor author of Britain, and as a result of that and of other studies I have made of recent date, my friends, I must confess that I have arrived at the conclusion that never again can the peace of this world be entrusted with international, financial, commercial cartels, which dominated the League of Nations and rendered that international body impotent, which allowed the Japanese to invade peaceful Manchoukuo (Manchuria) and the boastful Mussolini to invade defenceless Ethiopia. Rather do I believe that the future peace of this world is only secure in the hands of labor and the great masses of an organized society."

This is a very important conclusion that Mr. Hepburn has come to, and we are far from wishing to persuade him to amend it. But we do wish that he had arrived at it by a more adequate preparation. These questions of world organization are too large to be settled upon the strength of a single book. There is also the trouble that the conclusions reached upon the perusal of a single book may be upset by the perusal of another one, or even of something less substantial than a book, such as an article in the *Globe and Mail.*

It is not so long ago that Mr. Hepburn, influenced by the perusal of we know not what, was doing things which were certainly not calculated to advance the cause of placing the future peace of the world, or anything else, in the hands of labor—things which were calculated to make it as difficult as the power of the province of Ontario could make it for labor to organize not only for securing the peace of the world but even for doing its own collective bargaining. That of course was before Mr. Hepburn read his last-Sunday book; but having once got the habit he may read another one tomorrow and become convinced that the peace of the world requires the abolition of banks, or of by-elections, or of weekly newspapers, or of power contracts, or of law courts—all of them institutions which some people regard as a menace to peace, and about which Mr. Hepburn has at times shown himself dubious. On the whole we wish Mr. Hepburn would go back to his onions and leave reading to the Governors of the University of Toronto.

The Hon. T. D. Bouchard

THE city of St. Hyacinthe, Que., will be very much en fete tomorrow in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of the Hon. Telesphore Damien Bouchard to its mayoralty, although that event was far from being the beginning of his career of municipal service, since he became an alderman in 1905, at the age of twenty-three. He is now sixty, and has been since 1912 (except for 1919-23) a member of the Quebec Legislature, in which he wields an influence which is almost certainly second only to that of the Hon. Adelard Godbout himself.

Mr. Bouchard ought to be better known than he is to English-speaking Canada. He has been one of the most powerful forces working for the modernization of the educational system of Quebec, in which task he has enjoyed the support of some though by no means all of the clerical authorities. An important part of tomorrow's celebrations will be the blessing of the new Bouchard Park and Bouchard Bridge by Mgr. Arthur Douville, the Auxiliary Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. Other items of a busy day include the opening of a new subway by Mr. Bouchard's daughter, Captain Cecile Ena Bouchard of the Canadian Active Army, and the digging by the Mayor himself of the first spade-hole for the foundations of a new technical school.

Mr. Bouchard was Minister of Municipal Affairs and Trade in the last and ill-fated Taschereau administration, but was never held to blame either by his constituents or by the province for that Government's misconduct, and on the return of the Liberals under Godbout he was the obvious choice for a highly influential portfolio. He is now, as the reader may have dimly suspected from the events scheduled for tomorrow's celebration, Minister of Roads and Public Works.

Mr. Bouchard is an able and energetic worker for mutual comprehension between the two races, in the sphere of his own province, as is witnessed by the fact that many English-speaking Canadians, including Col. Wilfrid Bovey, will join in congratulating him tomorrow. His manifold duties at Quebec and St. Hyacinthe probably keep him extremely busy, but it is to be wished that he could spare time for a few appearances in other parts of Canada.

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Old Furs Useful

WINTER on the North Atlantic is savage and unrelenting. Seamen need all the warm clothing they can get. The furriers have a plan. They will make up without charge fur-lined vests for sailors, using all the worn or out-moded fur coats and neckpieces that the public will contribute.

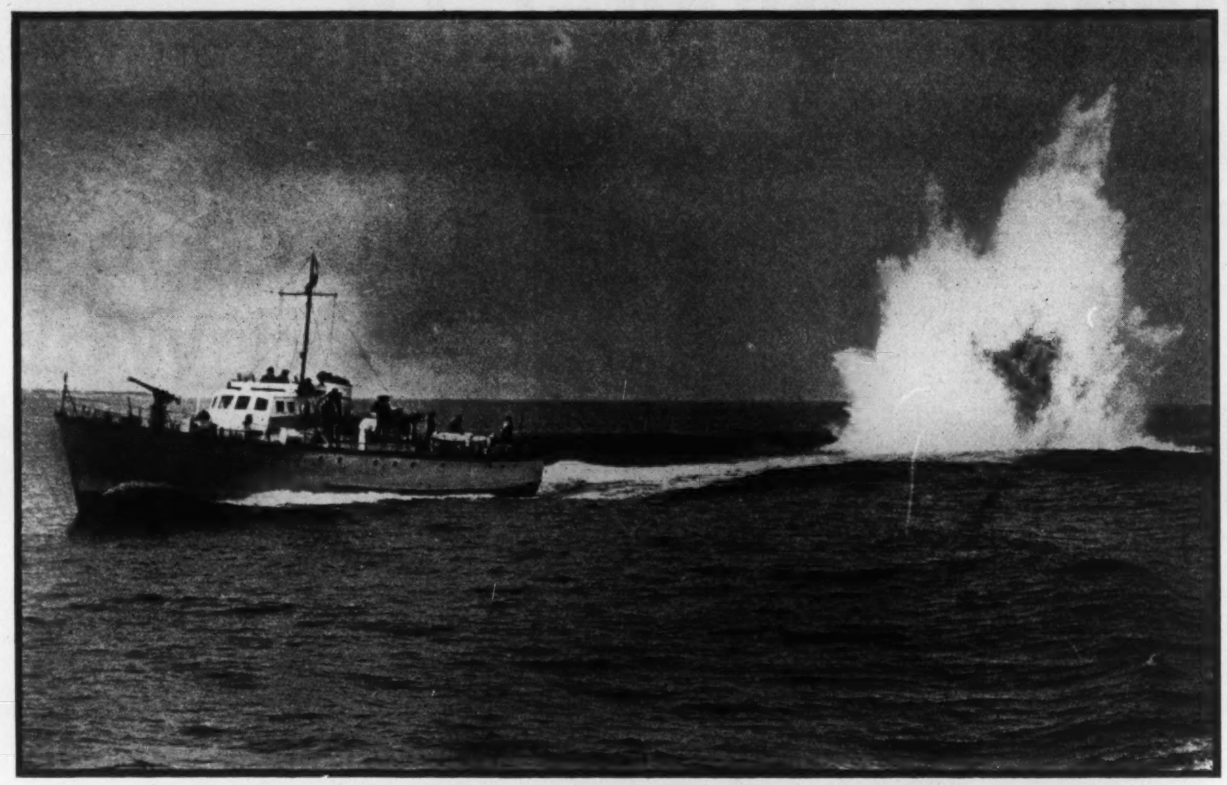
Men and women who have been saving their old furs in the hope that some time something might be done with them are assured that some time is *now*. They are urged to bring them to their nearest furrier, assured that they will be bringing comfort to fighting men guarding the seas for the convoys of freedom.

Japanese Students

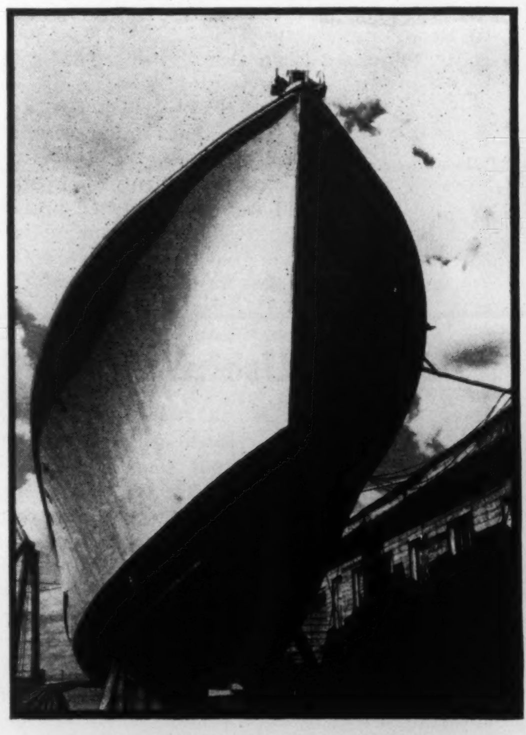
THE Ontario Government, we find, is entitled to a clean bill of health in regard to the attitude of the universities of the province towards the admission of certain classes of students of enemy racial or political origin. The Government's pronouncement on this subject was concerned solely with the case of the Japanese who were brought to this province from British Columbia to take employment in agriculture, lumbering or domestic service, and who came here under a three-way agreement to which the province and the Dominion were parties. This agreement calls for their return to internment in British Columbia whenever they cease to be employed in Ontario; and while we can ourselves see no more reason for a Canadian-born Japanese being prevented from pursuing his studies at a university—if he can pay for the privilege—than for his being prevented from working, the fact remains that the agreement called for his working and made no provision for his studying, and the provincial Government has merely been carrying it out. A more logical, but doubtless more troublesome, method of dealing with the matter would have been simply to apprehend any Japanese who might cease to work, and turn him over to the Dominion authorities.

Any other restrictions on university enrolment are apparently the work of the universities themselves, and we are glad to learn that there is a considerable amount of protest about them in academic circles. They seem to be due mainly to a desire to restrict the number of

(*Continued on Page Three*)

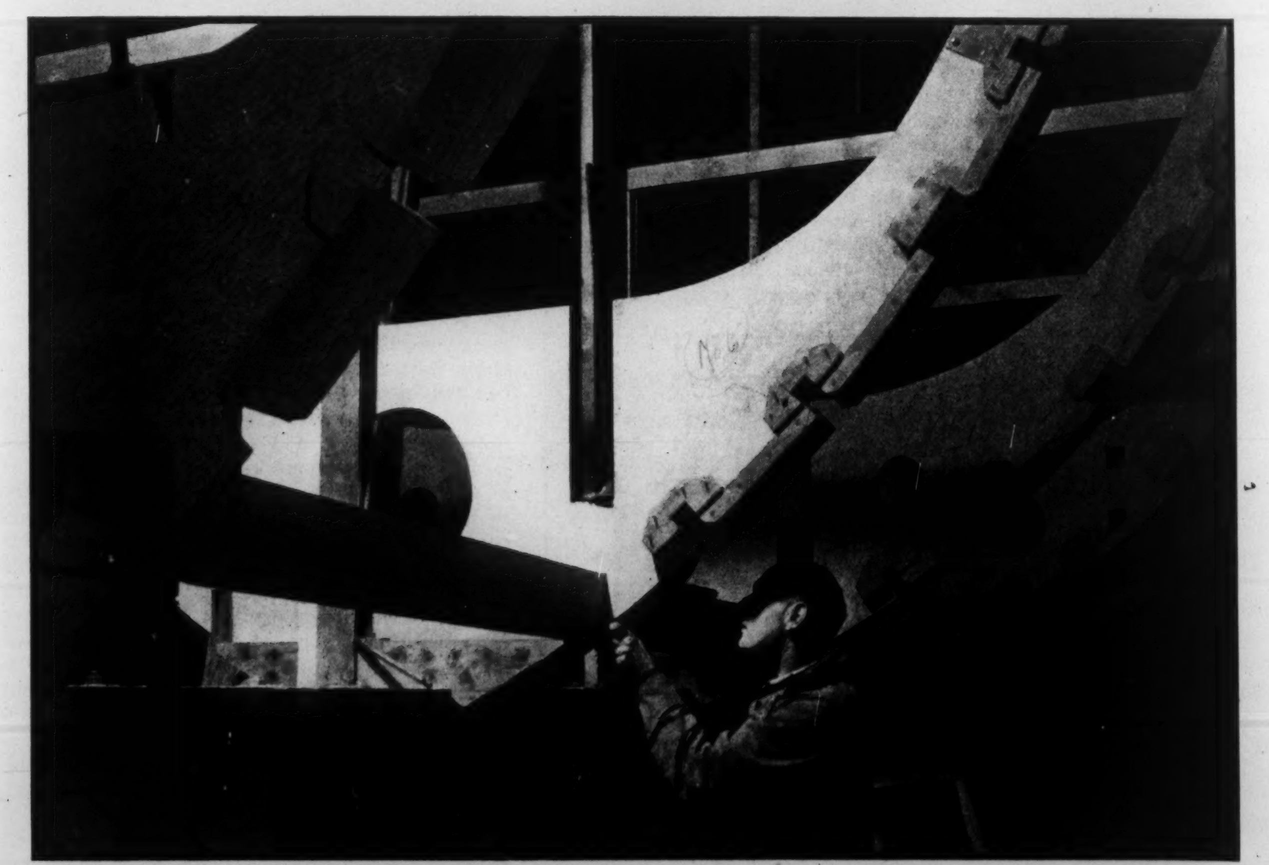


Newest weapon of the Canadian Navy in its fight against U boats in the St. Lawrence is the Fairmile subchaser. Designed in Great Britain, the Canadian-built vessel operated in strictest secrecy until recently. Above, a Fairmile drops a depth charge.



Almost ready to take to the water, this subchaser exhibits her long racy lines.

The compact mess deck of a Fairmile has no room for hammocks, so pipe-berths have been adopted as shown.



Fairmile production has been stepped up to the point where deliveries now keep pace with training of 12-man crews to operate them. Here is a scene during construction.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Housing and Income

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

MAY I again say, in answer to the letter of Mr. J. F. C. Smith, that my argument is that we can provide proper housing for Canadians. He has no right to suggest that I have said anything to the contrary. I said what he says—that too many Canadians had incomes too small to permit their obtaining proper housing. They also were short—until the present war boom commenced—of adequate food, clothing, fuel and many other things. All that I am suggesting is that we try to cure this condition by raising people's incomes—not by building houses for them.

The fact that Britain undertook public housing in 1851 is of no importance in Canada in 1942. The fact that half the houses built in Britain between 1918 and 1939 were built with Government assistance cannot be quoted, as Mr. Smith quotes it, as evidence that this was necessary.

Mr. Smith says "Far more than labor costs is our expensive system of finance and amortization." This can only mean that the cost of the average house includes more for the service of borrowed money than it does for the preparation, transportation and assembly of all the materials which go into it. I do not believe that this is correct.

I am entirely in favor of investigating a solution to our serious housing situation. Mr. Smith does not need to become annoyed because my solution is not the same as his.

Montreal, Que. P. C. ARMSTRONG.

Russia Is Not Communist

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

LET us help Russia, fight beside Russia and admire Russia. Let us imitate Russia; but let us copy the Russia of to-day.

Stalin continued the policy of Lenin and purged Russia of communist nonsense. Both leaders knew that prosperity follows where men and women are rewarded as they have worked. The communist creed, "From each, according to his ability, to each, according to his need," is social ruin. It makes idle parasites of the less able; it destroys initiative in more able citizens; it consequently results in poverty for everyone.

To-day, under Stalin's vigorous rule, Russia is far more "capitalistic" than is North America.

In Russia, payment by production is the rule; those who produce more are admired and better paid. Stakanovich is a national hero; he is a miner who multiplied output by using brain as well as muscle in his piece-work.

Russians are free to use their earnings and their savings as they will.

There is no income tax; workers keep all that they earn; thrift is encouraged by government banks and bonds where savings are safe and earn interest.

There is neither gift tax nor tax on death; by their labor men and women can make provision for the well-being of their chosen heirs.

Today, in Russia, hard work and self-denial pay no tribute to the idle, incompetent and improvident. In short, Russia is as once was North America. Let us, with Russia, be as we once were. There lies our comradely path to victorious prosperity.

THOMAS L. JARROTT.

Taxing Unreceived Income

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

HAS it come to your attention that under the new income tax regulations the Canadian Government is taxing thousands of people on money they have never received?

If your immediate reaction to this statement is "impossible!" you are guilty of taking a commonsense, instead of an income tax office, view of the matter.

My own case is an example. Owing to a long illness I was off work for the first eight months of the year. My income for 1942 will be less than half my regular salary, yet my employer is forced to deduct from each pay cheque as much as if I had been at work all year.

When the $400 allowable deduction for my medical expenses has been made I shall not have a taxable income this year; all that is now being deducted each month will have to be refunded me. In the meantime this grossly unfair deduction each month works a very great hardship.

However, my protest is not mainly on the ground of hardship—legitimate as such a ground undoubtedly is,—but on the ground of the abominable injustice of taxing anybody on money he has never received.

That a refund may be claimed, and will be paid eventually, neither compensates for the hardship nor alters the inherent injustice of the tax.

Vancouver, B.C. B.C.

Fining Foreigners

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT SEEMS to me it is about time that our judges were aware of the fact that we are fighting this terrible war for democracy and equal rights for all. It is amazing that Magistrate McNish should fine Mrs. Dworkin—obviously a foreigner—$2000, and the Joy Oil Co. $200 for each offence.

I should like to ask the honorable judge to inspect the pantry shelves of well-to-do Anglo-Saxons. I venture to say that he will find many homes with the pantry shelves packed tight and right to the ceiling. So why pick on an alien?

Toronto, Ont. M. MORISON.

We sympathize with Mr. Morison's attitude while deploring the terms which he uses to make his distinctions. We have not the slightest idea whether Mrs. Dworkin is an "alien" or a "foreigner," but the principle is the same if she is a Canadian citizen by naturalization or even by birth. She is not an Anglo-Saxon, and it is quite true that prosecutions under the Wartime Prices and Trade regulations have been directed to a disproportionate extent against non-Anglo-Saxons. The official explanation is that prosecutions are started when private persons lodge complaints, and that fewer complaints are lodged against Anglo-Saxons; it is unofficially suggested that there are more feuds among non-Anglo-Saxons, and complaints are often due to personal hostility. The size of the penalty is a matter of judicial discretion, and the cases cited by Mr. Morison refer to two entirely different kinds of offence. —Ed.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

Jews in attendance, an object which it is obviously difficult to avow openly at a moment when the country is fighting (with the aid of as many Jews as can get into the forces)a war which is described as being in defence of democracy and against racial exclusiveness. The idea that an element of the population which is peculiarly anxious for, and peculiarly able to profit by, education should be limited in its access to it in order to keep room for other elements which are either less anxious or less able to profit has always seemed to us somewhat illogical.

Aloof From Britain

SOME of our readers appear to have extended further than was in our mind the application of a reference (two weeks ago) to Professor Frank Scott in connection with the Dreiser episode in Toronto. It was far from our desire to suggest that Professor Scott has been guilty either of adulation of Russia or of hot-gospelling for a Second Front. What we had in mind, and what we still consider to be very much of a piece, was the attitudes of himself and Dreiser on the subject of the character of the people of the United Kingdom, of the successive governments which they maintain, and of the administration which they provide in the non-self-governing portions of the British Empire.

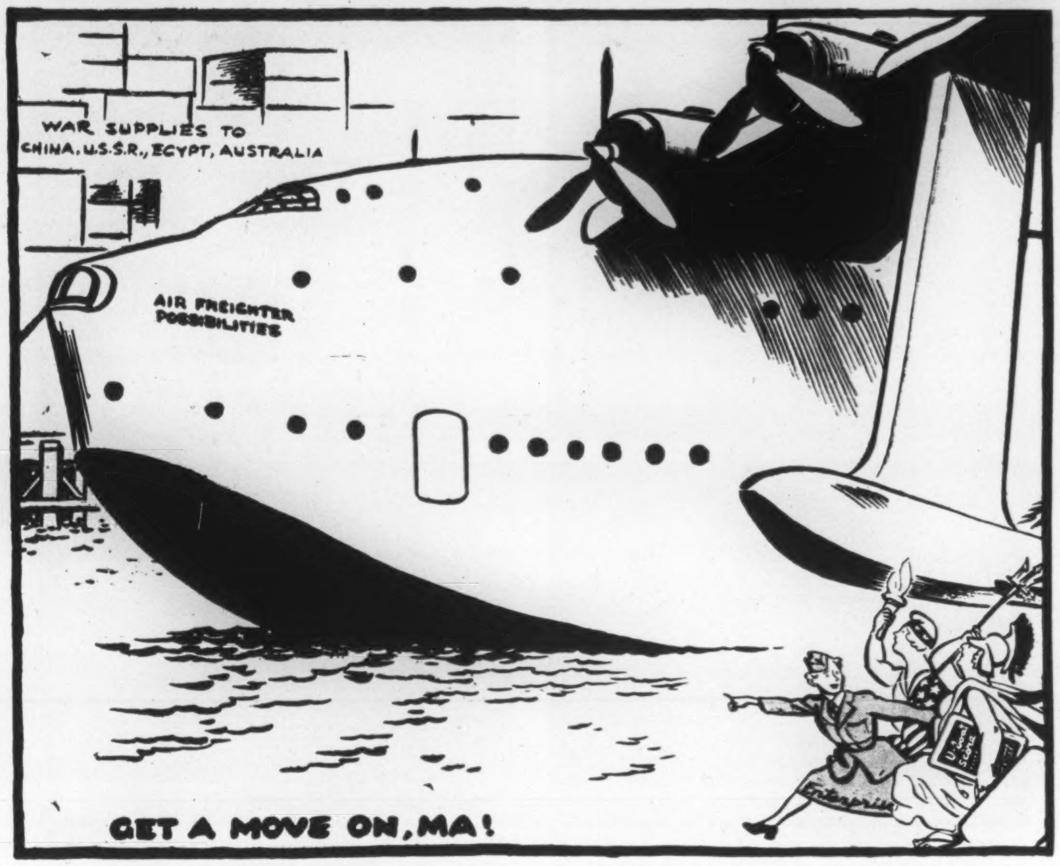
Professor Scott is one of those for whom the war, with Germany on one side and Britain on the other, had little appeal so long as "the Tories were running England." His own words are that at that time it could not possibly be regarded as "a life-and-death struggle between democracy and tyranny." Just when, if ever, it became for Professor Scott a life-and-death struggle between democracy and tyranny we do not know; and it is possible that in his mind it still wavers between being and not being such a struggle, according as Mr. Churchill or Sir Stafford Cripps seems for the moment to be having more to say about British policy.

For Mr. Dreiser, who is not of course a very close observer of British affairs, the character of the struggle has never changed; the British are still snobs, and the United Kingdom would still be a better country if it were run by the Germans. Of the two attitudes we find Mr. Dreiser's far less dangerous, because more obviously uninformed and prejudiced. But the whole business of cold-blooded weighing of the political make-up of the government of a country which for almost two years stood alone between us and the preponderant might of Germany is to our mind revolting in the extreme. So, we may add, is the similar cold-blooded weighing of the character of the government of Russia, in which too many Canadians of an opposite stripe to Professor Scott have indulged in the last year, and which we deplore as greatly as Professor Scott himself. But there is this difference between the two cases, that Great Britain is our blood relative and our fellow-member in the British Commonwealth of Nations, while the Russians are of another and very different racial stock and were quite as aloof from us during the first two years of the war as some of our own people are from them today.

Dissolution Power

FURTHER study of the Winnipeg *Free Press's* latest contribution in the debate between that journal and Mr. Forsey on the right of the Crown to refuse dissolution—a debate in which we are proud to be bottle-holder in Mr. Forsey's corner—reveals some remarkable features. The most remarkable is the attempt to represent Mr. Forsey's doctrine as "his perfervid defence of a royal right to exercise arbitrary power."

What Mr. Forsey is arguing against and the *Free Press* is upholding is a doctrine which confers upon the Prime Minister, at a time when he no longer holds the confidence of Parliament, an arbitrary power to call an election at whatever time suits him. It is an arbitrary power exercised by a person who has ceased to have any claim to any sort of power whatever.


WAR SUPPLIES TO CHINA, U.S.S.R., EGYPT, AUSTRALIA
AIR FREIGHTER POSSIBILITIES
Enterprise
GET A MOVE ON, MA!

What Mr. Forsey is arguing for and the *Free Press* is opposing is the right of Parliament to carry on with another Ministry than that which it has been supporting, if it is desirous of doing so. That right can be conferred upon it only by the Crown refusing to accept the advice of the outgoing Prime Minister, that the House be dissolved. The "arbitrary power" which the *Free Press* says Mr. Forsey is claiming for the Crown is no more, and no more arbitrary, than the power to permit a House of Commons, which may possibly have been elected only a few weeks earlier, to continue to occupy the seats to which its members were elected, and to carry on the business of the country through a Government of its own choice. If that be arbitrary power, let the *Free Press* make the most of it.

Professor R. M. Dawson is entitled to his views about the Byng episode, as is the *Free Press,* and even Mr. Forsey; but we doubt whether those views are adequately represented by the two quotations which the *Free Press* offers. We have not yet been able to locate them in their original setting; but if Professor Dawson said in the first place that Lord Byng's performance showed "an ignorance of constitutional usage which is almost impossible to credit" and then went on to describe it as "an excellent illustration of the folly of placing an undue reliance upon precedent alone," we think that he should have (as perhaps he did) added some explanation of the difference between "usage" and the accumulated body of "precedent."

The *Free Press,* referring apparently to Mr. Forsey's citations from recent history in Australia, airily dismisses any powers of dissolution and refusal which "may exist in states and dominions constitutionally less mature than Canada." We do not know what other indices of maturity the *Free Press* may be relying on, but if the practice of permitting a discredited Prime Minister to exercise a certain specific power against the will of the Parliament which was elected by the people, and which has transferred its support from him to another leader, is an index of maturity, there is something to be said for the state of being constitutionally young.

OLD WORDS AND NEW MEANINGS

I HAVE a dictionary, leather-bound
And full of words, as dictionaries should be.
Today I turned to find the meaning of a word
Forever spoken softly. It was "valour".
I found no meaning that expressed it to the full.
So I crossed out what was there
And wrote down "Stalingrad".

And then I looked for "sacrifice."
But how can words that have no pain in them
Express its meaning?
I put instead "Dieppe".

For "hope" and "resolution" there were many words.
For "deceit" and "cruelty" and "hate"
There were but three,
And these written in pencil, for some day
We will erase them, and only an impression,
Ever-dimming, will remain.

And what of "freedom"?
Shall I fill a book with meaning of that word?
No.
I can only say freedom is life.

Winnipeg, Man. MARY McFARLANE.

How to Save for Taxes

A RECENT Canadian Gallup Poll gives us the definite impression that Canadians have not yet appreciated the full extent to which this war is cutting into their pocketbooks. Over a quarter of the people who have considered the question of where their income taxes are coming from cherish the idea that they can get them out of their "pleasures, entertainments or holidays," and another third think they can get by with saving on smoking, drinking and auto driving. This sounds to us like the wildest optimism. Even if these persons were to cut out *all* their pleasures, entertainments, holidays, smoking, drinking and auto driving, we still doubt whether they would save enough to pay their income taxes; and the curtailment of smoking and drinking would so seriously reduce government revenues as to necessitate more taxes to make up for it.

It is strange that none of the pollees seem to have considered the possibility of making important savings out of rent, which is a very substantial element of cost for all of us, and in the families most affected by the new taxes—those with incomes over $3,000 a year—usually includes payment for a considerable amount of space which can only be described as a luxury. It is true that rent is a long-term commitment, and may not be thought of as something on which an immediate saving can be effected, especially as it is practically impossible to find small houses or flats in any Canadian city, and the cost of moving would eat up most of the first year's saving anyhow.

But the kind of saving that we have in mind is that which may be effected, not by moving from a larger space to a smaller one, but by making a more efficient use of the larger space. A great number of the over-$3,000 families have room-space today which they do not absolutely need for their own use; and in the over-$5,000 families the home without a "maid's bedroom" which is no longer occupied by a maid is the exception rather than the rule. It is most desirable, from every point of view, that a great deal of this spare accommodation be made available for the workers who are beginning to be so badly overcrowded.

"Billeting" is a somewhat ruthless and undiscriminating means of effecting this readjustment of space, but it is already beginning to be talked of in such places as Ottawa and Kingston. It can probably be avoided if people with spare house space will be reasonable about it, and look on the giving up of part of this space as a more efficient way of saving for taxes than any other that is open to them. We do not believe that the mere cutting down of luxury purchases will ever be adequate.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

THE mustard-cucumber-pickle controversy continues. R. D., (who may or may not be Bob Defries) thinks that we should accept cucumber with our ham-sandwich "asking no questions for conscience sake." St. Paul was a worthy man. So was Artemus Ward who once printed a recipe for sliced cucumbers. It ended with the impressive sentence, "Then h'ist the winder and throw 'em out."

•

"The bride entered on the arm of her father" says a Nova Scotia paper, "and Lohengrin's Wedding March was played by Mrs. Winburn Cox." A beautiful thing, similar to the Love-Death music by that other great composer Tristan A. Isolde, a Spaniard.

•

THE SERGEANT MUSES

If I should say
In my emphatic way
"Squad, 'Shun! Threes RIGHT!"
The men, obediently stark
Would turn with all their might,
Respectful of my surly bark
And threatened bite.

But if my wife
(Star of a soldier's life!)
Should hear my accents ring
She'd flout the stern command
Past all imagining,
And say in manner bland,
"You silly thing!"

•

If a gallon of gasoline means twenty miles and a week's ration means fifty miles, then a hot driver of our acquaintance will burn up his allowance in 37 minutes. Good. For the rest of the week we can cross the street in confidence.

•

Says an American scientist, "Tires may be made of cotton before long." Possible. Cotton is versatile and if it keeps company with the right materials it can do surprising things. Mix it with nitric acid and glycerine, for example.

•

The principles of criticism concerning novels and plays have been boiled down by Mark Van Doren to a single telegraphic sentence. "Any story must be believed, to be good." So when you come in at 1 a.m. tell one that your wife will believe—if you can.

•

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

The raven
Of words is savin'.
If you think this isn't so
Go to Poe.

The stork
Does special work
At which the auk
Would baulk.

When the tiger
Takes his bath in the Niger
He takes off his stripes
While he wipes.

The penguin
Is always dressed in
His evening clothes.
He likes to pose.

The capercailzie is a bird
As well as a long word.
He's the head of the house
Of Grouse.

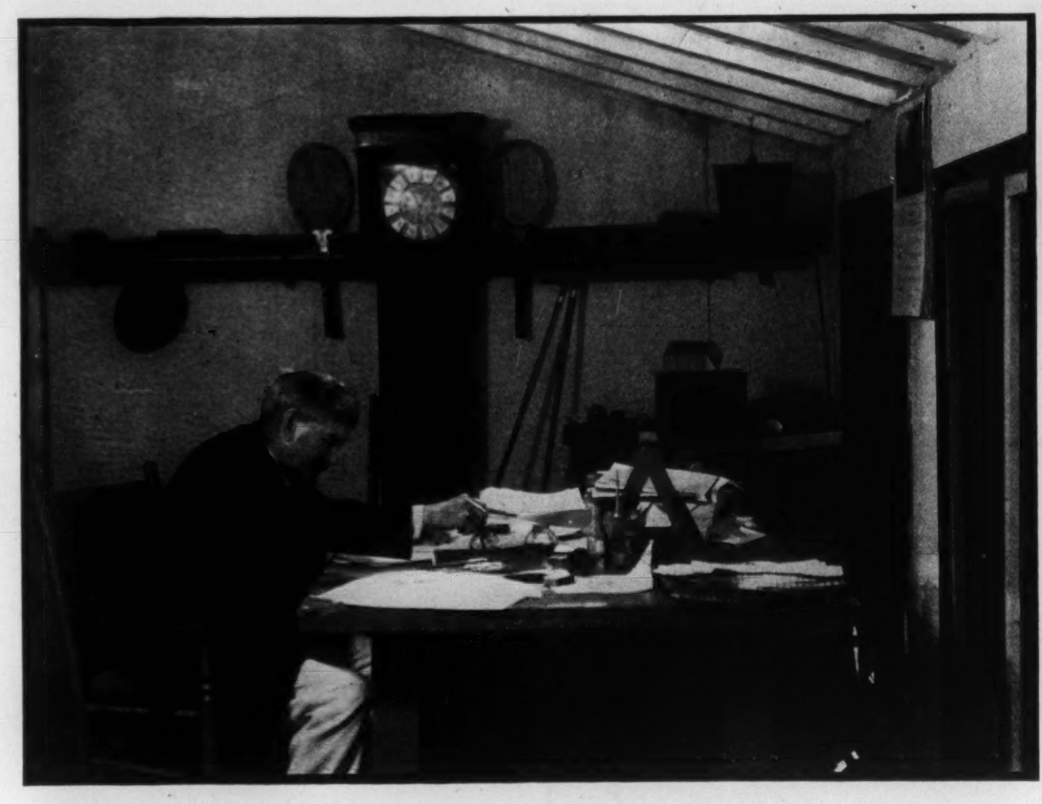
PENDRAGON

•

On the shores of Borax Lake in California, darts and spear-points of volcanic glass have been discovered in a geological formation said by one expert to be 13,000 years old. Another scientist says 15,000 years, a couple of thousand years being as nothing between friends. Users of the camp-ground hunted the mammoth, the camel and the long-horned giant bison. For some reason we think of a flea hunting a St. Bernard dog.

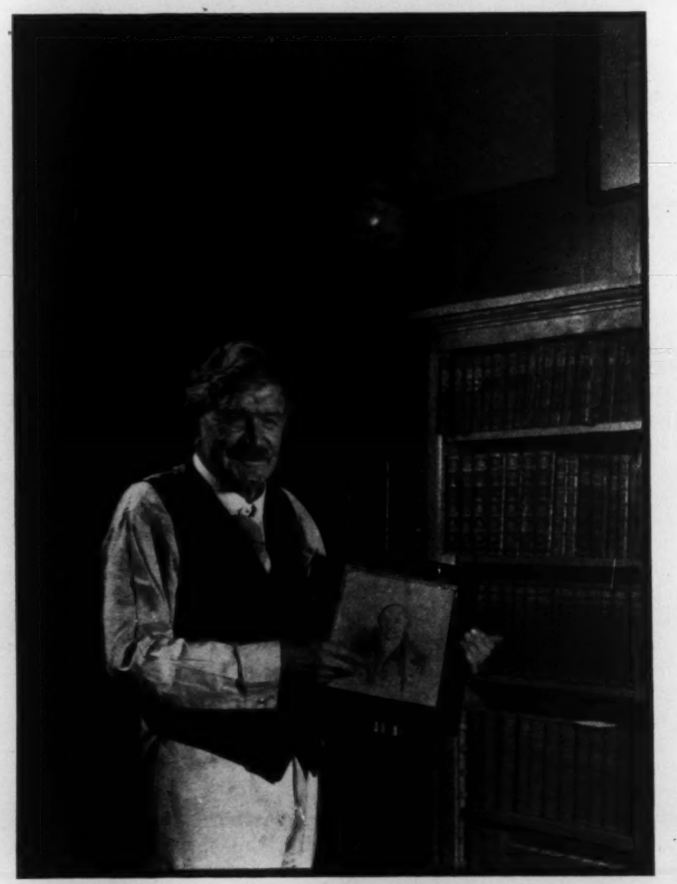
•

The Chinese have a notion that evil spirits travel in a straight line. So if the pathway to a front door curves or zig-zags there's a reason. A lot of evil spirits have been kept out of the Rosedale section of Toronto.



This room over the boathouse is where most of the famous Leacock stories were set down on paper, but only a very few experts can read them before they are retyped for print.

The old Leacock home at Old Brewery Bay, Orillia, has been added to and decorated and dolled up a little every year since its owner became a best seller many years ago.



The Leacock library is a fine collection, especially in the field of Canadian political history and annals.

Here Stephen Leacock Lives and Writes

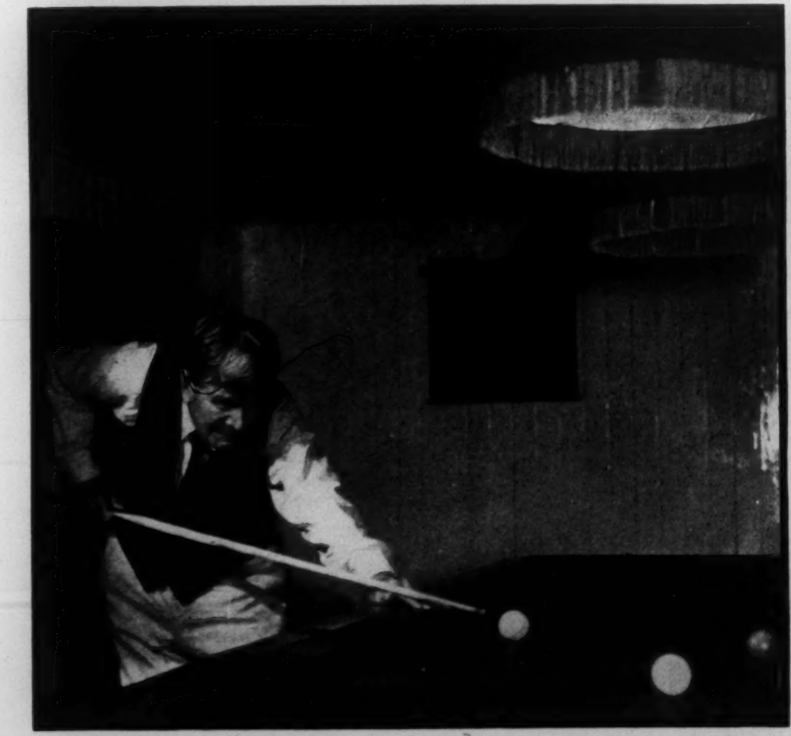
By B. K. Sandwell

I have only one objection to these photographs of Stephen Leacock in his Orillia home, which are unquestionably the finest pictures of the author of "Sunshine Sketches" that will ever be made. My objection is that (with one exception) they show him alone. And Leacock should never be alone, except for the short time when he is scrawling out the MS of his stories in his atrocious writing which only two secretaries can ever read. That is just the final stage of creating the stories; the real work is done in company, usually at the dinner-table, with six or eight people listening as the stories are "tried out" and moulded into shape. It is one of the secrets of Leacock's style that it is the style of a talker rather than a writer.

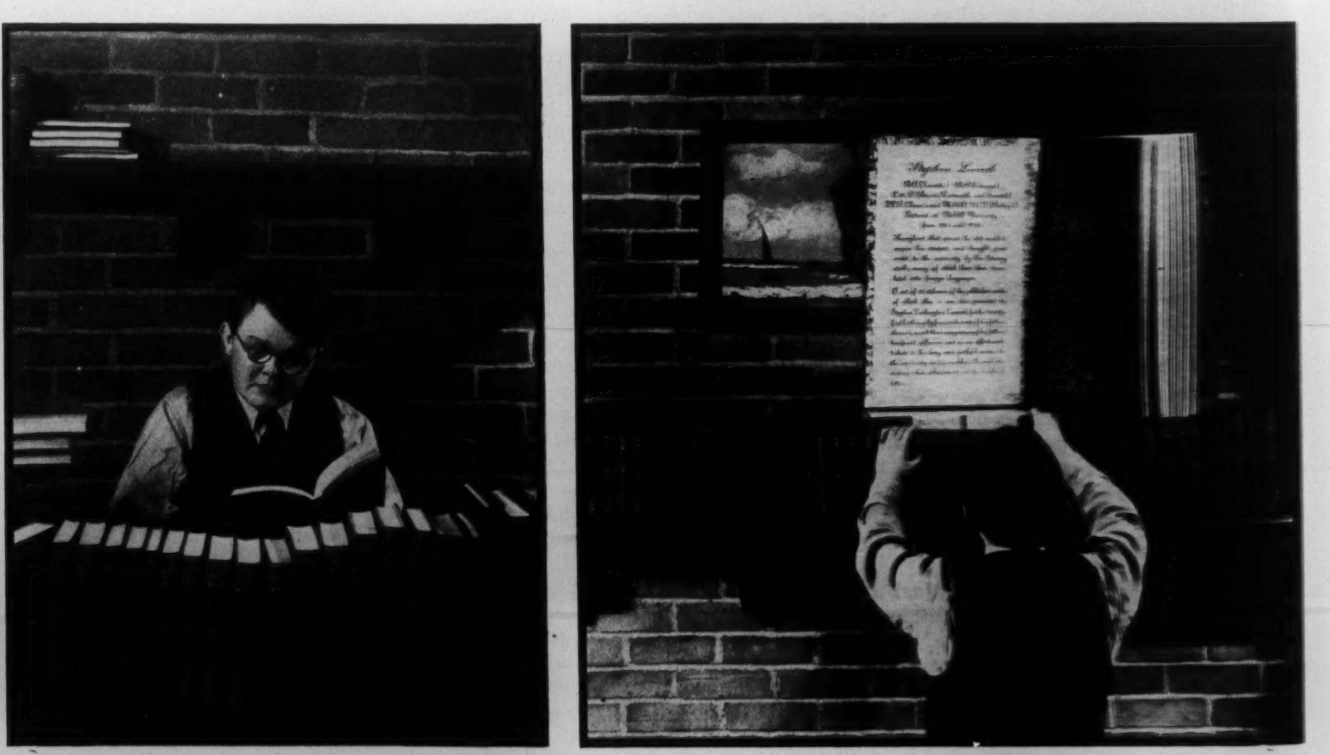
So as I look at these pictures, I fill the background with the shapes that ought to be there, real or imaginary—old Canon Drone rubs shoulders with John McCrae of "Flanders Fields"; the Mariposa barber exchanges views on finance with Sir Andrew Macphail; and "Young Steve" (who is in the pictures, I am glad to note) talks about the future of the world with that most perfect French gentleman, Professor Réné du Roure of McGill who after the fall of France decided that the world had no future and died of a broken heart.

Pictures by Karsh, Ottawa

Stephen Leacock is a real farmer although he likes to mix with millionaires because of the things they mix.



Leacock prefers fishing, but there are times when you can't fish and there are no times when you can't play billiards.

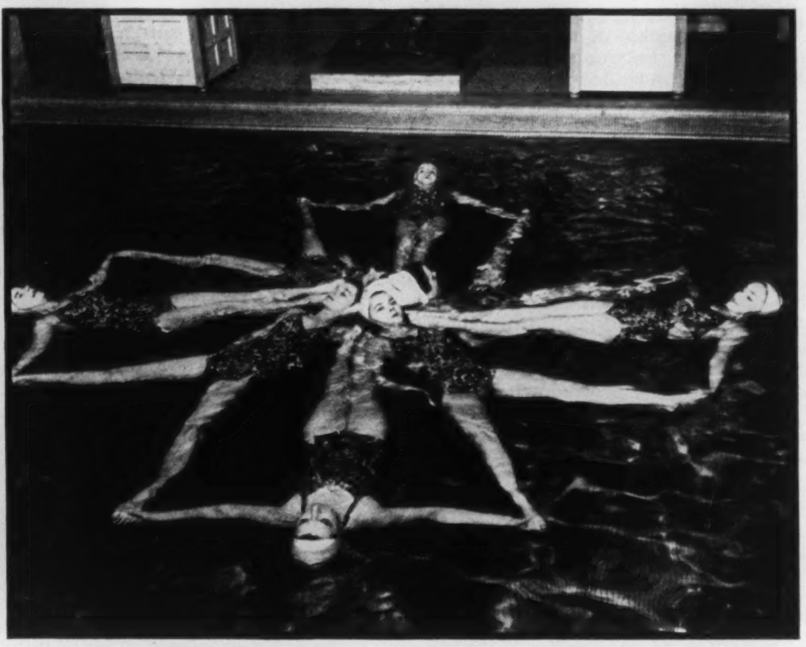


When Leacock retired from the post of Head of the Political Science Department of McGill University he was presented with a set of his own works, of which Stephen Leacock, Jr., here makes extensive use.

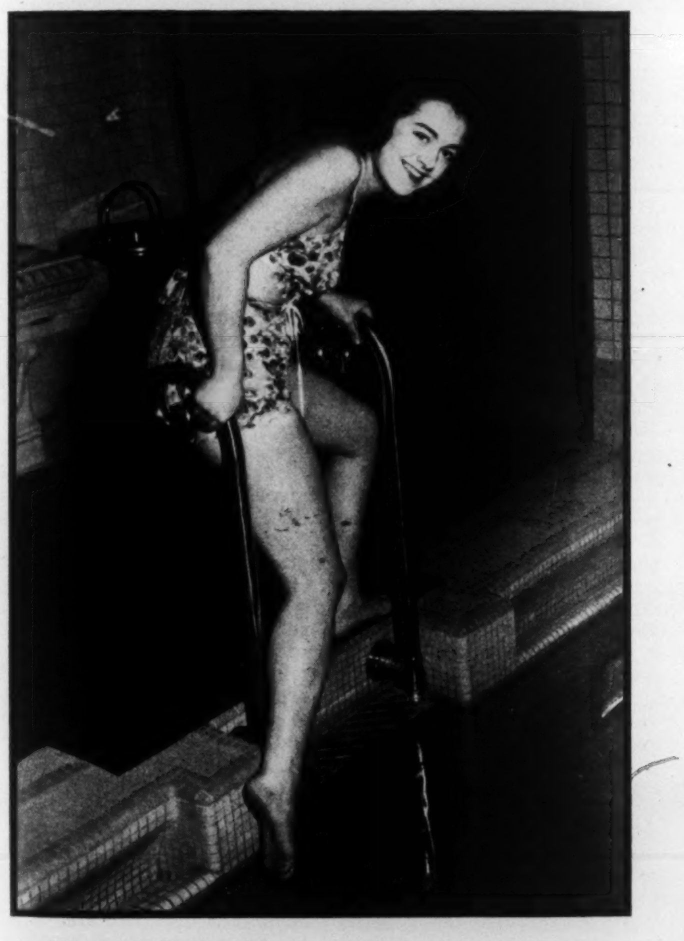
Mermaids Who Are Ornamental, and Useful Too!

Eleven of the Mermaids test the diving board before a rehearsal of ornamental swimming. It seems "o.k." so the practice is on.

Precision swimming starts with the "take-off" and the Mermaids can do it with barely a ripple to the pool.



It's a diamond. No, it's a star. Well, whatever it is, it's graceful and pretty to look at, the way these Mermaids do it.



Mermaid Shirley Moore touches toe to water—as tho' a little chill could stop her splash!

ORNAMENTAL swimming? It's probably a new one to most of us but it has come to mean a great deal to several hundred maidens of Toronto, headquarters of the Mermaid Swimming Club, whose purpose it is to teach the fair sex of all ages the art of graceful diving and swimming and to make them regard the water as their second home.

Each season, from September to May, the club operates in indoor pools. (The pictures here were taken at "Divadale," residence of Lieut.-Col. James Flanagan, well-known Toronto mining engineer.) Low tuition fees have brought an average of 2900 pupils each year. While speed swimming is something that appeals to only a small portion of the water-students, in ornamental swimming nearly every girl finds a sport she takes to easily. Their coach, Mrs. K. Bottomley, is reckoned one of the finest exponents of this new type of water exercise.

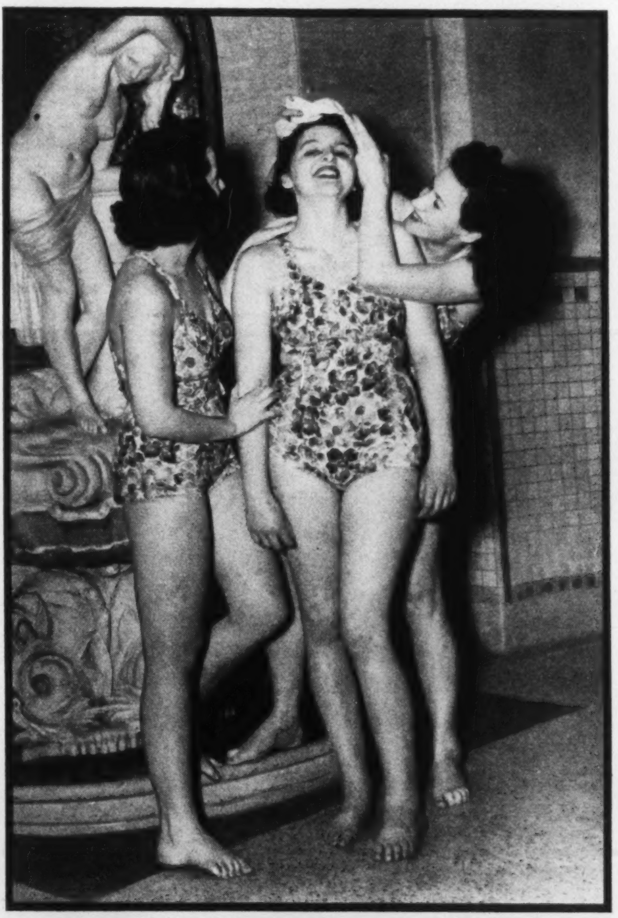
Perhaps you didn't realize it when you caught your breath this summer at some graceful youngster's effortless technique at a local open air exhibition, but you may have been looking at a member of this club—which has made a name for itself even beyond the borders of Canada. They have taken part in international contests, won lots of prizes and made the newsreels more than once!

One of their number is 14-year-old Doris Geldard, winner of the Canadian speed championship this summer with a really remarkable time for 100 yards—one minute, six and six-tenths seconds. Olympic officials are looking to her for future and greater honours. Another of the Mermaids has made of her swimming a different kind of personal achievement by curing herself of infantile paralysis after-effects.

Water shows by the Mermaid Club have reached a new high lately in an exciting exhibition with violet illuminated water and fluorescent bathing suits, an effect of colour and light combined with rhythm and grace which can be depended on to create enthusiasm wherever it is shown.

But these Mermaids have shown themselves to be more than just ornamental; they have been as well very useful to a number of war charity chests. For contributors to funds for war charities around Toronto have found one of the most pleasant ways of helping patriotic causes is to visit one of their beautiful natatorial parties, as a few weeks ago, for example, when they put on a show which helped equip a swimming pool for some of the Army boys stationed near Toronto.

Story and Pictures by R. B. Mathews



Trying on a new hat is always an event in any girl's life — even if it's only a bathing cap.

Margaret Thorne dries her locks well at conclusion of the rehearsal period . . .

. . . while the Mitchell twins, Vivian and Evelyn, elect to stay for a final dip.

This year's Canadian speed championship winner is Mermaid Doris Geldard, aged 14.

"Brrrr, it's awful cold after the pool!" A tingling shower marks rehearsal's end.

Fischer's Story of Cripps' Failure Aids Hitler

BY MARVIN B. GELBER

Louis Fischer, who recently published in the New York "Nation" what he claimed to be the "inside story" of the failure of the Cripps mission to India, was booked to deliver a lecture in Toronto during the past week, but the engagement was cancelled.

Mr. Fischer in his "Nation" articles assumed that Cripps had a free hand to amend the War Cabinet's proposals, though speeches and correspondence at the time of his arrival clearly show that he did not claim to have.

Mr. Gelber is a brother of Lionel Gelber, author of "Peace By Power" and a frequent contributor to these columns.

ON APRIL 10 of this year, after three weeks of discussion, the negotiations between Sir Stafford Cripps and the leaders of the political parties in India broke down. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, the Moslem President of the Indian National Congress, dubbed Sir Stafford a "devil's advocate" and claimed that he had "injured Indo-British relations more than any other Englishman".

The negotiations were brought to a close by an exchange of letters between Sir Stafford and Maulana Azad. On April 11 Sir Stafford broadcast a final message to the peoples of India in which he further reviewed the cause of the breakdown. On his journey homeward, at Karachi, he said that the Indian National Congress "wanted all or nothing—they couldn't have all, so they got nothing".

What purports to be the "exclusive story" on "Why Cripps Failed" remained unpublished for more than five months until Louis Fischer told it in *The Nation* (New York) in the issues of September 19 and 26. In the words of one American general who is quoted " 'Cripps was bitched in the back' ". Sir Stafford does not seem to know it.

The rear page blurb informs the reader that "While the Cripps mission to India was widely and optimistically publicized, the reasons for the failure of the mission have never been revealed, and Sir Stafford Cripps himself contrived to avoid any mention of them in interviews published in American newspapers". But surely there is an even more remarkable conspiracy on the part of Mr. Fischer, who has kept the secret of this "exclusive story" all these many months though he has been in the United States and writing a long time since. We are not told what new evidence has come to light to justify this sensational exposure "of a broken promise". To accuse an ally of bad faith is serious business for a responsible journal.

Imaginative Mr. Fischer

Mr. Fischer writes "that Cripps failed because he promised India a responsible Cabinet government at the beginning of his negotiations and then withdrew that promise". He elaborates further: "Cripps maintained, however, that he had full authority to set up a real Cabinet government in India. On April 9 this authority was specifically withdrawn in new instructions to Cripps cabled from London. Cripps was told therein that he could not go beyond the text of the British government's draft declaration unless he obtained the consent of the Viceroy and Wavell. That explains the collapse of the Cripps mission. The same evening Cripps said that his enemies had defeated him".

Mr. Fischer does not tell us how he knows what Sir Stafford said on the evening of April 9. Nor is there any authority quoted for the story on the contents of the cable from Britain. The Cabinet could only have been withdrawing powers which Sir Stafford did not understand were his, for on March 23, when he arrived in India, and again on March 25 and 30, he reiterated the principle that "No real, major, fundamental changes can be made in the War Cabinet's conclusions". Mr. Fischer's imaginative report about what "Cripps maintained" is completely at variance with Sir Stafford's repeated public statements which Fischer has seen fit to ignore. In this his articles earn their "exclusive" quality.

Mr. Fischer's special pleading is evidenced in the manner in which he deals with the letter of Sir Stafford to Maulana Azad, the President of the Congress, upon the collapse of negotiations. He quotes: "The real substance of your refusal to take part in a National Government is that the form of Government suggested is not such as would enable you to rally the Indian people as you desire". Fischer then commences to paraphrase, and he ignores the next statement, which contains Cripps's vigorous charge against the Indian National Congress. Sir Stafford wrote: "You make two suggestions. First that the constitution might now be changed. In this respect *I would point out that you made this suggestion for the first time last night, nearly three weeks after you had received the proposals,* and I would further remark that every other representative with whom I have discussed this view has accepted the practical impossibility of any such legislative change in the middle of a war and at such a moment as the present." (Italics inserted.) Having ignored all this, Fischer then goes on to quote Sir Stafford's criticism of the suggestion for a "Cabinet Government" "which would be responsible to no one but itself, could not be removed, and would in fact constitute an absolute dictatorship of the majority". Mr. Fischer skips over the one sentence which is embarrassing to his position. Why did he not quote it and meet the challenge?

Contradicts Himself

Mr. Fischer is not as certain of his own arguments as are some of his readers who have been anxiously waiting some tid-bit to convince them that Tory England and not the Indian National Congress slammed the door. In easing their discomfort and feeding a widespread anti-British prejudice (ostensibly anti-Tory in the more sophisticated journals—an article in the "New Republic" has already suggested that Cripps is a Tory), Fischer repeatedly contradicts himself on the central issue. He writes of "a national government not subject to the Viceroy's veto". He further defines the plan: "It has been argued that such a Cabinet would be irremovable. That is correct." But he had already stated that Cripps had offered "a responsible Cabinet government". Responsible to whom? An irremovable Cabinet does not constitute a responsible government. According to Fischer the projected government is to be, and then again it is not to be, "responsible", "real" and "complete".

As he proceeds Mr. Fischer gets himself more and more involved. It is curious that the editor of *The Nation* did not suspect a view which claimed that there "could be working unity in India within twenty-four hours" between the Hindus and the Moslems if the British wished. (President Lincoln was never so powerful when faced with a less complex situation.) In his anxiety to make his story interesting, Mr. Fischer is telling two different tales at the same time. On September 19 we are told, "The fundamental blunder was that the offer concerned itself almost entirely with the future. . . The Congress Working Committee accordingly adopted its resolution rejecting the Cripps offer, and President Azad brought it to Cripps, but then they both agreed not to publish it and *to proceed with their negotiations* about the interim settlement for the war". (Italics inserted.) By the time the following issue was ready for the press a most important document had apparently come to light which Fischer had not mentioned in all his other articles in *The Nation* on India.

Why the Agreement?

It is claimed that on April 9 Cripps was cabled new instructions in which the "full authority to set up a real Cabinet government" was withdrawn. "That explains the collapse of the Cripps mission" (fuller quotation above). Fischer keeps repeating the charge that it was the withdrawal of an offer of immediate self-government for India that caused the negotiations to break down. However, in the statement quoted in the preceding paragraph, he maintains that the leaders of the Congress understood very early in the discussions that there was no immediate offer and that the proposed declaration of the British government "concerned itself almost entirely with the future". He tells us that Sir Stafford and the Congress leaders agreed "to proceed with their negotiations about the interim settlement for the war". It was just this refusal of the Congress after three weeks to continue on this basis which Sir Stafford claims (Mr. Fischer has not quoted him on this) caused the break. Writing the following day Sir Stafford accused the Congress in these words, "In this respect I would point out that you made this suggestion for the first time last night, nearly three weeks after you had received the proposals." In the face of that statement Fischer was still able to write: "If Azad had lied or distorted Cripps's promise, would it not have been natural and imperative for Cripps to say: You may print my letter but I insist that I never promised you a national government free from the Viceroy's veto? *Cripps made no such dential*". (Italics inserted.)

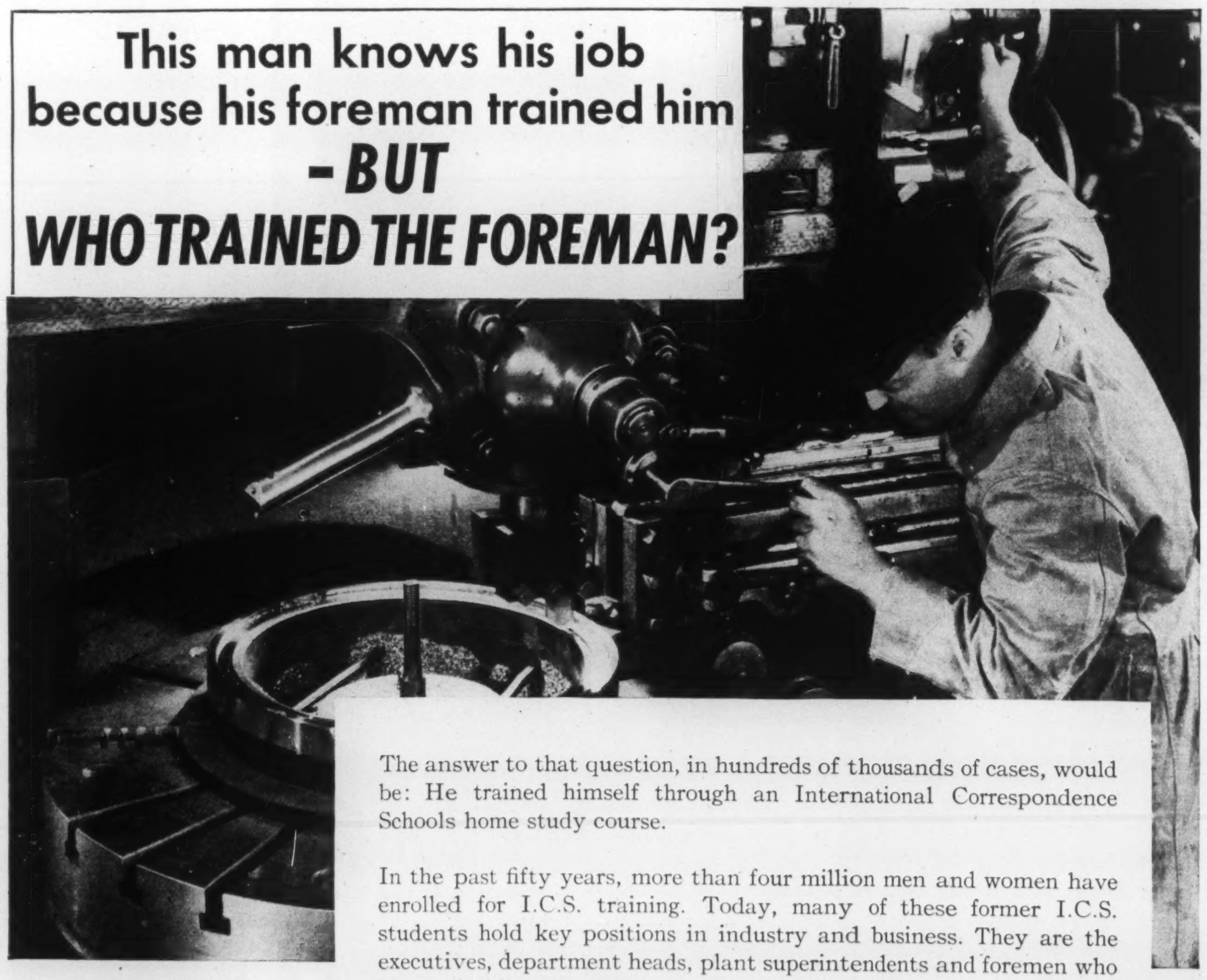
Now Mr. Fischer cannot have it both ways. If Sir Stafford presented the offer of immediate self-government, which it is claimed, and if all the public statements which he made to the contrary during the course of the negotiations were untrue, and if his claim that Congress introduced the issue at the last moment is false, how does Mr. Fischer account for his own story about the mutual agreement of the negotiators not to publish an earlier Congress statement, but to get on with the matters concerning "the interim settlement for the war"?

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari understood the real offer when he said a week before the breakdown, "The assumption of my argument is that India should from now on be treated as a Dominion in fact, though not in law as yet". He was one of the Congress negotiators. Though leader of the Congress in Madras, which has the largest number of Hindus of all the provinces, he resigned from the Working Committee, and the Madras section passed a resolution agreeing to the part of the British draft proposals which recognized the claim of the Moslem League by giving provinces the right to refuse to enter a federal union. He apparently does not believe in the twenty-four hour remedy.

Limitations of space do not allow for lengthier quotations from either Sir Stafford Cripps or Mr. Fischer. Readers who wish to examine the birth of a myth should read the latter's articles in full. His story will not die quickly.

This man knows his job because his foreman trained him

- BUT WHO TRAINED THE FOREMAN?



The answer to that question, in hundreds of thousands of cases, would be: He trained himself through an International Correspondence Schools home study course.

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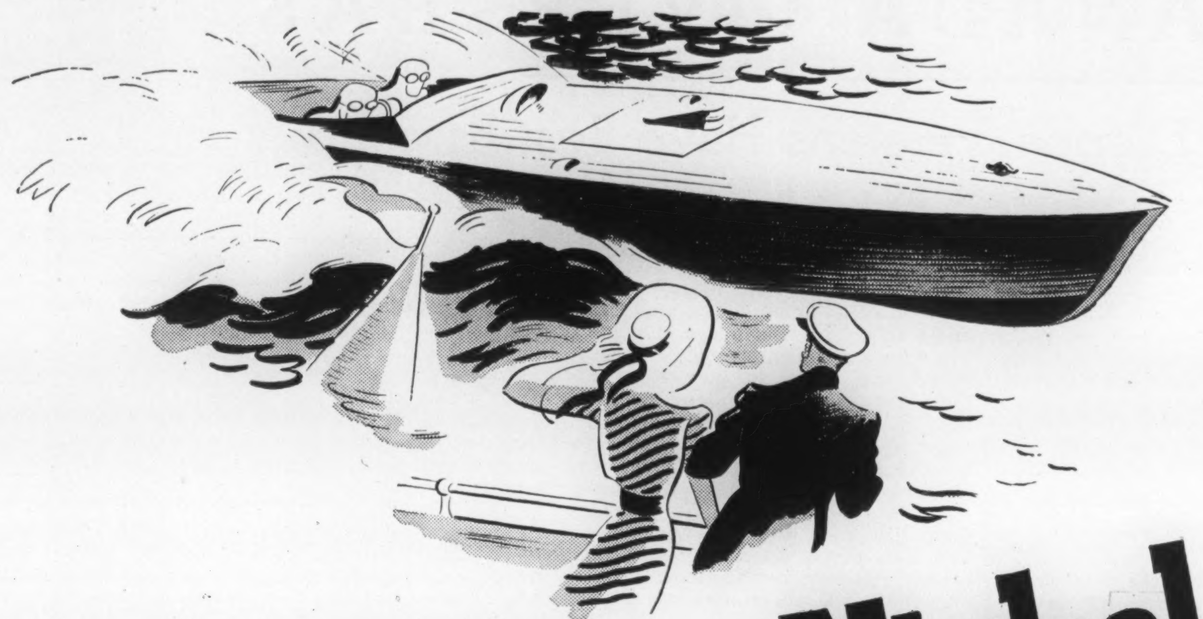

Canadian Nickel

YESTERDAY . . . IN PLEASURE BOATS
TODAY . . . IN TORPEDO BOATS

As the pre-war speed-boat roared past the buoy to a new record, the crowd cheered those daring sportsmen who risked life and limb. Little did they realize that new chapters were being added to the knowledge of technicians who made such speeds possible.

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CANADA OVERSEAS

Dieppe Veterans Have Best Esprit

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THE morning is spent studying reports from the Russian battlefronts and following the grand strategy on a series of detailed maps. It is like going to a Staff School. Either at the daily military conference for correspondents or at a private session with an obliging staff officer, I appear cap in hand to learn the fundamentals of military science. One gets the notion that Timoshenko, Wavell, MacArthur and Rommel are the master tacticians of this war thus far. But those who knew him well when he had command of an area in Britain, persist in saying, "Watch Montgomery." He is Lieut.-Gen. Bernard Montgomery, commander of the Eighth Army in Egypt.

Master military tacticians, I learn from my superiors, are born—not made. A thorough knowledge of military tactics and an agile brain will qualify a commander on the "how" and "where" of a military operation—but the "when" depends mostly on instinct. Wavell has a masterly instinct for "when." Most of those who run down the quality of British generalship ignore the facts of Wavell's 1940-41 operations in Africa. By all odds, these are the most remarkable military accomplishments of this war.

High military circles here have an intense regard for Soviet generalship and, above all, for the quality of the individual Russian soldier. Day in and day out he performs miracles of endurance which no commander could reasonably ask of his men. Certainly, in the eyes of the world, this year has marked the evolution of the Russian from peasant to hero.

My studies over, I stand like a lazy schoolboy on Trafalgar Square and listen to the band of the East Surrey Regiment. They play Romberg's "Deep in My Heart," one of my favorite songs, and for a moment there is no war.

Midnight Argument

At midnight there is the usual press meeting in the lounge of the Savoy. Eric Baum of Australia and Larry Rue of the Chicago Tribune form the regular panel, and the visiting commentators are Frank Kluckhohn of The New York Times and this correspondent. The topic this night is whether air bombardment can beat Germany, and Eric Baum, carrying the affirmative, argues us into exhaustion. The only point I carry is my conviction that I should go to bed.

It is a bright, crisp morning, and a group of us drive out to visit Canada's first overseas parachute unit. The weather, the camp and the robust enthusiasm of the lads give this place the atmosphere of a college football field in eary October. We have coffee in the officers' mess—the best coffee I've had in Britain—and then we proceed to the parade ground where the unit is lined up. The parade formality lasts only a few seconds. The lads break up into groups, the officers mingle with other ranks, and they talk about nothing except parachute-jumping. Apparently the lads are sold on their war-time profession.

This day is spent at Canadian Corps Headquarters, mainspring of the Dominion's task forces in Britain. From its main hall one looks out on a charming rural scene, full of the dignity of old England. But beyond the shrubbery the countryside bristles with camps and defence works. Along the picturesque country lanes, huge tanks clank and rumble. What looks like a peaceful meadow is a camouflaged airfield. War and Nature have been cleverly merged in this lovely land turned fortress.

Moving among the troops, especially those units which played the greatest part in the Dieppe raid (and suffered the heaviest casualties), I am confronted with a very human problem in war correspondence. I fear it will be dismissed as so much inspired propaganda if I report that the most bristling esprit de corps is found among the troops who have known the scorching experience of landing on a beach under German fire. Yet this is the fact and I can report no other without making a deliberate misstatement. The men who came back from Dieppe are squirming for another crack at the Nazis and they go out of their way to make this abundantly clear to their superior officers.

I remark on this on my return to the officers' mess at Headquarters, and those men in staff positions who fought in the last war attest the accuracy of my observations. They say the Canadian soldier of this war is every bit the gallant fighter his father was—and somewhat improved in physique and aptitude.

"As a result of Dieppe, the Canadian Corps is ready to undertake any operation asked of us. The morale of our troops has never been higher than it is now. Esprit de corps is at its peak."

Lieut.-General H. D. G. Crerar, G.O.C. of the Canadian Corps in Britain, made this statement as an estimate of one of the important results of the Dieppe operation. Speaking with this reporter in his headquarters immediately after inspecting several units of his command, the former Chief of the Canadian General Staff stressed the importance of Dieppe on Canada's fighting effort in this war.

Had to Be Canadian

"Dieppe was our show," he said. "It had to be our show. If it had been undertaken by other than Canadian troops, I would have had grave fears for the morale of our units. They had been training a long time for a show of this sort, training so hard each man wore out a pair of boots in twelve days last summer. We couldn't hold men like that on the sidelines indefinitely.

"Of course, we suffered heavy casualties. Personally I feel the loss of several of my close friends. But the show was worth it. Dieppe has given every Canadian soldier a new pride and a new urge for fighting. Until Dieppe, we were trading on our reputation of the last war. We don't have to any more.

"I myself, as a veteran of the last war, was amazed when I went out among our units after the return from Dieppe. You'd expect them to be a bit slumpy after this hard show. They came out of their bunks and canteens to show that they were in fine fettle and anxious for more action. I noticed the same reaction among our troops on leave in London. Dieppe has made them prouder than ever of the uniform they wear.

"Where and when we next hit the enemy are things which are not my immediate concern. All I can say is that the Canadian Corps is ready to do any job they ask of us."

General Crerar, a greying man with the sensitive features of an artist, is probably Canada's most experienced soldier. In his 54 years he has seen action in two wars; he has served on the British General Staff; he has worked intimately with Generals Gort, Sir Alan Brooke, Lord Ironside and A. G. L. McNaughton; he worked for six years on the complete reorganization of Canada's defence system; he has been commandant of the Royal Military College and Chief of the Canadian General Staff at Ottawa; he was the first Canadian officer to arrive in Britain after the outbreak of this war and, almost singlehanded at first, he set up the organization for reception of Canadian troops in these islands.

When war came, the machinery for Canada's mobilization had long been prepared by Crerar. It needed only the spark of decision and it moved in high gear. Then commandant at R.M.C., General Crerar was logically called by Ottawa to proceed to London to prepare for the coming of the Canadians. He arrived here in the early autumn of 1939 with a staff consisting of one officer and a stenographer. He had also his vast genius for organization and soon the immense Canadian establishment in Britain began to take shape.

General Crerar may use in full truth the trite phrase that it's a small world. Today he finds himself in closest contact with General A. G. L. McNaughton, G.O.C. in C. of the Canadian forces in Britain, and with General Sir Alan F. Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Honor, Responsibility

Toward the end of the last war Crerar was Brigade Major with the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery. The staff officer artillery of the Canadian Corps was at that time a talented young soldier, Lieut.-Col. Alan F. Brooke. The war moved quickly then, and so did good soldiers. Within a few months, Crerar had succeeded Brooke as staff officer artillery. He was now working closely with "Andy" McNaughton who was G.O.C., Canadian Corps heavy artillery. And a few weeks before the end of the war he succeeded McNaughton.

Today, these three junior officers of a small sector of the 1918 front are heavy with military honor and responsibility. They are charged with the defence of Britain and the mounting of the offensive which must one day break German power.

General Crerar is immediately in charge of the Canadians who must one day meet the enemy in full-scale warfare. It is a job which requires a sensitive balance of hard discipline and human qualities. The man who undertakes it must be a master of organization and a student of psychology. Because in this war men of the line must know why as well as how. Without high morale, no discipline and training can be effective.

This is why General Crerar is so keen on the Dieppe operation. Whenever he can break away from his desk he will be found with the units, watching the men, studying their reactions, gauging their enthusiasm and judging their grievances. He is convinced that Dieppe has put the final polish on the long months of Canadian preparation for battle. He has studied the effect of this fierce experience on the Canadian soldier and he has come away content that the Dominion trooper lacks nothing but the order to move against the enemy.

As a student of world affairs, what does General Crerar think of the shape of the war today?

He smiled rather shyly, then took a long puff of his cigarette.

"As long as we can keep on fighting, we are winning," he said. "As long as Hitler has to keep on fighting, he's losing."

September is a month for historians to ponder. The three most dramatic events in Britain's modern history happened in September—in 1938, Munich; in 1939, the declaration of war on Germany; in 1940, the Battle of Britain.

There is stuff for a dramatist in this succession of Septembers, and Beverley Baxter, M.P., former Canadian newspaperman, has been quick to recognize this circumstance. He has written, directed and produced a play called "It Happened in September" and it deals with all three world-shattering events. It is a political play, Mr. Baxter being particularly well qualified to write on the politics and the background of this war.

"It Happened in September" has opened in Brighton. It will come into London later in the week. It is awaited with varying appetite by a great many of England's statesmen.

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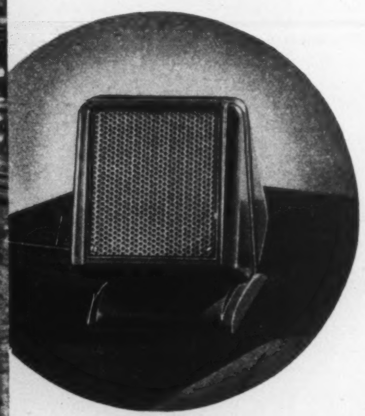

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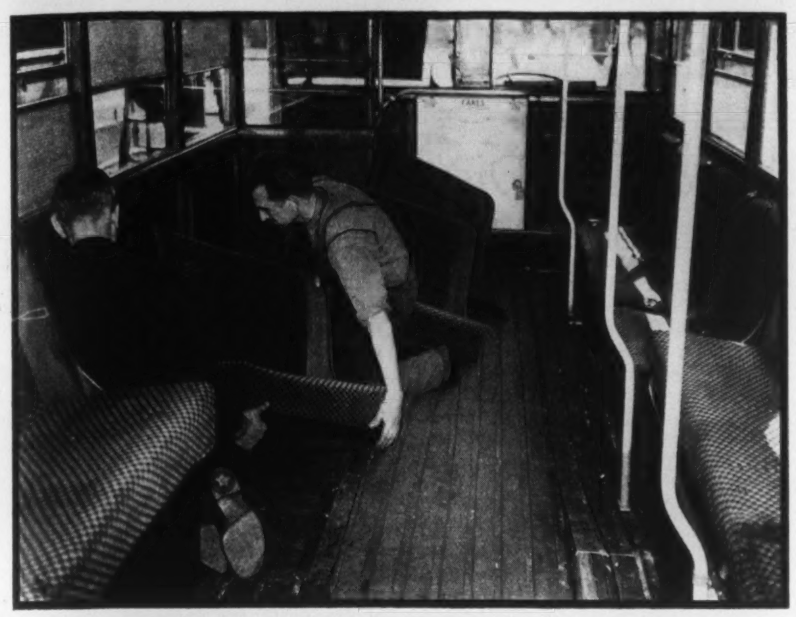

These British workmen are fixing seats of a 'bus to run the opposite direction. Thus do they provide passengers with more standing room, a step Canada's street car and 'bus companies may have to follow soon.

Rail Graded or Medium Rare?

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

The contradictionists of Ottawa are putting on an act that has the author looking both ways for Sunday. Is there meat, or isn't there? Yes.

AT CAMP we lived chiefly on canned sausage, canned beans and canned corn beef. So when I got home the first thing I did was telephone the butcher for a five-pound sirloin roast. The butcher made a faraway sound, rather like "Moo-oo," and faded off the line. He came back in a moment to explain what had happened in my absence. Canada it seemed was threatened with invasion and the American Army had moved up to help protect us. Hence no beef.

This seems to me now quite as satisfactory as any explanation that has been offered to account for the beef shortage. It may not present the facts, but at least it doesn't contradict itself. It has drama, action and simple consistency; which is more than can be said of any of the stories on the subject that have come to us from Ottawa.

I confess I can't make head or tail of the Gardiner-Gordon controversy. This is because any statement issued by either camp is immediately contradicted in an adjoining column, or, occasionally in the same article. The non-inflationists, for instance, charge that Mr. Gardiner, "by advising the farmers to hold their steers while in effect telling the public it could have more meat if it paid for it," is threatening the entire price-ceiling program. A few paragraphs farther down I read, "Close study of Mr. Gardiner's statement reveals no instance where he had opposed price controls."

A close study of both these statements brings as clear a little picture of confusion as any consumer—or in this case non-consumer—could ask for. How about it, Mr. Gardiner? Are you in favor of keeping beef under a firm ceiling? Or is it all the same to you if the cow jumps right over the moon? I wish I knew.

As a consumer who has watched her standards steadily declining from porterhouse and sirloin to pot roast, meat balls and, finally boiled brisket, I am all in favor of Mr. Gordon and his price ceiling. That is, I was, until Miss Agnes Macphail came out flatly with the statement that the present shortage was the fault of the Federal Government, and, indirectly, of Mr. Donald Gordon. Mr. Gardiner, says Miss Macphail, has the right idea, which is to keep the cattle on the hoof and let them fatten till spring on the abundant fodder provided by Nature. The crops, it seems, would take care of the cattle, and the cattle would take care of the crops; while the consumer would just have to make out with soybean loaf in the mouth-watering prospect of a Sunday dinner along about March or April. Miss Macphail also suggests that there should be compensation to the farmer for caring during the winter for the cattle the consumer is doing without. She doesn't throw any light on the compensation to the consumer after his long fast. I have a depressed feeling that our compensation will probably be meat-balls.

As though all this weren't bewildering enough the Manitoba Federation of Agriculture claims that the whole trouble lies with the packing interest. It seems that some time ago the packers managed to put through a scheme for rail-grading hogs, which resulted in the destruction of public markets. "It is common belief," the statement pointed out, "that rail-grading has discouraged the production of hogs, and rumors are audible that rail-grading of cattle is being considered." This sounded pretty alarming till I turned to the adjacent article and discovered that Canada had nearly doubled pork-production since 1938. Following the lines of reasoning laid down (though with a slightly weaving motion) I am wondering if the result of rail-grading cattle would be (a) that each little customer would get a piece of roast beef, or (b) that all the little customers would get none. Dear, I wish the boys would get together on their stories.

Still searching for enlightenment I came across a paragraph headed promisingly, "Simplification". The form of simplification recommended was a fluctuating ceiling. This ceiling would *really* fluctuate, one section rising while another section sank, with only the cost-of-living level rigidly maintained. To a consumer unaccustomed to abstract economic thinking this suggests exactly the sort of dissolving view you get while lying on your back in a high state of fever. The exponents of the fluctuating ceiling claim however that the scheme is strictly rational and would solve everything. You could just relax on your budget, fanned by the soft fluctuations from the ceiling, while the master operator dropped seasonal commodities right in your lap. It *sounds* wonderful, doesn't it? Now all we need to do is get through to Mr. Gordon and Mr. Gardiner and persuade them to see things in the right, or at any rate the same, light. Operator could you get me Ottawa? The line seems to be out of order.

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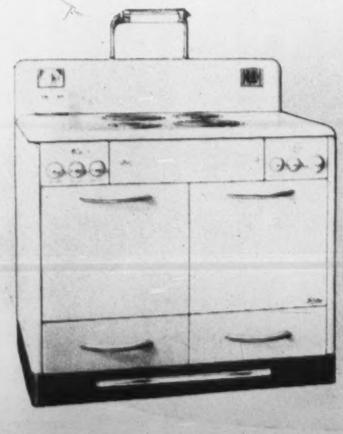

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THE SCIENCE FRONT

Forward Into the Distant Past

BY DYSON CARTER

WHILE splendid monuments to man's culture and industry all over the globe are being levelled to ruins in frightful man-made catastrophes, nothing seems quite so futile as the work of the archaeologists, those patient scientists who delve in ancient forgotten places. We smell the dust of our own stricken cities rising around us. Who cares for the tumbled stones of Ninevah and Babylon?

The Nazis, the Fascists and the Yellow Jackals, truly they care nothing. But we care. What happened on this earth two thousand, five thousand years ago is part of mankind's history. Our sciences reveal it to us. The Axis would drown the past in a flood of lies.

So we have the best motives for leaving current events and taking a quick trip out to the archaeological front. Buckle your safety belt. We are going over two sectors where the latest developments are — speaking prehistorically—really breathtaking.

Could you get excited over a story 2000 years old? Judge this one for yourself:

The whole timetable of Christianity has been upset. It appears that Jesus was born in the year 18 or 20 B.C., not the Year One. There is still a few months uncertainty about the birth date, but none about the crucifixion. It is now set with absolute accuracy on April 7 in the year 30 A.D.

Christ was *nearly fifty years old* when he died on Calvary. The important years of his ministry and teaching were not youth, but middle age! Some Biblical scholars have long held that the Gospel of John was the most reliable. Science now agrees. John wrote his story from the facts, probably right after Christ's death.

All this is part of the unusual evidence presented by Dr. Albert T. Olmstead, famed archaeologist and historian of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute. (His findings are being published by the Graduate School of Theology, Oberlin College). Unlike most Bible students Dr. Olmstead is a trained scientist. He is not concerned with interpreting the Scriptures. He examines them critically, as part of the evidence relating to the past.

OF COURSE we were taught in Sunday School that Jesus died at the age of 33. He was always pictured as a young man. We say He died in the year 33 A.D. But this date has no divine origin. It was fixed by Archbishop Usher in 1655, when he was given the job of editing all the Bible dates. For a man who set down the creation of the world as of 4004 B.C., Usher did a good job. He missed the first Easter by 30 years. Now 30 years in a total of 5659 (4004 plus 1655) is an error of only 0.531%. In archaeology that is a very nice score.

In this case, however, the facts change the whole picture of Christ's life. And the facts begin with the Babylonian calendar, which the New Testament writers followed. Science at last has fixed that disputed calendar, recorded from countless tablets. This is where John comes in. His date for the crucifixion is quite different to that given by Matthew, Mark and Luke. John sets the Last Supper on the 14th day of the Babylonian spring month called Nisan. Next day was the Passover of that year. A complex mass of evidence, going back to 2200 B.C., for which we have no space, sets the crucifixion year as 30 A.D. It also puts the first Christmas back about 20 years.

Finally it makes perfectly clear the statement by John that Christ's enemies taunted Him as being not yet 50 years old. At that time Christ was about 48 years old, so the taunt becomes sensible. We leave this tradition-shaking discovery with a perplexing thought. What happened to Jesus in the years between childhood and middle age? What the Bible tells us is the story of His later years, not His youth. There is now a very large gap in this Biography.

NOW our clock turns back, back, past all the cities and kings and tombs of the ancient world, into the land of Sumer.

You have never heard of this country. Neither had we. Nor any one else. Until a few years ago archaeologists did not even suspect that a Sumerian culture ever existed. For 2000 years the very name was erased from the minds of men. And yet the Sumerians had a vast literature, the very first in the world. What is far more important, these long vanished people profoundly influenced the Greek, Hebrew, Christian and Mohammedan cultures. They were our spiritual forefathers.

The Sumerians were the people who invented the cuneiform system of writing, which made civilization possible!

Dr. Samuel N. Kramer, of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, recently published these facts in a leading scientific journal (Proc. Am. Philosophical Soc., 85:293:1942). He spent 10 years studying 30,000 cuneiform tablets in the Near East and at home. Translating Sumerian writing is probably the most difficult language job ever done. To your reporter the gibberish on those clay tablets looks as full of meaning as the back of a Christie Arrowroot biscuit. Actually the resemblance is close. As for the spoken form, Sumerian pronounces like Gaelic picked up by a Kazakh with an impediment in his speech. Maybe two impediments.

SERIOUSLY, the study of Sumerian is bound to become important. In this weird tongue was written a piece of literature which is now rated as perhaps the greatest composition of all times. Ten years ago no one knew it existed.

It is called: "Innana's Descent to the Nether World." This strangely appealing poem was stolen by practically every culture and religion. The famous myth "Ishtar's Descent to the Nether World" is now exposed as the worst steal, made by the Assyrians.

Almost romantic is the detective story of the archaeologists who literally bit by bit unearthed the ancient thefts and revealed a great "new" ancient people. Fragments of clay in Philadelphia, Chicago, London and Istanbul museums were pieced together by Edward Chiera. A coincidence so bewildering as to be almost unbelievable led Chiera to ponder a bit of clay in Philadelphia. This was half of a broken piece, the other half of which had been sketched years before by another archaeologist in the Ancient Orient Museum at Istanbul. Chiera was sure the remembered sketch matched the fragment in his hand. He thrilled to a tremendous discovery. Then he died.

Dr. Kramer took on the job. He has translated enough Sumerian to show that the Sumers, long before other peoples, invented and wrote down the myths of Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Flood. The early Hebrews "five-fingered" these tales. But this is no insult to the Jews. Almost all religions and cultures just as shamelessly attributed to Divine origin what Sumerian poets had set down in clay.

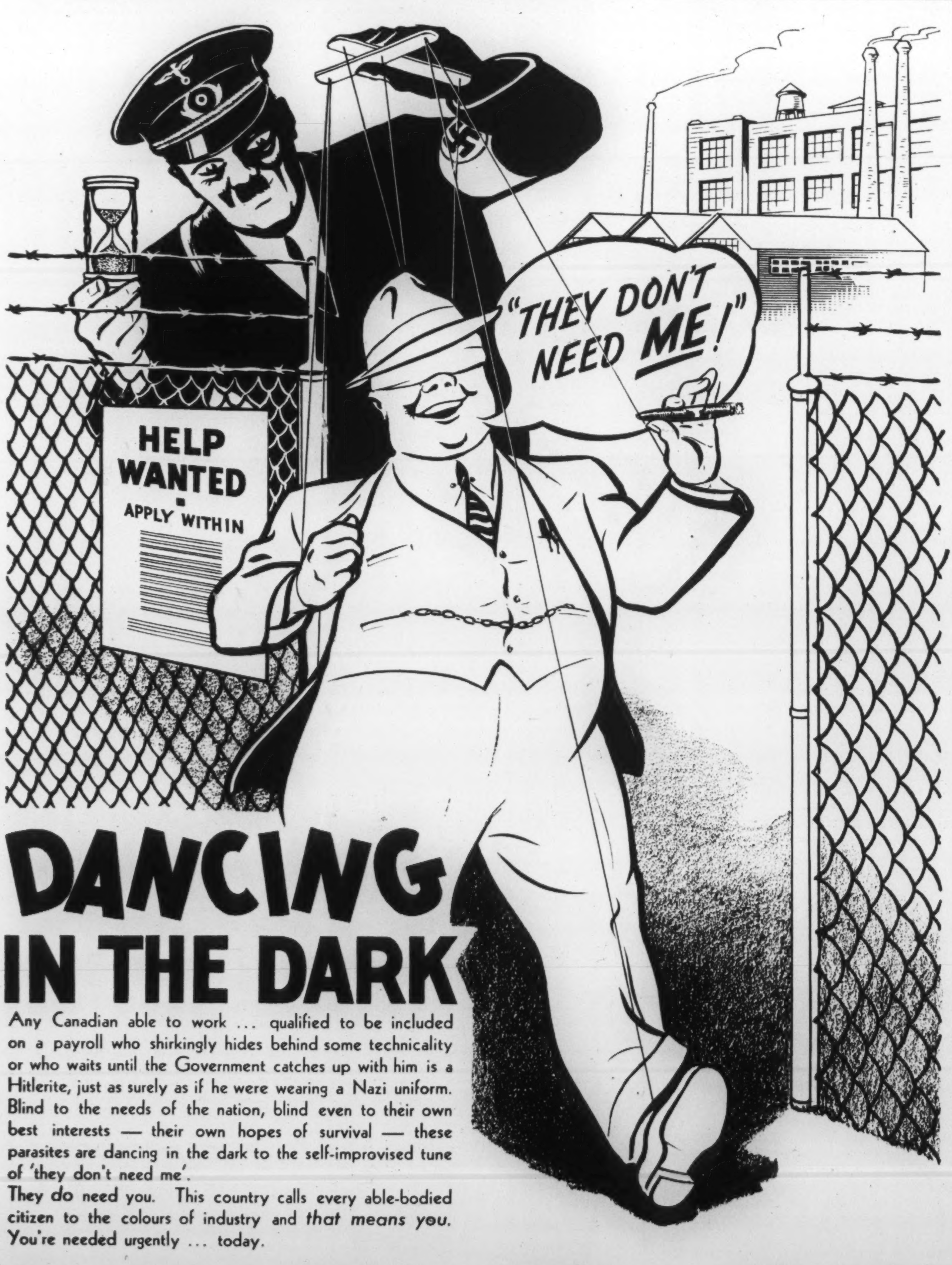
The Innana poem is beautiful and richly imaginative. Innana was Queen of Heaven, goddess of light, life and love. She visits the Nether World to free her love Tammuz. Passing through the Seven Gates she does the world's original strip-tease act, even shedding her bracelets. Seven grim judges then put her to death (apparently judges haven't changed much). She is impaled on a stake. After some days she is resurrected. Returning to this world, Innana is followed by persistent demons. Here many lines of the myth are missing. Our bet is that the demons were in the show business and wanted Innana to take her act into vaudeville. It really is too bad that Freud did not live to read this poem.

Decoding it was an enormous job. Giving this:

"From the Great Above she set her mind towards the Great Below,
Innana, from the Great Above she set her mind towards the Great Below,
My Lady abandoned Heaven, abandoned Earth, to the Nether World she descended . . ." etc.

Just wait till the boogie-woogie song writers get hold of that rhythm!

Whatever happens, Innana and her Sumerian people have made a triumphant and spectacular return to this world. The discovery of this ancient civilization, almost unheeded in the urgency of our present disasters, is an historic cultural and scientific event.



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OTTAWA LETTER

Gordon Turns to Housing

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

IN WARTIME Ottawa the householder's home may soon be not his own but Donald Gordon's castle. The ancient criterion of British liberty is fading before the housing needs of incoming war workers. Finance Minister Ilsley has instructed Donald Gordon to take such control of the housing accommodation in Ottawa as may be necessary to provide for an influx of between 100 and 200 new civil servants weekly. While people in industrial communities over the country may be compelled to close factories in order to satisfy growing manpower needs, in the Capital home-owners may find themselves obliged by war control edict to convert their parlors and attics into bedrooms for clerks and other officials of the government's expanding war machine.

For two years Ottawa has not had enough housing accommodation to go round in the ordinary process of commercial sale and rental. Every month during these years hundreds of new people have arrived from the provinces to aggravate the shortage. A government hostel for 300 girl workers and a wartime housing project to provide 300 or 400 temporary homes will only scratch the surface of the need. Commercial proposals looking to relief are discouraged by rent ceilings and the tightness of building permits under Minister Howe's war supplies control.

In this situation the classified advertising columns of the Ottawa newspapers have been turned into "agony" columns as heart-rending as the old "personal" column of the London *Times*. Incoming apartment seekers vary appeals to pity with offers of reward in the "apartment wanted" columns in desperate attempts to find space to park their baggage. The advertiser who offers "suitable reward" for a furnished or unfurnished apartment has as good a chance of finding a place to hang his hat as the one who makes the enticement more specific by holding out "$25 reward, clean, quiet, self-contained accommodation". Offers of $10 as a reward for any kind of an apartment have become commonplace. Latterly appeals have become more sentimental: "HELP! Urgently required for Oct. 2, bedroom furnished, up to $85 . . . . by doctor." "LOOK—Young research engineer and wife desperately need small apartment. . . ." One fancies that the "business woman" who "wants very nicely furnished bed-sitting room . . . only high type place considered" is wasting her money.

Beef and the U.S.

But Donald Gordon now has more time and energy for such comparatively minor tasks as finding houses where there are none by reason of the turn of fortune in his overholding job of protecting the Canadian consumer from the encroaches of Minister Jimmy Gardiner and his "farm bloc". Since June, when the Minister of Agriculture blocked Gordon's proposal to bring the price of fat cattle into line with the ceilings he had set for beef by shutting off the competition of the uncontrolled United States market, it has looked like a case of a civil servant attempting to buck a Minister who had to keep political as well as national interests in mind.

Gardiner won the first few rounds and in the ordinary way of things stood good to win them all. Neutral members of the cabinet were reported as giving the civil servant small odds against his determined ministerial opponent. Up until a couple of weeks ago, in fact, there was considerable apprehension in Ottawa that the whole price control structure was endangered by the resistance of livestock interests to Ottawa's idea of farm price parity. So long as President Roosevelt permitted the inflationary spiral to remain unchecked in the United States there was some reason for this concern. Talk there was of some high control officials throwing up their jobs and going back to the pursuit of their private interests—some of Gardiner's friends among them.

The Minister of Agriculture blundered badly when, after the government had authorized Gordon to stop the commercial export of cattle in order to remove the inducement to a market holdout, he undertook to advise farmers to keep their stock off the market for an eventual price rise. It was an open move against the basis of price control that the cabinet itself could not countenance. Gordon probably would have rallied ministerial support to his cause had it been necessary but Mr. Roosevelt conveniently intervened to ease the tension. The main excuse for rural opposition to ceiling-influenced cattle prices in Canada was the free market of the United States. The President insisted on stabilizing farm prices below the border and when Congress concurred the ground was taken from under Gardiner's agrarian feet.

The game of blind man's buff between Ottawa and the country is still in progress. Witness the convention of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce at Montebelle. All of the big shots of war control drove down through the forty miles of autumn-colored Ottawa valley to tell the business bigwigs how tough they were going to make things for everybody who hadn't a war job—and business was ready with the invitation to come on. From Finance Minister Ilsley down—with the exception at times of Gordon—Canada's war controllers appear to approach total war economy in the assumption that the country has to be educated to it, whereas the country, from all an observer can judge, has been crying for it for years. The backlash of it all seems to be that too much talk about what is going to happen disturbs the country too far in advance of the actual happening. The reaction has been especially noticeable in complaints from business about worker unrest.

Actually, industry and business are going to have quite a lot to say about curtailment under the program which is being mapped out by Gordon and Manpower Director Little, and which is in the immediate charge of Robert Chisholm who has been brought into Ottawa headquarters from his office of wholesale administrator under the Gordon Board. At the outset at any rate, business will be permitted to draft its own design of change-over to war requirements. If the design is too far short of the expanding needs of the war effort it will be adjusted by the control heads.

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THE HITLER WAR

Stalin, Hitler and Goering Put In A Word

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

FOLLOWING Churchill and Willkie, Hitler, Goering and Stalin have added their say-so to the great war discussion during the past few days, and their words make a most interesting study. Hitler, speaking for the first time since April, dealt mainly with the "first front" and what it had achieved in crippling Russia; we will come to him later. Stalin, making one of his even rarer public statements, appealed, in effect, to the Allied peoples to see that their governments "fulfilled their obligations fully, and on time."

His call seems to refer to that statement which London and Washington made in early June, at the conclusion of the Molotoff conversations, that "full understanding has been reached with regard to the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942." The ambiguity of this statement was commented on immediately it was made public, and much has been written on it since. It is said that Churchill anticipated such a difficulty—and danger—and phoned Roosevelt at the last minute to alter it to clearer terms. But the President stuck to his wording, apparently thinking it might give more help to Russia through a war of nerves on Germany, than it would cost us in misunderstanding and recrimination among our own people and our Russian allies.

Told Molotoff

We must, of course, have expressed our intentions more clearly, or at least more fully, to Molotoff at that time. From all that has been said on the subject by the principals concerned since, it seems that we said something like this to Molotoff: "We fully appreciate the urgency of creating a second front in Europe, as we are just as anxious as you are to beat Germany as quickly as possible, and would rather take advantage of your help in doing this than do it alone. If the shipping situation and developments on the many other fronts on which we are engaged permit, we will do our utmost to open a major European front this year."

"But, of course, we must be the judges of whether such action is possible and feasible, and could be carried through successfully. For our forces and our armaments are by no means fully ready, and a failure in Western Europe or the loss of the Middle East through neglect wouldn't be of any help to you, but would be a serious setback to our plans and a severe blow to public morale not only in our own countries, but in your country and in occupied Europe as well."

At the time of the Molotoff conversations our shipping situation was at its very worst, with sinkings at an all-time high and replacement building in the United States only about half what it is today. Mr. Churchill has told us, however, on his return from Moscow, that "it was difficult to make the Russians understand the difficulties of ocean transport." Which is one way of saying that Stalin wouldn't admit *that* as the controlling reason why a second front could not be opened across the narrow English Channel.

Libyan Blow-Up

At the time of the Molotoff conversations, too, we believed that we had broken Rommel's attack against the Gazala Line in Libya, and that Egypt and the Middle East were freed from menace from this arm of the great Nazi pincers—if indeed there wasn't a good possibility of finally clearing the Axis armies out of North Africa. It may have been thought at that time that the huge convoy which, we have since learned, was just leaving for the Middle East, would suffice to bolster that front for this summer, and that, from then on, Britain could concentrate her energies on preparing a European invasion. It seems likely that this convoy was headed for the Persian Gulf, to strengthen our right flank against the German threat through the Caucasus; Mr. Churchill implied that it was re-directed at the Cape towards Egypt, when our Libyan position blew up suddenly.

This blow-up of our Middle Eastern plans and hopes, recently referred to by General Wavell as the greatest disappointment of the year, and the continued seriousness of the shipping situation, must have dominated the conference of British and American military chiefs held in London in July. During a period of ten days they surveyed the whole field of the war, and, in Mr. Churchill's words, "took decisions affecting the entire future of the general conduct of our operations, not only in Europe, but throughout the world."

The Allied military leaders had apparently decided against an invasion of Europe this year, and it was apparently to scotch the persistent rumors in circles with "inside" information that President Roosevelt had favored action this year while he had favored waiting, that Mr. Churchill added that these decisions were "in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Roosevelt and received his final approval."

Was U.S. Ready?

After all, supposing the Americans did think that the logic of the situation demanded action this year; if they didn't have the troops or the equipment ready or have the shipping and naval escorts necessary to transport them safely to Europe, they couldn't insist on opening a second front when it would be Britain who would have to pay the shot.

To the British it apparently seemed that concentration on a second front might mean loss of the Middle East, and with their new armaments not quite ready and their troops almost wholly lacking in battle training, the storming of the immensely powerful German defences across the Channel—the most difficult operation in all warfare—might conceivably fail and grievously set back our hopes for ending the war within a year or two, Surely in the circumstances it was wiser to proceed with our great bombing offensive against Germany, for which preparations had been all made, and which was, in fact, well under way at the time, with the aim of crippling German war production and softening German morale before we landed.

"Armed" with this body of agreements with the United States, Mr. Churchill proceeded to Moscow. There, as we know from his own admission and from the whole second front argument since, he and Stalin disagreed. Just the use of that word "armed" suggests that Churchill was in opposition to Stalin's desires. Stalin, we hear, was "direct" and "even blunt" in his conversation with Churchill, and "did not think that we or America had done enough to take the weight off Russia."

Stalin's attitude, as revealed in Churchill's account of their meeting, in Willkie's pronouncement after talking with him, and in his own letter to Cassidy of *AP* last weekend, is that the dangers of inaction are greater than the dangers of action; that if shipping can be found for everything else it can be found for an invasion of France; that it is simply unbelievable that Britain and the United States can't match what strength Germany has left in Western Europe; and that what is really lacking is a bold enough spirit in Allied military leaders.

"Prodding" Stalin's Policy

Willkie's suggestion that the Allied peoples might need to "prod" their leaders almost certainly came from Stalin, as this method of bringing popular pressure on the Allied Governments for an early second front has been official Soviet policy for over a year, being pursued notably through speeches by Litvinoff and Maisky, Cripps and Beaverbrook, and, of course, agitation by the whole Communist Party organization.

To further this, Stalin appears in his letter to Cassidy to take the attitude that we definitely promised a second front in 1942 and are not coming through with it. I say "appears," because his wording is quite as ambiguous as that of our statement following on the Molotoff visit. "In order to amplify and improve this aid only one thing is required: that the Allies fulfil their obligations fully and on time." He doesn't say that we are behind time yet; and *it is quite possible that he could be referring to obligations definitely undertaken for next year by Mr. Churchill when he was in Moscow.* But the interpretation which most of our people have put on his phrase, and which it was perhaps intended they should put on it, is that we are obligated to move in 1942, and that this is necessary to provide "effective" help.

There is a further important point. After Mr. Churchill's return from Moscow I deduced in these columns that our policy for aiding Russia during the remainder of this year would consist in helping directly in the defence of Baku if called on, getting through more supply convoys and continuing the bombing of German war industry; while we concentrated our own major military effort on cleaning up the Mediterranean.

Second Front Only Interest

Stalin makes it plain, as other Russian sources have for months, that Russia is interested in only one military operation on our part: the opening of a front against Germany in Western Europe, a front which will draw the weight of many German divisions from Russia and relieve her of some of the blood cost of wearing down German strength.

However, if our plans for an invasion of Western Europe are not all made and ready, no letter from Joseph Stalin can produce such a move this year. And if our plans were made and the move coming,

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SALES STATIONS:
1186 Bay Street, Toronto
Lakeshore Highway at Clarkson

Stalin's Letter

"Dear Mr. Cassidy:

"Owing to the pressure of work and my consequent inability to grant you an interview, I shall confine myself to a brief written answer to your questions.

"1. 'What place does the possibility of a second front occupy in the Soviet estimates of the current situation?'

"Answer: A very important place, one might say, a place of first rate importance.

"2. 'To what extent is Allied aid to the Soviet Union proving effective and what could be done to amplify and improve this aid?'

"Answer: As compared with the aid which the Soviet Union is giving to the Allies by drawing upon itself the main force of the German Fascist, the aid of the Allies to the Soviet Union has so far been little effective. In order to amplify and improve this aid, only one thing is required: that the Allies fulfil their obligations fully and on time.

"3. 'What remains of the Soviet capacity for resistance?'

"Answer: I think that the Soviet capacity of resisting the German brigands is in strength not less, if not greater, than the capacity of Fascist Germany or of any other aggressive power to secure for itself world domination.

"With respect, "J. Stalin."

what could Churchill and Stalin have disagreed about, and what is the purpose of the Willkie and Stalin prodding? Are we really so clever as to stage all this as a smoke-screen for our invasion? It may be doubted.

It seems more likely that Churchill was "armed" with agreements with the United States when he went to Moscow because he had to say that Britain couldn't undertake a major second front this year; and that he, and Ottawa, have given out the proportion of loss at Dieppe and told in full of the difficulties which faced our attack there, in order to discourage the demand for such an operation before further preparations have been carried out.

"Worst Is Behind"

The speeches of Hitler and Goering make more encouraging reading. I happened to hear Hitler's speech, as I tuned in for my daily Berlin news broadcast just as Goebbels was introducing him. I noted that in this seven or eight minute introduction the Nazi propaganda minister found it necessary to assert at least five times that "our final victory is a certainty". Hitler, and a few days later, Goering, both stressed to the German people that they had been through the worst of the war, as nothing could ever be as bad as the frightful winter they and the army had endured last year.

Dominating Hitler's speech was frustration over the fact that, great, and even unprecedented as his victories had been, he still couldn't announce *victory;* and fury over the inexplicable confidence of the British, who, with no such victories whatever to show, still remained absolutely sure that they were winning the war.

He gave his scorn full rein. "What are our victories, compared to their evacuation of Norway, or of Dunkirk, or their 9-hour invasion of Europe at Dieppe? If we advance 1000 kilometres, that is nothing; that is a positive failure! If we advance to the Don, the Volga and the Caucasus, then all that means nothing! If we occupy the Ukraine, if we seize the Soviet coal, 65 or 70 per cent of Russian iron and the greatest grain country of the world, all that is again absolutely nothing! If we secure for ourselves the great oil sources there, that again is nothing! Altogether all that is nothing."

Victories Without Victory

Is he not echoing his own inner conviction, and that of all Germans who remember the endless string of victories in the last war which ended in final defeat, that *all this really is nothing if the war itself cannot be brought to a victorious conclusion.* Very well he knows that Germans everywhere are muttering once again, as they did in 1917-18, "Wir siegen uns tod!"—"We're winning ourselves to death."

What use for Hitler to tell them: "we can be satisfied with the past three years"; or lay out a "very simple program" for the coming year: "we must hold everything and wait to see who tires soonest"? Or to try to justify this year's campaigning by laying down as his aims exactly what has been achieved, with the addition of Stalingrad? Still, he works hard to impress on his people the magnitude of this year's conquests, and of the gigantic work of reconstruction being carried out in the east (where everything was "completely destroyed") in order that Germany should be able to draw great supplies of all kinds from this territory next year. Next year! Next year! Hitler didn't go so far as to promise the end of the war then, but Goering did.

In many ways Goering's utterance, while not so important, was more revealing. What he was doing was, in effect, answering the complaints of the home front, and reassuring it. Food was short, and the yield from German conquests had so far been disappointing, but, by Heaven!, they would eat before the rest of Europe did. The British bombing was a severe trial and he couldn't answer it adequately until his air force was freed from Russia, but this would be the last winter they would have to endure it, and he had ordered an extra ration of 1½ ounces of meat weekly for people in the more heavily bombed areas.

Spectres of 1918

The people were worried about the fresh strength of America, remembering 1918, but Goering assured them that the United States was rotten behind its imposing facade, could only mass-produce autos, radios and razor blades, and anyway couldn't transfer her forces across the Atlantic. The spectre of the blockade which gradually squeezed Germany to an *ersatz* existence in 1918 haunted people, so Goering declared that the blockade—which didn't exist, anyway—it was Britain who was blockaded—couldn't affect Germany, as she now controlled a continent.

Rumors were circulating around Germany about generals being shot for failure to win or for conspiracy against the Nazi Party, so Goering affirmed that "no generals have been shot", and then spoiled it by adding that this was "not because one does not shoot generals". This is clear Nazi defiance of the generals, and the best indication we have had yet of the strained relations between the old army hierarchy on the one hand, and the Nazi Party with its private army of *Waffen SS,* on the other. Goering, incidentally, intimated that the General Staff—which he termed an "auxiliary"—had advocated giving up the Russian campaign last December, but Hitler had insisted on carrying it through.

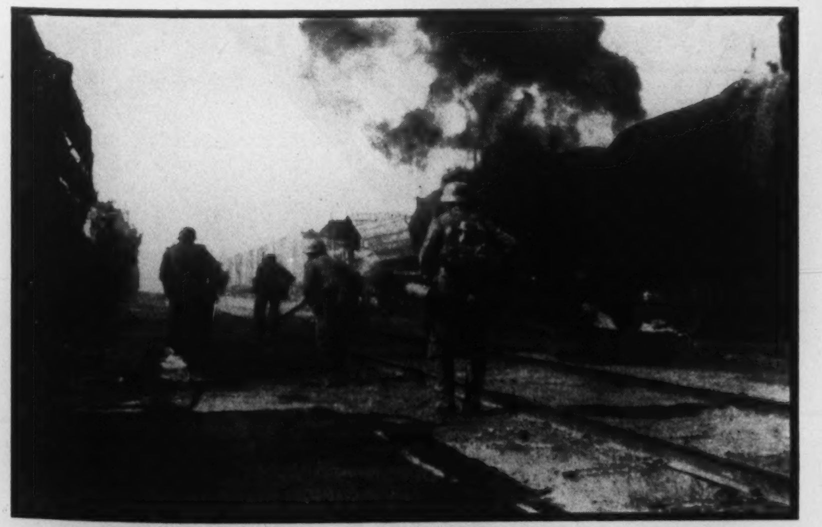
That is only a small part of Goering's revealing outburst, which, while repeating over and over again that the worst is now behind and things are bound to get better, also contained the warning that if Germany should lose the war she would be utterly destroyed. Presumably the German people find it more and more difficult to see how they are going to win the war, for a dispatch from Switzerland reports that the speech has had a profoundly depressing effect on them.

The German Radio was also busy the next day denying that morale was so bad in Germany that it was necessary for Hitler, Ribbentrop, Goering and Goebbels all to speak to the people within a few days. This had been merely coincidental. Also, there was actually no conflict between what Goering said and what Hitler said. Hitler spoke as the spiritual leader of the nation, and Goering as head of the air force and of the war economy. Therefore Goering spoke more "brutally", and didn't mince his words. Such was the weak German apology.

But have events and past Nazi boasts left German propaganda a leg to stand on? The Germans are politically a very foolish people, but surely they can remember—and certainly the outside world does—that Hitler declared in his first Winter Relief speech of the war, back in October 1939, that, in essence, *"we will win."* The next year, as he was about to launch his assault on London, his theme was *"we have won".* Last year the tune changed to *"we must win."* And now, as the war has run the limit which all Germans instinctively recognize as circumscribing their chance of victory, he can only tell them that "we must hold everything and see who tires soonest."

The Hold of Discipline

In their hearts the German people admit that curious and amazing fact, that they win all the victories (except the decisive ones, at London and Moscow) but are steadily losing the war. If they should fail at Stalingrad, the effect on their morale would be enormous. But we would be very foolish if we were to underestimate the hold of discipline on this greatest warring nation of the world, or the tenacity with which they will resist that terrible fate of which their leaders warn them more and more often. Some day they will crack wide open and the war will be over unexpectedly, but not before we have made an effort comparable to theirs and hit them a mighty blow.



On the long, bitter trail to Stalingrad; and the scenes of conquering and mopping up that vital strategic center on the Volga would not be essentially different from this German picture of mopping up a railway station. Along the German path, Hitler lamented in his speech last week, "everything was destroyed, everything." In this case the Germans had moved ahead so swiftly as to seize a station before the Russians could remove a freight train. In a surprise counter-attack, however, the Russians returned for long enough to destroy both station and train, leaving to the invader nothing but smoldering ruins. Thus Russia's loss—and it is mounting up heavily—does not become Germany's gain. And Nazi losses mount too.

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Are We Prepared in Spirit for the Second Front?

BY HENRY PETERSON

SOON—sooner, I believe, than most of us realize—another hundred **thousand women in Canada, Britain and America will be wearing black, and that will be the toll for but the opening of the second front, for just gaining firm footholds for the final slaughterous march on Berlin. Will you, madam, be one of them?**

Are you, am I, are we of this North American Continent prepared in spirit for the tremendous shock of the second front, for the volume of casualties that will at last match those of the Chinese and Russians in their great battles?

So far we have been but spectators of this war, spectators catered to by experts of publicity, experts cursed by the spirit of advertising, who have dramatized, sensationalized the news to be in accord with our "way of life" —or they would have lost their jobs.

Yet we can, in all fairness, plead that we have been especially unfortunate. We have been so slowly, so gradually, inured to horrors. While Britain too remained only a spectator for nearly two and a half years as Chinese civilians and soldiers were being slaughtered by the million, and felt little for the nation that was then alone holding the front line of freedom, yet she herself was soon visited with fire, destruction and disaster. We of this North American Continent, thanks again to remoteness and human smugness, in turn became spectators of Britain's agony.

Yet our own agony will soon be upon us, not agony of fire and destruction, but agony of spirit. Are we prepared to meet the ordeal?

God forbid that our way of life should make us mere frenzied spectators of our own casualties. Yet do we not run that danger, just because our proud way of life is what it is? For a couple of generations now we have sought to glorify everything that pertains to us, until nothing seemed to be worth while unless it was the "biggest, the fastest, the fattest or the smallest, the slowest, the thinnest in the world".

Let us confess it, we have found the restrained, the unsensational, British, Russian and Chinese way of presenting their achievements dull. We even blame their stupidity for not having roused us to the true issues of this war because they have treated us as grown-up people, and preserved their own self-respect thereby.

So insistent have we been on glory that the thought of always obtaining credit for our endeavors has bitten deeply into the Canadian and American way of life. Yet, do you know, you can watch a whole Chinese army march past, sprinkled heavily with veterans of five years of fighting, and never see a ribbon on a tunic? And you can pass a million homes which have given sons to the beloved Middle Kingdom, many six or eight sons, and you never see a gold star on the door? Is it not time we realized that in this unspectacular approach to war has lain the "incredible" strength of the Chinese, that in the same matter-of-fact way has lain the strength of the British and Russians too? They are all three no less conceited than we are, but they have surrendered to the obvious fact, that the country's needs are bigger than they are.

We will very soon be unable to afford to have our war news glorified or sugar-coated, for nothing will be able to sugar-coat our coming casualties, and glory will only be a by-product of necessary, normal heroism. We will but break the hearts of our men overseas if we continue to react to war news dramatically and sensationally.

How Can We Prepare?

How, then, can we prepare ourselves? There is only one way—by regarding the war as a job which must be done for its own sake. No more the attitude of being at a hockey or football match, no more the demand for credit, either for one's own self or for one's ~~own~~ service organization. To hell with glory! We must be content, like the Chinese, British and Russians, to be humble cogs in the machine. Is this so difficult? Is this too much to ask of us?

Yet there is a purely psychological factor in preparation which must be urgently, instantly, faced. We must learn to hate the enemy. Yes, to hate —fiercely and bitterly. And need this be so difficult? Can we really not be roused to indignation, to flaming hatred, by unmentionable bestiality and inhumanity practised on some 500,000,000 fellow human beings, who, like us, only wanted to be left alone, and who have proved to be so much nobler than we yet have shown ourselves to be? Having so far been defended by others, must we be visited by fire, destruction and disaster ourselves before we will prepare for our own ordeal?

There surely is only one reason for our present incapacity to hate? Not because we are Christians. Let us not also gratuitously expose ourselves to ridicule. It is because we are confused.

So let us look into this matter of confusion. It is a truism more obvious than most that no one can confuse us unless we help in the process with our own emotions. We are confused, not because we are practising Christians, but because we are the victims of German propaganda, which has succeeded almost extravagantly in its three main aims—the belittling of Britain, the sowing of distrust of the Russians, and the fanning of our conceit.

These aims are planned to serve Germany both while the war is on and when it is over. While it is on, to prevent us of this North American Continent from fighting all-out and, in case Germany is defeated, to save her from proper punishment.

Canadians and Americans have both been largely spectators of the tragedies of other nations. The time is at hand when we shall have tragedies of our own.

Are we ready for these tragedies? For the time when the war news can no longer be "glorified" or sugar-coated?

"No more the attitude of being at a hockey or football match! No more the demand for credit, for oneself or one's organization. We must . . . be humble cogs in the machine."

The latter aim most subtly fits into the former, and its success is the chief cause of our incapacity to hate. Let us indeed face this thing squarely. The Germans are already banking on British, Canadian and American sentimentality to save them from proper punishment. They are sure we will be suckers, already smiling broadly. But they are doing more than just relying on a conviction. They have spread the poison that *we* would be suckers to punish them, because we shall be needing them inside a generation against the Russians. And this blatant German trick has, alas! fooled many millions.

Such are indeed fools without peer, for while it is the German who seeks to enslave us, it is the Russian who is able, and is willing, to help us to create and maintain peace in the future. Not to know this is just plain imbecility. More, Canadian and American boys will soon be pouring out their blood on the second front, and only by learning to hate the German and his honorary Aryan, the Japanese, can we solve all our emotional problems revolving round the war.

Do you still refuse to hate, sir? Or you, madam?

"My *war job means a safe future* –for Canada and for me"

Running a power lathe, stitching uniforms, taking your place on the production line of a tank factory — whatever your war job may be, you're doing it *for Canada* . . . so that Canada may be safe.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Our Two Kinds of Authors

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE Canadian Authors' Association held its annual meeting for 1942 in Montreal, a few days ago, and the occasion was marked by a good deal of fraternization between that body and the Société des Ecrivains Canadiens, the corresponding organization of French Canada. The relations between the two bodies are extremely cordial, and both are most anxious to promote that free movement of ideas between the two sections of the population which is the only means of ensuring national unity.

Much of the joint discussion dealt with the need for more extensive reading, by each section, of the literary productions of the other section, in the original tongue for people of bilingual abilities, but failing bilingualism, in the form of translation. It will be remembered that SATURDAY NIGHT some months ago suggested that one of the most valuable contributions that could possibly be made to the cause of national unity, and one which would bring lasting fame to its sponsor, would be the foundation of a properly administered fund for the translation and publication of the more important works of each section of Canada in the language of the other section. This idea provided the keynote of a good deal of the discussion.

Two of the participants were well-known writers whose work is eminently suitable for perusal in both languages, and who are already in process of being communicated to their second audience. The Abbé Maheux, whose broad-minded treatment of the early days of the British regime has been generally recognized as just by his fellow French-Canadians, is already represented in English by an excellent translation of his volume on Murray; and Alan Sullivan, the well-known historical novelist whose "Three Came to Ville Marie" won this year's Governor General's prize, is about to have that fine work rendered into French.

Mr. Sullivan concluded his speech at the Authors' dinner with a vigorous appeal for more study by each section of Canada, of the literary work of the other section. "We are a nation," he said, "but unfortunately racially divided. Between French and British lies a rift that must be closed before we can claim any real unity.

Bigotry on Both Sides

"The literary art of the French-Canadian writer, and it is a veritable art, is a sealed book to ninety-five per cent of English-speaking Canadians, and vice versa. Each side is suffering from narrowness and bigotry of view. I find that just as noticeable in Ontario as in Quebec.

"The gate that leads to understanding of another race is some knowledge of its language, its creative products—primarily of its literature. This gate swings both ways. I believe that it is up to us writers to keep it swinging, and especially is it the opportunity of those who come after us. Each step, however short, in that direction is a step towards the ultimate unification of Canada.

"I have talked to thinking people on both sides, and everywhere I seem to discover a desire for betterment of this situation. What divides us is so intangible, so elusive, that I am convinced it lies in what one may call the color of our minds. We assume too much too readily about each other. We think of each other as occupants of different sections of the country, who have their taproots in different kinds of soil, so that the human grain produced is not capable of effective blending.

"I submit that this is all wrong. To bring about the blending, we need first of all a mutual charity, a sense of fellowship, a stop to mutual criticism, a common pride in our heritage.

"Let us not forget that if it has been largely the British who brought Canada to her present development, it was solely the heroism and daring of the French that first penetrated an unbroken wilderness that now smiles from ocean to ocean with its rewards for the labors of men."

The time is near at hand, I venture to think, when the English-speaking man who aspires to call himself a Canadian man of letters will be ashamed, not merely to lack a knowledge of French, but even to lack a knowledge of a good deal of the literature of Canada that has already appeared in that language. There are probably no French-Canadian men of letters without a working knowledge of English, for bilingualism is much more common in that section than in the other; but there are still some whose reading of Canadian literature written in English is pretty limited.

In this connection it must in fairness be added that the problem is being helped towards solution by the very notable improvement in recent years in the breadth of mind, the seriousness and the eloquence of Canadian writing in both languages. This is particularly notable in history, the most important branch of prose literature from the national standpoint. I have for some time been advocating that the more mature students of Canadian history should be given an acquaintance, in their school and college courses, with the writings of the best historians of the other section of the nation, that to which they themselves do not belong. Preferably this should of course take the form of reading them in their original tongue; but a good translation is not to be scorned in the case of historical works.

There is beginning to be a substantial body of Canadian historical writing of scientific merit in both languages. It would perhaps have been a good deal to ask of any English-language Canadian that he should devote much time (unless he intended to become a specialist) to the *Histoire du Canada et des Canadiens* of Michel Bibaud; but there is now a good supply of works of which the *Histoire de Canada* of Jean Bruchesi is the latest and in some respects the best example, which present the French-Canadian point of view on our common history in a tone of reasonable moderation and in language of high literary quality.

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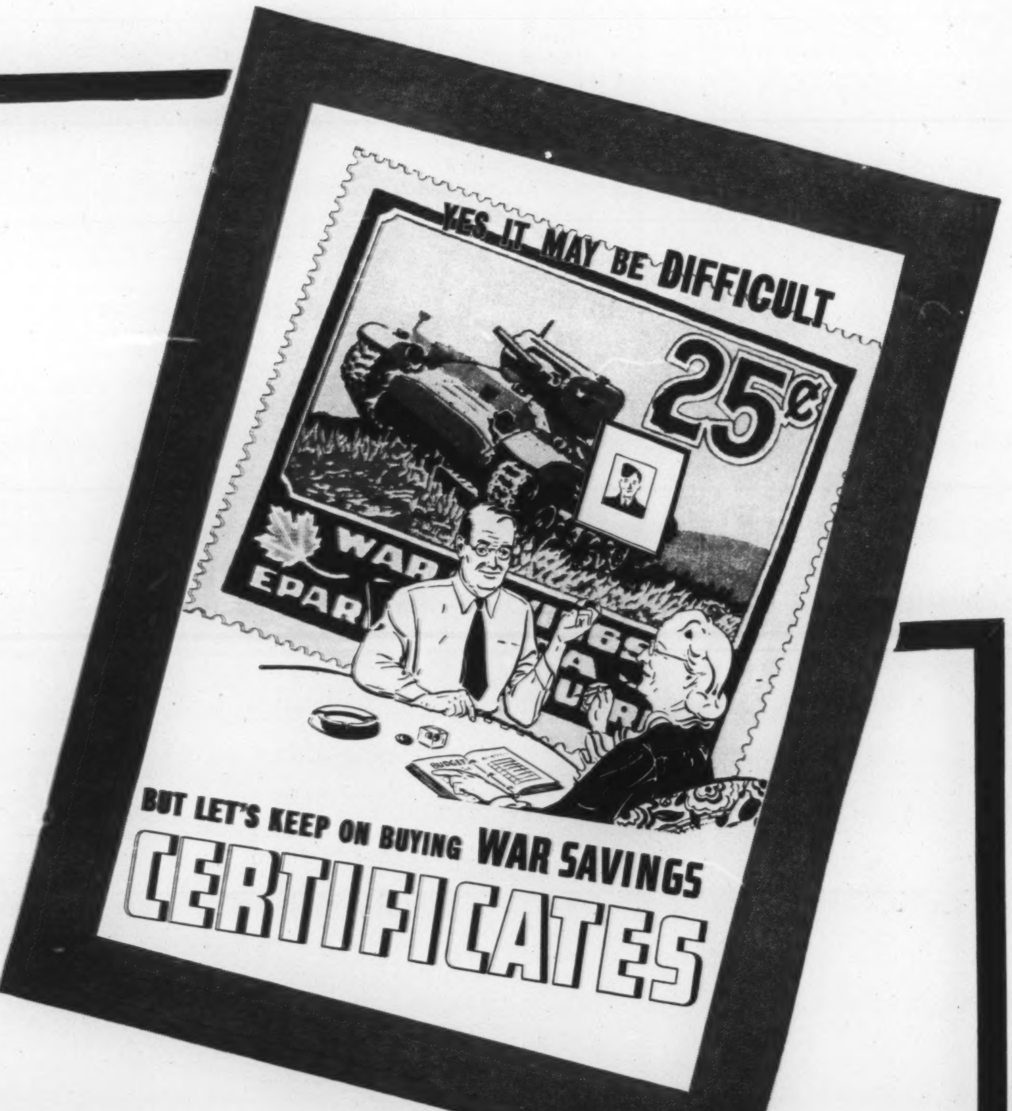
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What Books for Total War?

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

In this article a noted English artist, novelist and philosopher, now visiting in Canada, discusses the kind of books that a people engaged in a desperate war should read to make them more warlike.

He is all against the kind of thing written by the "pep-'em-up boys," and strong for the calm wisdom of the good old classics, of which wisdom, incidentally, he finds quite a lot in a book by a Canadian author, our own Morley Callaghan.

THE other day I saw an educational report in which it was stated that "the provision of free education and free library service have had a beneficial effect on the general morale of the troops." But I have even more weighty confirmation than that of the case I want to argue here. No less a person than the President of the United States provided it.

I was going to write just now that "there is nothing like a little Aristotle for a man who is down in the dumps." But I put my pen through it promptly. I felt that such a statement might be regarded as frivolous. Later I turned on the radio, and listened to a report of happenings in Washington. Among other items was a question asked President Roosevelt regarding a million books (I believe it was a million—no meaner figure than that is ever mentioned by a Washington reporter) which are to be supplied for army-reading. The President was asked *what kind* of books did he think would be suitable. He answered: "Oh, some algebra books." It is true that the reporter seemed to think that the President was pleased to jest. But *I* don't think so. The President usually displays a good deal more sense than the newshawks by whom he is beset. So perhaps after all my observation about Aristotle can stand.

But it was in fact a *book*—not the chance remark of a great and far-seeing statesman, nor yet the report of an educational authority—which proved to me I was on the right tack, regarding the blood and iron principles introduced into our propaganda. It was a book of quite unassuming little stories, by a Canadian.

Rather as might a visit of a friend if you have been pondering some matter—some matter in which all your instincts argued upon one side and all the facts seemed to argue on the other—this was a timely reading-matter. This book was on the side of my instincts. It helped my instincts win the day, against all the dark facts—facts which seem to be threatening the instincts, I think, of all of us.

It was at the time of the catastrophe of the Java Sea, and the last days of Rangoon: everybody was dismayed, and justifiably angry—for obviously something was wrong, somewhere; and everybody was inclined to blame everybody else. The war-tempo was stepped-up fiercely upon this continent. Press and Radio began scoring public apathy, or semi-apathy, towards all this mighty business of the total war.

Our soldiers did not come off unscathed: they did not seem to be "dying hard" enough, after the Russian fashion. People began talking as if some sort of mysterious "aggressiveness" were missing from our soldiers' equipment; as if the public behind them was a bit too easy-going too. So I began asking myself, Did we indeed lack pep and bellicose abandon? Were we not savage enough? The question had to be asked after all: it is a healthy sign that it should be. But I had to answer it carefully and was not at first quite sure of the answer.

Personal Experience

But let me try and reconstruct for you here a personal experience. It will be getting at that very important pep-problem from a new angle. It will take us back to the question asked President Roosevelt: what sort of literature is best for a soldier (and a civilian, under conditions of total war, comes under much the same head). It will involve my briefly describing a book—which you may, or may not, have read. However, let us try. The experiment will be interesting.

Scene: A Toronto hotel. Time *circa* the fall of Rangoon. A radio cabinet; a pile of newspapers and magazines. Canadian and American, much in evidence. A thoughtful-looking figure staring out of the window at the icicles hanging from the eaves of a neighboring house; a loud and ringing voice fills the apartment, issuing from the radio cabinet.

Such then, is the *setting*. Not long before that a friend had lent me a book. At night, after I had heard the late news—always lousily *bad*—and listened to a commentator, I would go to bed and turn to my book of stories.

Reading on from story to story (there are 35 of them) I found as I read that my reflections—as to how far the critics were right, in saying our failures showed that we ought to fit ourselves for the jungle-life of total war by secreting a new and more violent type of pep—began slowly to merge with the imaginary world conjured up by the book. To my surprise I found I had stumbled upon an excellent answer to the questions provoked by the events of the actual world. I will explain how this unlikely co-operation of the real and the unreal came about.

In the first place, what I was reading possessed no marked tonic property (as you might have expected it to have done). Nobody would be *stimulated to action*, or anything of that sort, by reading it. On the contrary these are tales very full of human sympathy—a bending of all the events of life into a pattern of tolerance and of mercy: there is no sultry misanthropic phobia lurking anywhere in it. As a result of such reading your behavior might grow more temperate and more charitable, your outlook more philosophic; that is all. So what can such reading-matter have to do with pepping-up a normally "peace-loving" public, you may well inquire.

But this very absence of obvious phobia-making ingredients was what did the trick. I had been led to expect something more crudely energized. The author is described as "a Canadian Hemingway". I anticipated that I should be turning from a radio cabinet reeling beneath the impact of voices calling for action, to a book that was all crude dynamism too. I was startled into attention. I was like Newton sitting under the apple tree—supposing the apple had not fallen.

But let me tell you something about these stories. They have the title, "Now that April's here". It is not a new book, but a good book is never out-of-date. Apart from the literary merit of the stories it contains, this book is beautifully replete with a message of human tolerance and love. Every one—or almost all—of these discrete miniature dramas ends softly and gently. At the end of some anguish there is peace: at the end of some bitter dispute there is reconciliation.

All of these creatures are dimly aware that the parts they play—for all the sound and fury into which they may be led by the malice of nature, by the demands of the instinct for animal survival, or by our terrible heritage of original sin—the rôles they are called upon to take are played according to some great law, within the bounds of a rational order.

The plot, however tragic, is *not* some diabolic and meaningless phantasy, in other words—which is the fatal conclusion that we are required to draw from the perusal of a story, say of Mr. Hemingway's. There is good and evil—not merely *good luck* and *bad luck*. And if they end in a witty sally—as in "Father and Son," where father No. 1 says to father No. 2, "You certainly have to admit he's a fine boy!", or in a comic deflation, as happens in the story called "The Young Priest",—the wit and the comic deflation are full of a robust benevolence.

His Own Nature

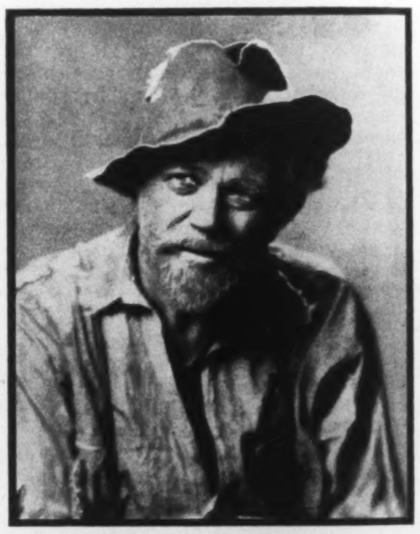
In his treatment of his characters an author reveals with great clearness, of course, the mainspring of his own nature. A remarkable fairness-of-mind, is what emerged in the case of the author of this book. As an instance of this I may cite a story called "The Snob". A young man is out with his girl—the latter belonging to a higher income-bracket than that of his own parents. In a department store he catches sight of his father, whom, with some difficulty, he avoids, because of the old man's seedy appearance. He is afraid the girl might be unpleasantly impressed and he might lose her. But the young man resents the fact that he should have been put in this position, and begins girding at the astonished maiden.

This story, too, ends gently. The two young snobs—what might be called the negative snob and the positive snob—do not fly apart. They are suddenly reconciled. And although reconciliation is a word that we cannot admit into our vocabulary of war—and indeed no reconciliation is conceivable between us and those nations who, in an insensate gamble for power, have allowed their violent leaders to use them as the butchers of millions of innocent people—nevertheless there must be a compartment in our hearts where we preserve intact all those impulses which we must deny ourselves until we have reached our goal of a just and enduring peace.

Inside the covers of this book the tales recounted die away. They do not either "end with a bang"—as one poet would have it—nor do they "end with a whimper" as was preferred by another poet. On the other hand, no "tale told by an idiot . . . . signifying *nothing*" is admitted here; life is not seen that way. Rather, we are back in a world—from which we have strayed—in which the final appeal is not to the ego: in which men know they are not gods, nor yet cunning machines in a Behaviorist, or Fascist, nightmare.

So the reading of these gently-stepping, gravely resigned, little parables of everyday life—which, when it is the poor you write about, is not so different from the soldiers' lot—provoked in me much timely thought, regarding the "fighting-heart" (as Mr. Upton Close refers to it) of a people. It would be an exaggeration to say that I felt, when I had finished my reading, that I had put down a compilation of excellent sermons: even Tolstoy's later stories muffle their homiletic more than that. But I had been edified, even if profanely. And the spirit that had directed the hand of this writer, is also the one that should be our inspiration in such fearful times as ours, rather than a resort to the arts of the pep-doctor. So I reflected at least, as I passed from scene to scene—where death was only important in so far as there was a risk that it might be improperly negotiated—and life was a never very happy dream, that was only dangerous regarded from the standpoint of moral failure.

The book I have been writing about is one of high quality: it is not "light reading". But, odd as it may seem, those are just the kind of books that are being read today. The Everyman Library has, since the war began, sold unprecedented numbers. So we have the spectacle of a publishing house growing rich upon Gibbon, Voltaire, St. Thomas Aquinas, Plato, Petronius, Gobineau and Swift.



John Barton, as Jeeter in Tobacco Road, the much discussed play of the share-croppers of the South, Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, for the week beginning October 12.

SMART YOUNG MEN ARE BUYING THE "MODERN 20-PAY"!

HERE is a NEW policy with premium deposits very close to the old-style TWENTY-PAY PLAN—but no longer a die-to-win proposition!..You make deposits for TWENTY YEARS ONLY, then receive a PAID-UP Life Insurance Policy...If you should die at any time before reaching Age Sixty—your family will receive $2,000.00 IN CASH...If you are still living at Age Sixty—YOU WILL DRAW THE $2,000.00!..Remember, no premiums after the twentieth year! Send a letter or postcard, giving your date of birth and occupation, for detailed rates at your age.

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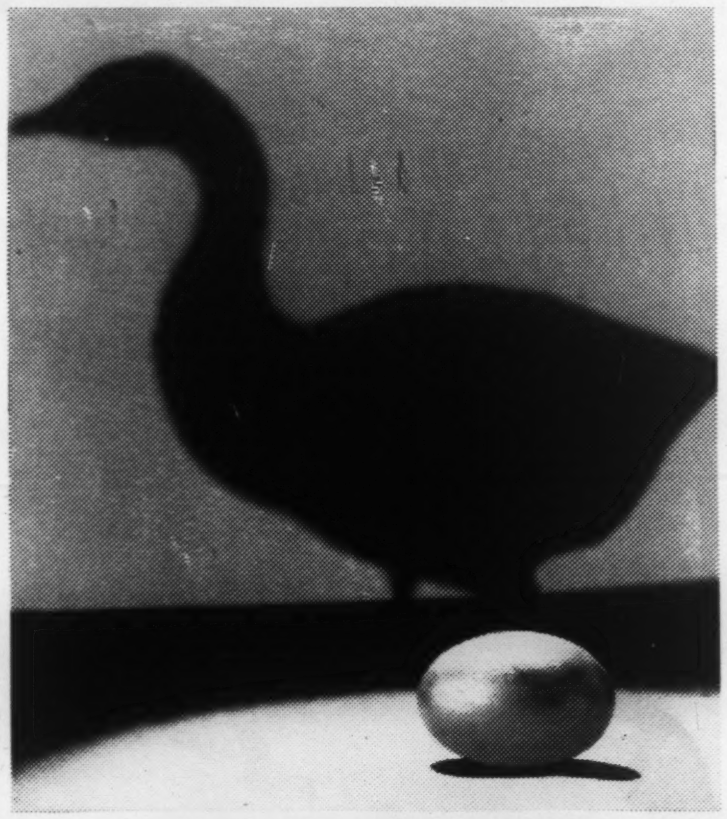
The EXCELSIOR LIFE

A STRONG CANADIAN COMPANY « » ESTABLISHED 1889



THE GOLDEN EGG THAT HATCHES WAR SAVINGS — — BONDS

You can't have your cake and eat it too—nor can you spend your money and save it. These are times for self-denial, when unnecessary spending must be replaced by saving. Budget your living costs and financial obligations. Then determine how much you can save every pay day. Create a golden egg that will hatch into happiness; a back-log to take care of emergencies; the corner-stone of a business opportunity, and an anchor for future security.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Incorporated 1855

WSB 1.49

A hot welcome for worms!

—SAYS "OLD SARGE"

Worms are every dog's worst enemy. They soften him up for diseases, spoil his disposition and usefulness.

We're on watch to spot worms. We give 'em the works—with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (Puppy Capsules for pups, small dogs). That's the *sure* way to wipe 'em out! Then Sergeant's Condition Pills help build the patient back to health.

Keep your dog in top condition with famous Sergeant's Medicines. At drug and pet stores—and a *free* Dog Book.

FREE Sergeant's Dog Medicines, Ltd.
Dept. 33-K, 165 Dufferin St.
Toronto, Ont.
Please send a free Sergeant's Dog Book to:
Print Name
Address
City Prov.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Old Dobbin Goes To Town Once More

BY F. E. THOMAS

The horse never disappeared in Canada; he was merely pushed further back into the country. Only Argentina has more horses on a per capita basis.

The restoration of the horse in the city, however, presents a lot of difficulties, especially for the private owner. But there is a lively demand for secondhand carriages, and the countryside is being scoured by dealers.

There are many old stables in the older sections of Canadian cities which could easily be reconditioned, but in the newer parts there is nothing but garages, and they won't do.

AUTOMOBILES never outnumbered horses in Canada and whoever spoke of the disappearance of the horse must have been suffering from an optical illusion. Or it may have been a case of "out of sight, out of mind," for cars did push old Dobbin off streets and highways and relegated him to the country, his natural domain. There he has been more than holding his own in spite of tractors, trucks and other forms of power transportation.

Canada, in fact, is one of the most "horsey" countries in the world, and in the number of horses ranks second only to Argentina on a per capita basis. On that basis it exceeds all other countries by a large margin. No less than 2,850,000 representatives of the equine variety competed with about 1,450,000 specimens of the gas-powered buggy in this country, according to latest available figures, a ratio of almost two to one in favor of Dobbin. Since there are some 11,400,000 people in Canada this would put almost "Four Men on a Horse" to not quite eight people in every motor conveyance.

The wide open spaces of the West account for the largest aggregation of horses in Canada. Saskatchewan boasts of over 800,000 descendants of the old grey mare and Alberta runs a close second with over 650,000. Thus more than one-half of them roam the two prairie provinces, while about one-fifth of the total, 560,000, have survived the struggle against increasing industrialization in Ontario.

Just how well Dobbin has been holding his ground in the cities is difficult to assess. But even in Toronto, the most motorized city in Canada, there are still over 2,000 of his brothers and sisters pounding the pavements. Very few of these, not counting race and show horses, are owned by individuals. The majority are in the service of door-to-door distributors such as bakeries and dairies. These two groups in Toronto rely on about 1,200 units of four-footed power in addition to their motor trucks, while peddlers employ about 300 horses. The rest are doing duty as police steeds, draft horses for city dump carts and for various other delivery agencies.

The "petrol" shortage and lack of rubber has caused this commercial traveller in Britain to depend on the 1 h.p. mode of covering his territory. His steed, a thoroughbred, was a hunter before the war.

"Clop-Clop" Delivery

This number is gradually growing, especially in the commercial field. One large Canadian departmental store, for instance, once famous for its "Greys", again has quite a number of them in service, making the daily delivery rounds as of yore. More will be added as soon as the necessary equipment has been readied and new drivers have been trained. This return to the horse-drawn delivery wagon should give a great deal of satisfaction to a former customer of the store, a lady who vigorously protested years ago against its discontinuance. She vowed to boycott this firm until the time when once again the familiar clop-clop of the horse's hoofs would announce the impending arrival of her ordered goods!

Whether or not the horse will resume its importance as the motive power for private transportation is doubtful. A limited increase of carriages, however, is already noticeable. There is, for instance, a prominent business man in one of the larger cities who daily drives a horse and buggy to the office. He still owns a car but having once been the owner of a stable of show horses he has now found an opportunity, and an excuse, to handle the reins once again to his heart's content.

Even for an old horseman like him it was not easy to assemble all the necessary requisites in a city. There is no actual scarcity of any of them yet, of course, but rather one caused by a lack of demand in past decades. While horses are relatively plentiful in Canada there are hardly enough to put a horse in every garage, so to speak. With the exception of race and show horses and those either too old or too young for work, most horses are now "gainfully employed", chiefly on farms, and not many of them could be released for city service. The shrinking tractor output and shortage of labor will prevent farmers from disposing of any surplus stock. Breeding cannot solve this problem immediately either. It takes 35 months from the time a mare is bred until a two-year-old can be put to work. There is also a possibility, though this is only a surmise, that the army may use larger numbers again. In spite of mass mechanization the Russians, for example, use 200,000 cavalry mounts and about 800,000 pack and draft horses while the Nazis have enlisted some 50,000 horses for the cavalry and more than 900,000 for other purposes.

How to buy a horse is something that cannot be explained in a book, much less in an article. It is an art that only a few acquire after much painful experience, and many never at all. Even the advice of proverbs, upon which many of us like to rely, is extremely conflicting, to say the least. One old English proverb proclaims:

"One white foot—buy him.
Two white feet—try him.
Three white feet—look well about him.
Four white feet—go without him."

while another one advises:

"One white foot—keep him not a day.
Two white feet—send him soon away.
Three white feet—sell him to a friend.
Four white feet—keep him to the end."

Instead of drawing his own conclusions from this the ignorant city slicker should seek the advice of an old, reliable dealer.

Stabling the Steed

Stabling the steed may present the biggest difficulty. Some old residences still have stables, now used as garages, that could easily be reconverted, but the average modern garage is hardly suitable for bedding down Dobbin. Usually it has no space for a hayloft and lacks proper drainage, an essential for a stable. It is seldom large enough to provide a place for the carriage in addition to a stall for the horse. A Victory Garden of generous acreage would be an asset for the efficient disposal of manure. But these obstacles could be overcome with a little cash and a lot of determination. It is not necessary to have an elaborate set-up. "Care, and not fine stables, make a good horse," states another proverb. It should be borne in mind, though, that some cities have residential restrictions prohibiting the stabling of horses, so you had better make sure what regulations are in force in your town.

Once you have the horse and stable, cost of maintenance should not be excessive. One large city operator of horse-drawn vehicles estimates the cost of feeding, bedding and shoeing old Dobbin at little more than 50c a day. This ought to compare favorably with your present expenses for driving and maintaining a car.

A minor difficulty would be the lack of suitable parking space. When you have arrived downtown for work or shopping you can't very well leave Dobbin standing at the kerb all day. Hitching-posts in large cities are virtually extinct. There are some still in towns and villages but they are not too numerous. You could lock the wheels and set the brake and tie Dobbin to the tail-board if necessary, however. Perhaps some new type of roofed-in parking space will be erected, when a sufficient demand arises, where you could leave your horse under the care of an attendant until ready to drive home again.

A form of horse service station still in existence is the watering trough maintained in large cities by the Humane Societies or the cities themselves. Where these troughs are not available some humbler versions are usually taking their place. These are simply plain pails of water supplied by animal-loving householders who have a sign on their front lawns advertising this service.

One relic of the past still to be found in cities is the carriage stepping stone. It is usually a granite block, placed near the kerb, about a yard long, a foot high and equally wide. Some fancier variations have an inward bulging curve, which, whatever its purpose may have been originally, gives it a more inviting appearance. These stepping stones were principally used by milady in the days of long skirts and dirty streets. They enabled her to reach the carriage step, which is considerably higher than the running board of a car, without exposing her ankles to gaping onlookers, and at the same time helped her to avoid soiling her highlaced shoes in the unpaved and often muddy streets.

Keeping Dobbin Shod

To keep Dobbin well shod is just as important as to feed and groom him regularly. There are still a few blacksmiths in cities who know how to ply their trade. One of them, who never had any truck nor trade with the new-fangled horseless-carriage business, states that when he started thirty years ago in his father's shop he used to shoe as many horses in a day as now in a month. Larger stables, of course, have their own blacksmiths, and all agree that so far there has been no shortage of steel for shoes, but, of course, the rubber-padded variety has been discontinued.

Carriage building is another old craft that vanished temporarily from the scene. But most of the older firms have retained a staff of experienced craftsmen who know how to create a brougham, landau, phaeton or any other carriage. There has always been a limited demand for horse-drawn delivery wagons, and one Eastern firm has an order for over one hundred on hand. The modern version is a far cry from that built thirty or forty years ago. Plywoods and plastics have replaced materials affected by priorities and thus have helped to reduce weight, and streamlining has become an integral part of the modern wagon, too.

One trade benefitting from the present mild buggy boom is the used carriage business. Not many are in it yet and those that are have usually had some connection with horses, such as supplying harness and other requisites. Old carriages were built to last and even after several decades of use and abuse they are still serviceable if properly re-conditioned. Perhaps none of them will be as sturdy and long-lived as the "Deacon's Masterpiece" in the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which begins:

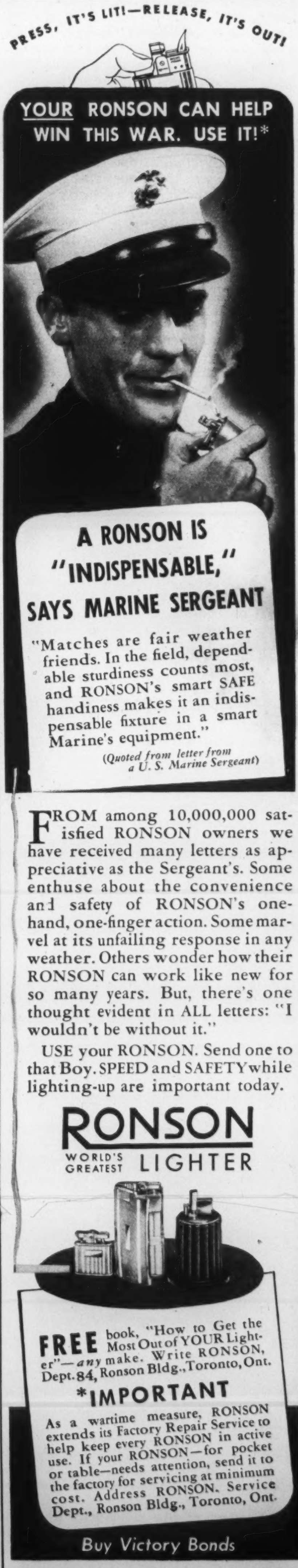
"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years and a day. . ."

and which goes on to relate how this perfectly built chaise lasted a century and a day to the very minute. When that moment arrived the deacon found "the poor old chaise in a heap or mound, as if it had been to the mill and ground!"

One large dealer in used carriages has sold more than a hundred recently. He finds it difficult to supply the demand and is daily scouring the countryside for more. Old estates provide the most satisfactory source of supply, while farms have usually buggies in a too dilapidated condition to warrant rebuilding.

To people who cannot be bothered with the ownership of a horse and buggy and its attendant duties the old-fashioned hansom cab may be the answer to their transportation problems. Already a Boston taxi cab company has several varieties of carriages meeting travellers at the railroad station, and others have followed suit by renting them out for sightseeing trips, as at Niagara Falls for example. If this trend continues you will soon be able to take your best girl for a romantic ride in a hansom just as grandfather did. Montreal, which has always prohibited motor transport on its Mountain, is probably the only city in North America that has never ceased to have horse-drawn vehicles plying for hire in its streets.

Dobbin makes a comeback: a scene at Niagara Falls, Ont., this summer.



PRESS, IT'S LIT!—RELEASE, IT'S OUT!

YOUR RONSON CAN HELP WIN THIS WAR. USE IT!*

A RONSON IS "INDISPENSABLE," SAYS MARINE SERGEANT

"Matches are fair weather friends. In the field, dependable sturdiness counts most, and RONSON's smart SAFE handiness makes it an indispensable fixture in a smart Marine's equipment."

(Quoted from letter from a U. S. Marine Sergeant)

FROM among 10,000,000 satisfied RONSON owners we have received many letters as appreciative as the Sergeant's. Some enthuse about the convenience and safety of RONSON's one-hand, one-finger action. Some marvel at its unfailing response in any weather. Others wonder how their RONSON can work like new for so many years. But, there's one thought evident in ALL letters: "I wouldn't be without it."

USE your RONSON. Send one to that Boy. SPEED and SAFETY while lighting-up are important today.

RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FREE book, "How to Get the Most Out of YOUR Lighter"—*any* make. Write RONSON, Dept. 84, Ronson Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

*IMPORTANT

As a wartime measure, RONSON extends its Factory Repair Service to help keep every RONSON in active use. If your RONSON—for pocket or table—needs attention, send it to the factory for servicing at minimum cost. Address RONSON, Service Dept., Ronson Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Buy Victory Bonds

Canada's Artists Can Do More in War

BY DAWSON KENNEDY

Canadian artists are pretty sore with DOPI for treating them like menials and then calling them "indifferent" to the war.

Artists are invited to design "posters" but are not allowed to see anything of the war effort.

But what really gets in their hair is the circulation at public expense of the art criticisms of Britain's advertising expert, J. B. Nicholas. For even artists now pay taxes.

THERE seems to be a feeling in the air at Ottawa that artists could be doing more to get the nation excited about the war if they only would. There is a note of wistfulness in the way the office of the Director of Public Information reorganizes the same old poster competitions, rehashes the same old directions, and then, with a sigh of virtuous resignation, peers moodily forth upon the indifferent artisans, puzzling why its programs haven't clicked.

Apparently Canada's artists are not taking the job seriously, for DOPI complains of the "large number of submissions, many of which should never have been sent, owing to their lack of objective message." A recent bulletin of DOPI's, sent to those who puts the responsibility for failures have been working on its schemes, squarely on the artists. Three of its four pages were devoted to a reprint of a criticism of British War Art by Mr. J. B. Nicholas, one of England's leading advertising men and presumably an authority on methods of approach to the Public Mind.

He doesn't like British War Art or British War Artists, whom he derides as precious, particular persons, knowing nothing of the Public Mind; full of affectations and conceits, "a poor lot in action", unwilling to paint anything that will not fit in with their pet mannerisms, and subjecting the things they do paint to a technical formula of academic dehydration, turning out mere shrivelled abstractions or coldly formalized patterns. After several heavy rounds of this sort of slugging he begins to doubt if it has been worth his while, for he ends despondently wondering "if we have enough artists who can draw?"

Doesn't Apply Here

DOPI apparently thought that this was such a beautiful cap that Canadian artists should have a chance to try it on too. At the same time they were given the official admonition that "good design is not enough; cleverness is not enough," which is doubtless true, but they are better than nothing. Have we had either yet? They were also told that "to saturate the country with mediocre posters would be worse than having none at all." Exactly so; but what are the various official publicity departments doing to improve the standard? They are the ones who organize the competitions and distribute the commissions. Artists are never asked what subjects they can most effectively present; this is always decided for them.

So far artists have been allowed no more initiative than a hired man. Sitting back and slanging them for the failures will not get anywhere. Years of smart "art criticism" like the foregoing have so toughened them that they are simply not affected by it any more. Indeed it is doubtful if many of them will have paid sufficient attention to the bulletin to have realized clearly that there is an entirely new principle present here. For if the authority of the State is to be lent to this claptrap and it is to be franked round the country On His Majesty's Service, then it is time for plain speaking all round.

There is no Canadian war art. Everyone knows that. DOPI is not satisfied and artists are completely bewildered. Artists know what is wrong, but the "practical" men in control at Ottawa are so obsessed by the stage artist that they are afraid of real ones. They refuse permission to sketch in war factories because it would distract the workers' attention, yet they think nothing of knocking off while twenty men drape themselves over a tank for a photographer. It is practically impossible for a Canadian artist to see any of the real activity of the war for himself. Sources of information for all the "war art" that has been done so far appear to be (1) Photographs; (2) British and U.S. artists' drawings—they have been allowed inside the gates; (3) Imagination. A recent suggestion that a carefully selected group of artists be allowed to witness military manoeuvers or spend a month at sea with a convoy for the sake of more pungent posters was officially blacked out.

Art Societies repeatedly have offered to portray any phase of the war effort, camp, fleet or factory, independently or in collaboration with government programs. They would have organized exhibitions of this work themselves or let the government handle it as it saw fit. They have offered to find the right people to do particular jobs—really exciting posters and propagandist art exhibitions, records, camouflage, map-drawing, even to design badges and crests. Nothing has come of these offers. Yet DOPI implies that artists are indifferent.

A Use For All

It is not the simple question of the right of artists to be employed. On self-seeking grounds they have no more rights than any other group. It is a question of the right of the nation to have them employed. Every means of arousing and expressing the nation's will must be used. That means all the arts: literature, oratory, music and "art", at their best. In England they want the war to be observed and recorded by as many personalities as possible, for the English not only believe, but also act upon the belief (which is much more important), that if you want an idea well expressed you must get men of strong personal character to express it, even if that means going to some trouble to get them, allowing them some freedom in their manner of expression and possibly maintaining them while they work for you. Scores of British artists have been commissioned to paint the war. Some were already in the forces, some civilians. As for the Public Mind—60,000 people went to see their pictures in Manchester alone.

In Canada, so far, artists have only been asked to join in a few poster competitions, which means, in effect, drawing illustrations for the slogans which DOPI supplies. This is all very well, and they were glad to do it, but it is not the whole function of artists any more than it is the whole function of writers to make titles for pictures. Some ideas are better told in words, some in paint. Some, more subtle, will circulate better through the art galleries than on the hoardings. Artists, like writers, should be reasonably free to select the subjects that suit them best, for only if they are convinced themselves will their work convince others. No man can describe an event or idea with the full power of his soul unless he has seen the naked fact for himself, through his own eyes, and nothing less than the soul's full power will do for this job.

The government sought the co-operation of writers and photographers to publish the war effort and allowed them much freedom; there was even a place for Donald Duck. Why not artists? The objection that they could not be given carte blanche to go sketching all over the place is silly. No one suggests that they should. But as it is now they can't go sketching anywhere. Surely it is unfair to prohibit them from making the pictures that are wanted and then call them names when the pictures are not forthcoming.

Indicative of the good-will between United Nations forces and Turkey is this picture taken in England of a Turkish military adviser being shown over a new anti-tank gun. On left of gun may be seen Major-General Pearkes, V.C., who now heads Canada's Pacific Coast defences.

Exclusive

ENGLISH MATERIALS FOR FALL

Worsteds ★ Saxonies ★ Tweeds

Incomparably fine materials exclusive to Levy Bros. now await your inspection. The tailoring, of course, expresses your individuality with exactitude in every detail.

Levy Bros
MAKERS of MENS CLOTHES
69 WEST KING ST., TORONTO

Take a Tip from Hitler

●

One of the things which Hitler and his crafty gang never overlook is the importance of the influence in a country of its leading citizens.

If they cannot control it or use it to serve their own purposes in the countries they conquer, they liquidate such people.

And if the sad day comes when Gestapo headquarters are set up in Ottawa, Hitler's first act will be to take care of such people in Canada.

Take a tip from Hitler. Don't overlook the leading influential families of Canada in your advertising. Their attitudes and opinions have a profound effect upon those of the rest of this nation . . . not only with regard to public affairs but with regard to your company and its officials and with regard to your products — no matter who are the best prospects for them.

You can advertise directly to 33,000 families of them and at low cost through Saturday Night, Canada's most influential periodical.

Take full advantage of it in your 1943 advertising.

●

SATURDAY NIGHT
Canada's Influential Periodical
73 Richmond St. W.
TORONTO

WEEK IN RADIO

Yes, the Commentators Are Busy

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

RADIO news commentators played a sort of "musical chairs" last week. They jumped all over the place. Martin Agronsky was back in New York from General MacArthur's undisclosed headquarters somewhere in Australia. Robert St. John popped up on "Information, Please," and his London spot was taken by the dramatic-voiced Alex Dreier. Quentin Reynolds returned from the battle zones of Europe to write remarkable war stories in *Collier's* and to broadcast here and there. Edwin C. Hill, who has been on holiday since July 3 (his first vacation in five years), came back to his program "The Human Side of the News." Matt Halton, without a word in the papers about it, was back in Toronto from the Libyan front, on his way to the Pacific coast to see his wife and family. Wallace "Mac" Reyburn, who was six and a half hours in Dieppe during the Canadian attack, suddenly arrived from London by plane, saw his editors on the Montreal *Standard*, lectured to several Canadian Clubs, spoke twice on the CBC network, and had just enough time to say "hello" to his wife who is off to unknown places on a secret mission for the British government. John Gunther started a new twice-a-week news commentary over the Blue network. John Vandercook, whose book "Dark Islands" we found most enjoyable last week, opened a new once-a-week talk on Sundays. And finally, Raymond Gram Swing observed the 12th anniversary of his first shortwave broadcasting to England.

HALTON, foreign correspondent for the Toronto *Star*, hadn't seen his wife for nearly two years. He was looking fit, and the hot sands of the eastern desert had mellowed him a little. Reyburn looked tired and was down in weight. Raymond Gram Swing continues to be one of the most reliable of newsmen. Radio listeners who know their news commentators say Swing is a "must." It was interesting to hear Agronsky from New York on the World Roundup program. For the first time his voice could be heard distinctly. Usually he sounds as if he were talking through a paper-bag filled with seashells. Watch this man Dreier. It's likely he will become one of the best-liked broadcasters. He left Berlin only hours ahead of the Nazi declaration of war on the United States. After a while in England he will return to the United States in December to continue his talks for an oil company. The be-whiskered Robert St. John, whose book "Land of the Silent Peoples" will go down as one of the most exciting books of the war, told New York newsmen that all England fears that the approaching long winter nights will bring renewed German blitz raids far more terrifying than anything the British have yet endured. As for Quentin Reynolds—do read his "The Wounded Don't Cry." He's written another one since that one, but don't let that bother you. And where will Agronsky go next? That's a secret. Reyburn's next destination, too, is not to be announced. But wherever he goes, it's at Beaverbrook's suggestion, and there'll likely be fireworks for Reyburn to write about.

The Hart House Quartette opens its new season with a concert at Hart House Theatre, Toronto, on Oct. 14.

Serge Jaroff, director of the famous Don Cossack Chorus coming to Massey Music Hall, Toronto, Oct. 12.

THE Moderator of the United Church of Canada, the Right Rev. Dr. J. R. P. Sclater, paid a generous tribute to radio last week. He was referring to the kindness of the CBC in broadcasting a portion of the sessions of the General Council of the United Church, from Belleville. Dr. Sclater referred specifically to the remarkableness of having 286 ministers and laymen from every corner of Canada, representing some two million church folk, giving their "witness" to the world.

(Radio has done some great things for the church and its mission. I'm not so sure that the church recognizes radio's possibilities. Obscure ministers who were not known beyond their own parish are now national and international figures and their message, instead of being heard by perhaps 600 people in a local church, is now heard by several hundred thousand.

Through the Church Advisory Council, the CBC is giving, without any charge whatever, the churches of this country a tremendous opportunity of spreading the good news. A Sunday or two ago the new Archbishop of Canterbury was heard in an international hookup, promoting a new movement of Christian advance. Radio has its faults, but in extending the church's message to the four corners of the earth, it is doing a fine piece of work.

"THE first thing to correct is the undue dispersion of war effort programs," Major Gladstone Murray told a network audience recently. "Too many war problems have been tackled at the same time. From now on there will be more concentration and rhythmic planning."

Then he repeated the cry: "There's too much talk on the air." Third point he made was that there must be more fun on the air, and the fun is to come from Canada's sailors, soldiers, airmen and merchant seamen.

The most sensible move Major Murray announced was that the "messages from the troops" will be discontinued at once. And at once is none too soon to drop this program. In the first place it was badly handled. In the second place the transmission was poor. Thirdly, how would some sorrowing family of a lad who has been killed at Dieppe feel when they listen to the radio four weeks later and hear his cheery voice say "Hello, mum. Hello, dad. Thanks for the Christmas box. Happy new year to you all. Goodby now."

Major Murray should be heard on the radio more often. Now that he has been relieved of—well now, just exactly what has he been relieved of?—maybe he'll have more time, anyway, to devote to public relations and the creative side of broadcasting. Curiously enough, most of the changes announced by Major Murray have been advocated in this space from time to time.

WE HAD decided not to write another word about CBC management, but the book cannot be closed until we record that the federal cabinet has finally ratified the appointment of Rev. Dr. J. S. Thomson, president of the University of Saskatchewan, as general manager of the CBC, at a salary of $7,980 a year, plus an expense account not to exceed $3,000 a year.

Major Gladstone Murray, the former general manager, becomes Broadcasting - director general of Canada, "under the control and responsible to" Dr. Thomson, at $12,000. and he can spend as much as he likes out of his own money for expenses. Major Murray's duties include "co-ordination and development of programs; details of the creative side of programs, station relations, empire and foreign programs; the program quality of commercials; the recommending of staff for programs; publicity promotion; information; and to pay special attention to the programs of the high-powered short wave stations and to arrange for their world-wide distribution."

What that leaves for Dr. Thomson to do has not yet been clarified. Dr. Augustin Frigon, the present assistant general manager, continues in that post at his present salary of $12,000. All the changes are effective Nov. 2, and Dr. Thomson's appointment is for one year. We wish him well in his new tasks.

In the meantime Major Murray will move his headquarters to Toronto, while Ernie Bushnell, program supervisor, goes to Ottawa to serve, temporarily at least, under Charles Vining, of the Department of War Information. Bushnell will act as liaison officer between the war information board and the CBC, and will probably fill the post which this space recently urged should be filled at once, so that the war programs of the CBC should have some cohesion and direction.

One final word—the people of Canada who care anything for the expenditure of public moneys will commend the federal cabinet for "not approving" the first proposals of the Board of Governors of the CBC concerning salaries of the three top men in the CBC. "Shocking" was the word for such a proposal. The future actions of the Board of Governors will be watched with a great deal more care by the people who have any interest in broadcasting.

Ernest Seitz, distinguished Canadian concert pianist and composer of "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise", who will be heard this coming Sunday afternoon at 1.30 over a national net-work of Canadian radio stations.

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Price Control Depends Largely on the Women

BY LILLIAN D. MILLAR

This article is designed to inform the women of Canada—on whose loyal support its success very largely depends—on the whys and wherefores of price control.

Has price control been a success so far? Is it checking inflation? Are the people richer or poorer because of it? What has control meant to wartime costs? These and other questions are answered here.

YOU women are a much more important factor than you realize in Canada's fight to control inflation. You belong to a vast army three million strong — homemakers and business women—and to you the government has entrusted the task of seeing that price control works. The future security of your family depends upon how you carry out this duty.

Ask any housewife, "Do you think price control is working?" and she will probably answer, "No, I don't think it is, for every time I go shopping something else has gone up."

She has fallen into the common error of confusing price control with price fixing and of regarding any rise in prices as an evidence of failure. Then, too, increases in certain foods not under the price ceiling, difficulty in getting some cheaper commodities and brands, a few price increases permitted by the Board and growing shortages all present too many problems and bulk too large on her horizon to permit her to form an accurate or unbiased opinion. Furthermore, either she is too young to remember or time has dimmed the recollection of what happened during the last war when normal law of supply and demand was allowed to operate.

Put the question to a clothing merchant and you will get a different answer than if you asked an automobile dealer or an electrical and radio retailer. The clothing merchant likely will tell you that so far he has been able to operate under the price ceiling without much difficulty. This is because he has had to adjust his business to only comparatively minor restrictions and his sales have mounted steadily. On the other hand, an automobile dealer or an electrical and radio merchant would complain that wartime shortages, restrictions and controls have so severely cut into sales that many have been forced out of business.

Thus, the individual Canadian is prone to assess the success or failure of price control by his own experience alone, overlooking its broad aims and purposes. It must be kept in mind that price control does not imply rigid price fixing. It means control over the movements of prices. It is part of the government's plan to avert inflation. Its aim also is to preserve as far as possible the living standard of the average person, to protect against shortages of materials needed for our war effort and to guard the public purse against soaring prices. So let us try to discover how far we have progressed toward these goals and also how business has been affected.

Is the average family richer or poorer because of price control? Before the war, according to a special survey made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the average Canadian family spent $1,428 a year, some $431 of which went for food, $283 for shelter, $100 for fuel and light, $159 for clothing, $123 for home furnishings and $332 for all other miscellaneous expenditures.

The Rise of Prices

After the first flip up when war started, prices remained steady until on into 1940. During that year the increase was so gradual that no one was seriously disturbed. By the spring of 1941, however, prices started to go by leaps and bounds, each one taking a bite out of the family dollar. Inflation was under way. By the time the price ceiling was clamped on, the buying power of the 1939 family dollar had shrunk to 85½ cents. This meant that the average family had to pay out $1,638 to buy the same goods and services which before the war it could get for $1,428. It had to spend $210 more a year to maintain its pre-war living standard.

What has happened since the ceiling went on? From the basic period at which prices were frozen (September-October 1941) until August this year living costs have advanced 1.9%. This has added another $30 a year to the family's living costs making the total war increase $240 a year. Multiply this by 2.6 million families and you will find that inflation is already costing Canada's families $624 millions a year.

But, let us try to estimate what we would have had to pay had there been no control. First, let us assume that during past ten months prices had continued to rise at the same rate that they did in the ten months immediately before control. Prices would have gone up 7% instead of 1.9% and the family would now be having to pay out $115 a year more, instead of $30, to maintain its 1939 living standard. On this basis, control is saving the family $85 a year.

But when inflation once gets under way prices do not advance steadily. Here is the record of how they behaved in the first three years of the Great War and in this war.

Percentage Increase in Living Costs in War Period

	Great War	This War
At end of first year	2.0%	5.1%
At end of second year	10.3%	12.8%
At end of third year	30.6%	16.8%

See how prices pyramided in the third year of the last war. In first two years of this war the record was worse than in the same period last time. So it is reasonable to assume that, without control, they would have advanced at least as rapidly during the third year as they did last time. Had prices gone up during the past year by the same percentage they increased in the third year of the Great War, living costs would now be 33.1% above August 1939, instead of 16.8%. On this basis, price control is saving 16.3% of your total 1939 family expenditures. For the average family this amounts to a saving of $232 a year and for Canada's 2.6 million families $603 millions a year. But without control prices would continue to pyramid. So if the price ceiling can be held these estimated savings to the household are small in comparison with what will be saved in the future.

You women have had many problems to solve, difficulty in getting goods to which you are accustomed, rationing and many other restrictions and controls, but business, too, has had to make numerous adjustments. Control may be saving the family an estimated $232 a year but let us see how business has fared. Have Canada's 150,000 to 200,000 retailers and the wholesalers, manufacturers and importers who keep them supplied been able to operate successfully under an over-all price ceiling?

It must be understood that if there is a squeeze between the cost of raw materials or imported semi-finished goods and the retail price, everyone in the industry from retailer back to manufacturer or importer must bear a fair share of the burden. If the burden is too great, a subsidy is paid.

So far, business has been able to absorb fairly successfully this squeeze because we have been on the biggest buying spree in our history and a large turnover cuts overhead costs per unit. Some businesses have not been able to handle the price squeeze and up to June of this year 12,827 claims for subsidy had been filed and $4 millions paid out. However, the general trend of business has been good and so far this year the number of failures in retail trade is 28% below the total in the same period last year.

Stocks Are Declining

But this same buying spree, coupled with growing shortages and restrictions on civilian production, is depleting stocks on hand of consumer goods and from now on the major problem of the retailer will be to get goods to sell. When shortages cut sales, overhead costs per unit are bound to rise for they must be distributed over a fewer number of units. Under these conditions a manufacturer or retailer will find it much more difficult to successfully handle a squeeze in price. Moreover, his costs will be increasingly affected by inability to get efficient labor, by heavy labor turnover and by delays in receiving materials because of disruption of transportation.

To help to compensate for these higher costs and enable business to operate under the price ceiling and to keep down number of claims for subsidy, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board has declared war on unnecessary frills. Already we are up against numerous little changes and restrictions. We start the day with fewer grades of cream for breakfast, with bread unsliced and of less variety. Clothing is streamlined to cut out multiplicity of styles. Men's shirts must go without pockets, women's skirts are limited in width, shades of hosiery have been cut. Makers have simplified their lines, have designed underwear and pyjamas without elastic belts, taken off unnecessary buttons, pleats and other frills. Distribution costs have been cut by reducing number of deliveries. Packaging has been simplified and when possible has been eliminated altogether. When you buy two or three handkerchiefs, no longer can you have them put in a fancy gift box and delivered wherever you may desire. Now you must carry and package your own small purchases.

This campaign for standardization and simplification for some time yet may counteract retailers' and producers' rising overhead charges but as shortages multiply and sales go down the pressure on costs will grow. For business, therefore, the crucial test of price control is still to come.

One of the major aims of price control is to protect war costs against unwarrantable price increases. War contracts awarded in the past year total more than $2.5 billions. How has price control affected these war costs? During the past twelve months the index of wholesale prices of producers' materials and equipment averaged 7.3% above the previous year. In the third year of the last war this index rose 34.7%. Increase in wage rates in the third year of the Great War was almost double the increase during the past year. Had like increases in materials and wages occurred this past year our war orders would have cost us at least 20% more and an additional $500 millions would have been added to our war bill.

So, whenever you feel like grumbling about price increases, inconveniences and restrictions remember the benefits which have already come through price control. If the ceiling can be held it will bring inestimable rewards for everyone. You women have a front place in seeing that control continues to work. How can you go about this?

Why Inflation?

First, the causes of inflation must be kept clearly in mind. Why do prices rise? Normally supply and demand regulate rise and fall in price levels. Whenever demand exceeds supply the price goes up and, conversely, when supply is greater than demand, the price drops. Take eggs, for example. In winter when they are scarce they cost sometimes twice as much as they do during the summer when they are plentiful.

In wartime, abnormal conditions develop. Demand increases and supply diminishes. Demand increases because more people are at work. Today 750,000 more are working than in August 1940 at time of National Registration. More people at work means more money to spend.

On the other hand, there is only so much production possible, so many acres available for growing food, so many factories, so much raw material and so much labor. Already one-half our energies are being turned into war output, so of course these resources are not available for production of civilian goods. Thus we face an increasing reduction in amount of goods available. More money to spend and less goods on hand is bound to bring pressure on prices, people bidding against each other and boosting up prices to get the things they want.

As we cannot produce more goods without curtailing our war effort, the only way to relieve pressure on prices is to reduce buying. This is where you can help for you are the nation's shoppers. Whenever you buy anything not absolutely necessary you help to pry off the price lid and bring disastrous inflation. So bring out your family budget and put it on an all-out war basis.

You also can help to stem the tide of inflation if you divert every available dollar to war savings. By this you not only restrict consumer demand and curb competition for materials, services and manpower but you also help to finance the war.

Pressure on prices is bound to develop as goods become scarcer, as employment expands and spending power increases. Undoubtedly control will bring increasing problems for Canadian business to solve and many more subsidies will have to be paid. The future is likely to bring more shortages and we will have to put up with a growing number of changes and restrictions. But, any disadvantages to business or personal inconvenience to citizens is insignificant compared with the far reaching benefit which will come to everyone if we can avert inflation.

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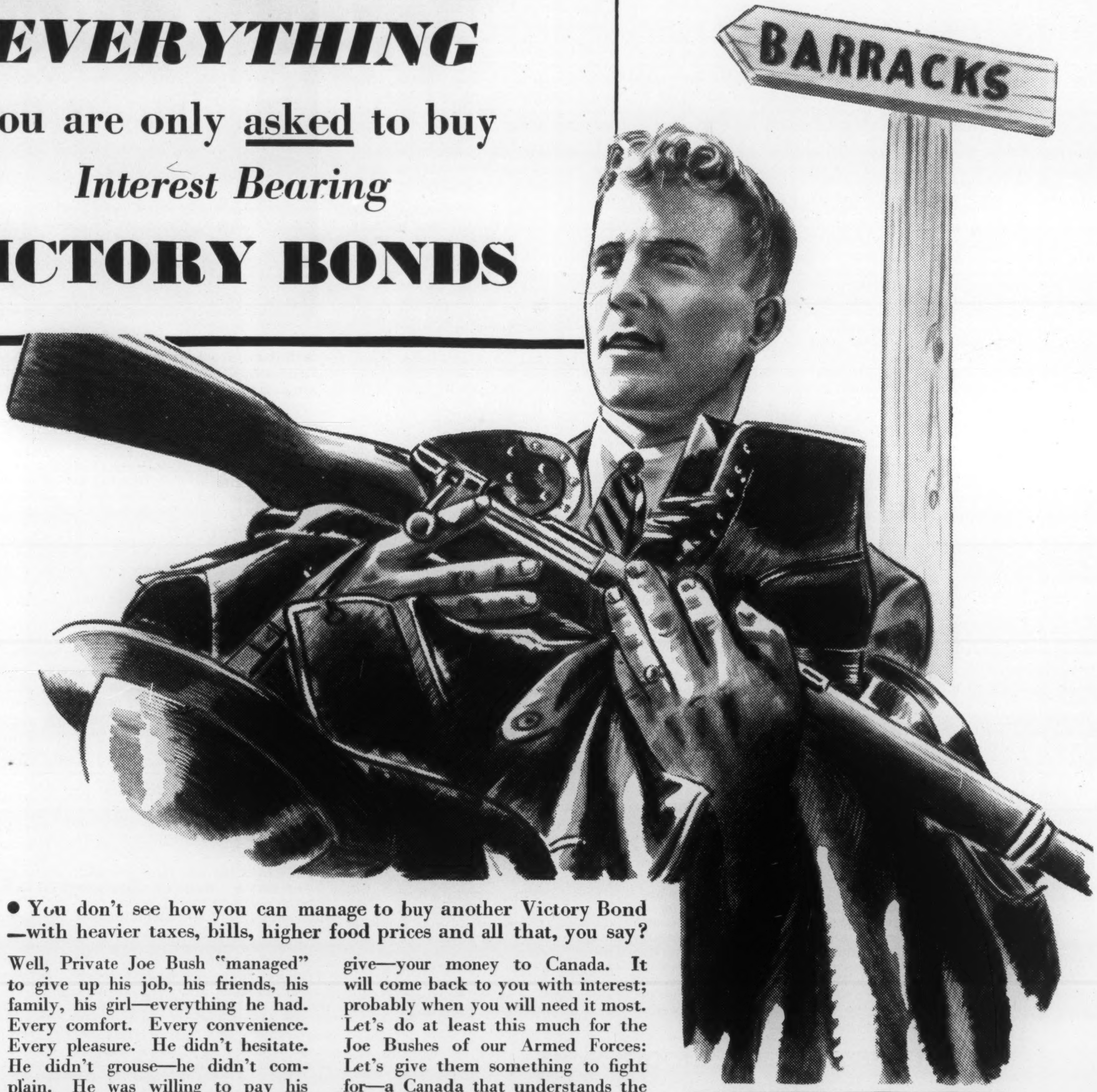

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CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Thrilling Odyssey

THE RAFT, by Robert Trumbull. (Oxford, $3.)

HERE is one of the greatest books of the war; the plain, unvarnished story of how three American naval airmen crashed in the Pacific and navigated a rubber raft, four by eight feet in size, for a thousand miles to a tiny island. It took them 34 days. They had neither food nor water, no instruments, no fishing gear, no supplies save what they chanced to have in their pockets. Little rain-storms eased their thirst, and they captured an albatross, a shark and a few small fish.

Again and again a heavy wave capsized the raft but they turned it right-side-up, climbed in and resumed the desperate fight against Nature. The inner measurements of the raft were 80 by 40 inches. None of the three men could ever be in a comfortable position. If one lay flat on the bottom, each little wave against the thin flooring, coming twice in three seconds, smote head and back like a baseball bat. The tropical sun baked them, the night airs chilled their wet clothing until they shivered.

One by one their little treasures, a pistol, a knife, even their clothes, were lost in the periodical overturns of the raft. At last, naked, almost paralyzed by weakness and strain they were swept over a coral reef to the beach of a little atoll. "If there are Japs on this island," said one of them, "they'll not see us crawl. We'll stand and march and make them shoot us down, like men'of'war's men."

But no Japs were there; in their place, friendly natives, who overflowed with hospitality and stared, and stared again. One woman looked at them compassionately for three days without a break. Assuredly she had something to look at, for heroes are not common. These were made of the everyday fabric of manhood; they weren't even officers. The leader was a chief machinist's mate, one was a gunner, the third, a bomber; but all with the pride of the Service.

Harold J. Dixon, in command, determined to apply what navigation he knew and steer south and west—if he could steer without a paddle or a sail. So long as the wind was favorable the raft was carried along, the high gunwales taking the wind. But when it blew contrariwise he rigged up a sea-anchor made of a life-jacket, so holding the nose of the raft to the wind and checking the drift. Meanwhile he had drawn a chart on another life-jacket, and knowing their position when the plane had crashed, calculated their advance from day to day. In a calm the men used paddles made of their shoes, and strove to regain what they had lost by drift.

Gene Aldrich was a farm-boy from Missouri, Tony Pastula was the son of a Polish gardener in Ohio. They, as well as Dixon, kept their heads, took their hardships with a spice of humor and never gave up hope, even when reduced to an extremity of weakness and suffering. "We'd do better in a telephone-booth," said Gene, "It would be dry."

The author is a Honolulu newspaper man, and resident correspondent of the New York *Times*. He handles this story, one of the biggest that ever "broke" with complete and cold detachment. Never a trace of hysteria is in it. The facts speak for themselves—like a choir of trumpets.

War is not all fighting: Bombardier G. A. Spencer of the Canadian Army in Britain, a school teacher from Alberta, is learning art at a South Coast school where instruction is given without charge as part of the program providing educational facilities of all kinds for the forces.

This Business of Roots

BY STEWART C. EASTON

ROOTS, by Baroness van Boekoop. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

THE CUP AND THE SWORD, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

THE FAMILY WAY, by Myron Brinig. (Oxford University Press. $3.00.)

CLEARLY the author of *Roots* has felt the need of a theme for the suitable bedizenment of her memories of the Netherlands East Indies, and has thought to find it in the old familiar idea of a man's attachment to the land of his youth. So Marijn, the hero, is said to feel his roots embedded in the soil of the Indies, and he is drawn irresistibly towards Marie Celestine who has been brought up on the fringe of his ancestral estates.

Unhappily the Baroness is unable to make her characters into recognizable human beings, her dialogue is pedestrian, and her manner of writing stems from an era long past. The inevitable result is tedium, only enlivened by occasional pieces of authentic observation and occasional digressions which will appeal to readers who want to know more about the country she is describing, but which do not advance the story and have no integral part in it. But the book has certainly an ephemeral importance, and a melancholy interest in so far as it deals with the notable preparations made by the Dutch to meet the inevitable Japanese attack which arrives in the last chapter.

The Cup and the Sword deals with the same theme of the attachment of an old French family to the soil of California. Through several generations the family business has been the growing of grapes for wine. In this book, largely because of the better drawing of the many characters, the fascination of the land and the native industry built up on its fruits, is communicated to the reader.

But Mrs. Hobart is not content with this. She has chosen to add a second psychological theme to her main one, and in this she fails owing to an over-superficial treatment of a subject of universal importance, that had no business to be secondary to the well-worn Blood and Soil paraphernalia. Mrs. Hobart may well be concerned with the problem of suffering and the effect of physical pain on a robust man of violent temper, but to deal with it adequately needs not only observation but an insight rather more profound than is usually displayed by the script writers of soap opera. Nevertheless the book remains well above the average, and the little known wine industry has found a faithful chronicler.

The people in Mr. Brinig's novel, though he makes no song and dance about it, have their roots deep in the rock of Manhattan. New York itself, as so often, occupies the centre of the stage, as well as the background, and the characters are only puppets out of a fairy tale. But they are good puppets, and very obedient to the wishes of their manipulator. Bob and Morgan start the day determined on divorce and end it reconciled, Sargent and the sailor start the day in single blessedness and end it ready for the altar, Drury wants to see the Yanks win and DiMaggio make a homer and he does just that. Though not to be classed as one of Myron Brinig's major works, "The Family Way" has many touches of his usual penetrating insight into character, and unquestionably its humor makes it easier on the stomach, if easier also on the intelligence, than usual.

Ambassador of Good-Will

MY FATHER IN CHINA, by James Burke; (Oxford, $3.75.)

MADAME Chiang Kai-shek was born Mayling Soong, the daughter of Charles Jones Soon (the surname is variable) who came first into public notice as an undergraduate in Theology at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. His early history is obscure but apparently he arrived in the United States in 1878, was apprenticed to his uncle, a silk and tea merchant in Boston, ran away to sea, was befriended first by the Captain, Charles Jones, whose name he took at baptism, and then by General Julian S. Carr, a wealthy merchant of Durham, N.C. who sent him to Duke University for an Arts course. His ambition to become a missionary to his own people had taken him to Nashville. There he met William B. Burke of Macon, Georgia, who was studying for the Southern Methodist Ministry.

Because of the intimacy of their friendship Burke offered himself for missionary work in China and was appointed in June 1887, being described by a rhapsodical Editor as "a sweet-spirited and worthy young man of noble and manly bearing." He was more than that; a resolute, clear-thinking, hard-boiled Southern Methodist who knew his own mind and never could be turned aside from his plan of action, however high and thorny the obstacles to fulfilment.

In Soochow, sixty miles from Shanghai, he presented himself to the Conference of the China Mission and renewed acquaintanceship with Charlie Soon who had just been married to Miss Ni Kwei-Tseng, a princess of blue-stockings. She had been graduated from the Bridgman School for Girls at 18, with honors in mathematics. Is it any wonder that Mme. Chiang Kai-shek is a woman of uncommon parts and great charm?

Mr. Burke was appointed by the Conference to Sungkiang, the capital of the Shanghai district, and labored there for more than forty years. Indeed, he is there still, for after his official superannuation and return to Georgia he begged so hard to go back that his plea was heard. A letter dated January 21, 1942 arrived in America in April. That letter, by a young missionary, said, "Old Boo Sien-sang (Burke's Chinese name) is still at his home in Sungkiang. He is getting the best of treatment. He looks thin and old."

He has lived through persecution and insult from Boxers, fanatical students, officials, war-lords, seeing unspeakable horrors and tasting unspeakable joys. By his upright and decisive character, by his complete fearlessness, by his willingness to undergo any hardship to help his Chinese friends of all classes he won the confidence and affection of the Chinese, and the respect even of the Japanese forces of occupation.

This book is his story, told with knowledge, enthusiasm and pride by his son. But it is more; the most illuminating and detailed record of the transformation of China that has yet been printed. It deserves the widest circulation.

More Good Advice

A PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY FOR WAR-TIME, by James L. Mursell. (Longmans Green, $2.50.)

IF WE all would follow the advice that has been poured upon our graceless heads every street would be a meeting-place of paragons. But we listen, courteously or otherwise, take our own way, and find out the facts for ourselves. So the streets are full of averages.

How to live? We all know. How to act in emergency? We have been told not once but a hundred times. But we live and act in the light of our own experience, modified by the nature of our childhood-training and the pull of our environment.

For that reason this book may not be as widely read or as influential as its content deserves. The rules it sets down for happy and triumphant living are admirable. But the author assumes that the readers can lift themselves out of worry and sharp trouble, that they can *decide* to have courage, that they can make themselves over by reading this-or-that. He calls for the tremendous experience of conversion as he might call for a new hat. It doesn't come so easily.

The gallantry of a soldier or the courtesy of a great lady is inborn; the product of three or four generations of diligent and gracious living, and of independent thinking and action.

The Implacable

BINDWEED, a novel by Betty de Sherbinin. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00).

MATRIARCHS are the very stuff of fiction. Some of them rage like the northwest wind, others overflow with a hard sentimentality, still others are dull—like the fox, but all of them are resolved to have their own way or bust.

There's one in this book, a dominant soft-pedal-er in the Buenos Aires manner, orthodox to the last inch of her, outwardly soft but inwardly implacable. She marries off her timid daughter to a young hedonist, whose boredom finally extinguishes him, by way of a big car turning over at ninety miles an hour. Immediately she sets about raising her infant grandson in the proper manner. The heroine of the book, a niece, breaks away from the leading-strings, but with difficulty.

Shining Portrait

THE REED AND THE ROCK, Portrait of Simon Bruté, by Theodore Maynard. (Longmans Green, $3.50.)

IN THE year 1834 Father Simon Bruté, principal of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, some fifty miles from Baltimore, was named by Rome as Bishop of the new Diocese of Vincennes which, roughly bounded, extended from the Great Lakes to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and even across the Ohio River into Kentucky—a trifle of some 55,000 square miles.

In five years he was dead of tuberculosis; not surprising, when it is remembered that he travelled the region continually, set up all its most important parishes, organized the Diocese and laid the foundation for the steady progress of Religion in a wilderness-region soon to be overflowing with people.

A pioneer of such quality deserves to be remembered, especially as Bishop Bruté was a notable scholar, an artist, a graduate in Medicine before entering the Church; a man whose eccentricities of thought and manner ran in parallel with his humility and a genius for making friends. The book which the author modestly calls a Portrait, rather than a Life is carefully constructed, well written and continually interesting.

Broadcasters' Talk

HANDBOOK FOR ANNOUNCERS, (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Ottawa. .50.)

MR. GLADSTONE MURRAY in an Introduction to this 44-page pamphlet points out that pronunciation of English is as variable as the winds of heaven. He mentions Southern English, Scottish English, Northern English, Eastern American, Southern American and Western American, to which last Canadian speech belongs. The task of the broadcaster is to approximate to the best usage by people of high culture in that region.

The pamphlet deals at length with articulation and gives a long list of words frequently mis-pronounced. Teachers of English in Secondary schools would find this manual most convenient.

Unfortunately there is not sufficient warning in the handbook to those broadcasters who assume a superior tone and pontificate instead of announcing.

Early Carman

BY W. S. MILNE

PIPES OF PAN, by Bliss Carman, (Ryerson, $2.50.)

Thirty-six years ago, a Boston firm brought out *The Pipes of Pan,* which was a gathering together in one volume of five of Bliss Carman's previous books of lyrics: *The Book of Myths, The Green Book of the Bards, Songs of the Sea Children, Songs from a Northern Garden, From the Book of Valentines.* Since that time, Carman has been recognized as a great lyric poet, even in his own country. A few years before his death in 1929, two volumes of his poems appeared in Canada, *Ballads and Lyrics* and *Later Poems,* but 1942 marks the first appearance of a Canadian edition of Carman's early poems, *Pipes of Pan.* It seems to have been printed from the plates of the original American edition. The pages of each of the five books of which it is made up are numbered separately, and there is no index for the whole volume. In spite of these mechanical defects, poetry lovers will be grateful to the Ryerson Press for making available in a Canadian edition early and important work of Carman's which has been too long out of print.

THE BOOKSHELF

Unconquered Lutherans

BY J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

UNTIL THAT DAY, by Kressmann Taylor (Collins, Toronto, $3.00.)

BEFORE Hitler set out to conquer and enslave the nations of Europe, he first had to conquer and enslave the German people. This book tells of the struggle of the Lutheran Church against Nazi dominance and paganization. The story is told in the form of an autobiographical novel. The names and probably some of the dialogue and scenes are fictitious, but a circumstantial realism pervades the entire narrative.

The story opens in the period immediately following the First Great War, when the German people were plunged into poverty, while lawlessness and moral degradation prevailed. Our Wartime Prices and Trade Board might well use some of the material in this book to impress upon Canadians the evils of inflation. Here is one passage:

"Fortunes disappeared overnight. Money that one day would have meant lifelong security, on the next would not buy a loaf. Workmen were paid daily and carried their baskets of paper marks in desperate haste to the stores, buying the first articles they could lay their hands on before the price should double. . . ."

Karl Hoffmann, who tells the story, is the son of a leading Lutheran pastor who was interned and finally murdered for refusing to obey Nazi-appointed ecclesiastics and resisting the Gestapo. As to the authenticity of the story, the author, in the introduction, says: "Karl Hoffmann's story is told here substantially as he told it to me. If you ask me 'Is it true?' I can only reply that it couldn't be otherwise."

Incredibility

ENEMY OUTPOST, a Novel, by James Saxon Childers. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

YOU take a Canadian hunting-lodge with all the rough edges off; a place, for example, like the Seigniory Club. Instead of it being a Club imagine that it is owned by a couple of rich Americans who sell one-third of it to a smooth guy who is a German agent. Imagine that the Germans are flying planes loaded with explosives to a near-by lake approachable only by canoe, and that from this *cache* the saboteurs in the United States are supplied with the means to blow up munition plants — oh what's the use? You won't believe it. Much less will you believe the love-story, the girl with the woodland skill of the oldest Indian guide, and the heroic—if dumb—newspaper man.

Red Cross Work

BY TAOS

IN PEACE AND WAR, by Alice Crew Gall. (Oxford, $2.35.)

MISS GALL is a noted writer of children's books. In this story of the American Red Cross, it would appear that she has had her eye on her customary market. It is lyrical in tone, and conveys a certain amount of information in the dulcet accents of the professional charmer. Everyone who has ever been connected with the Red Cross movement has been wonderful, from ex-President Hoover downwards (or upwards). It may be that there has never been any fly in this particular ointment, and that the ointment is all that she says it is; but Miss Gall would command more confidence if she at least made an attempt at objectivity. Nevertheless her book is easy to read.

Bottles, New and Old

BY STEWART C. EASTON

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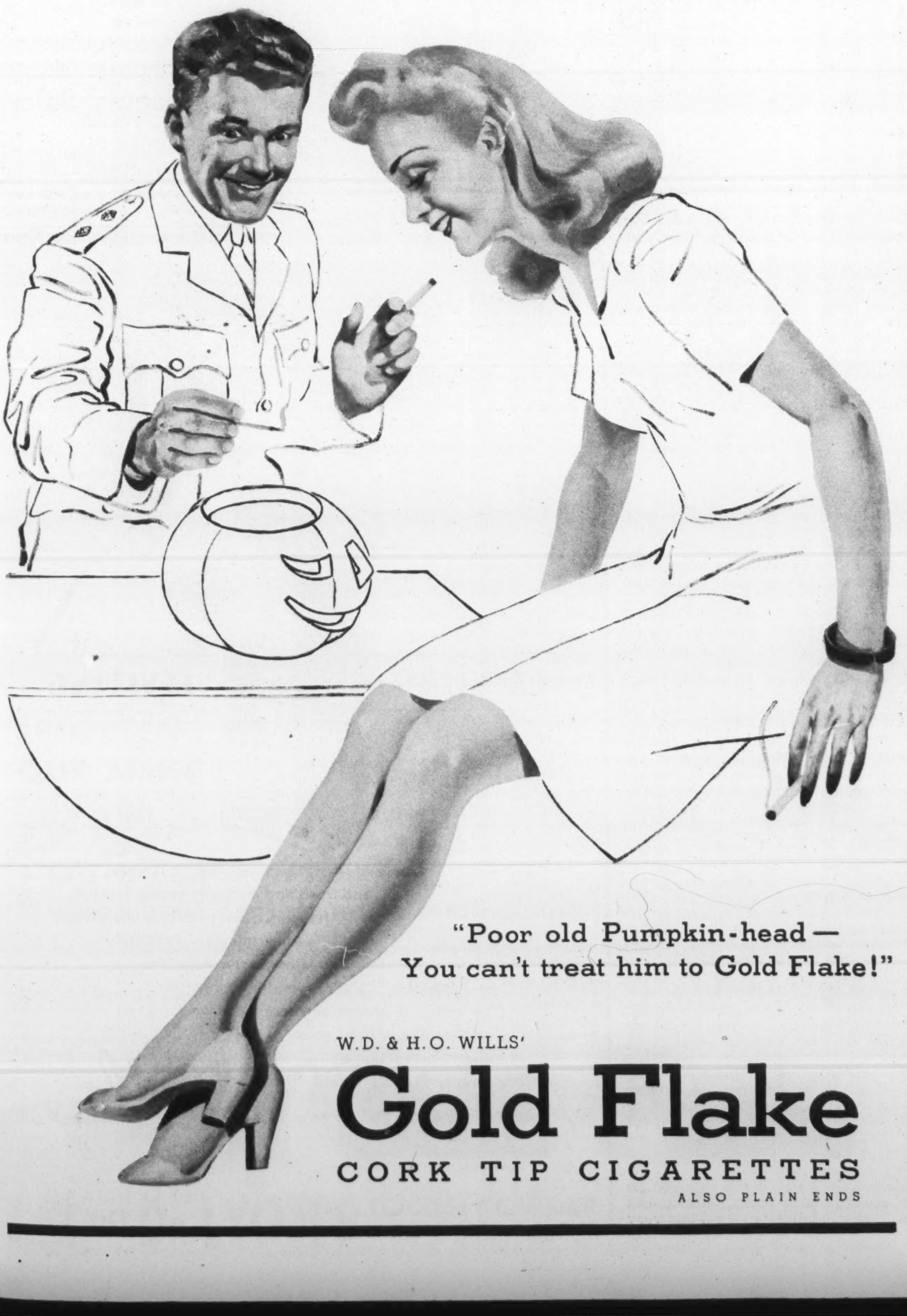

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by
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MIXMASTER
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SAVES YOUR
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Because of the necessities of war, the manufacture of certain electrical appliances is now forbidden. **MIXMASTER** is one of them, but probably some dealers still have a small stock. Sunbeam Automatic Toaster, **IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER** and Sunbeam Electric Heating Pad will be available at some dealers in reduced quantities, at least for a short time. Flexible Shaft Company Limited, Factory and Office, 321 Weston Rd. S., Toronto, Ont.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Thrilling Odyssey

THE RAFT, by Robert Trumbull. (Oxford, $3.)

HERE is one of the greatest books of the war; the plain, unvarnished story of how three American naval airmen crashed in the Pacific and navigated a rubber raft, four by eight feet in size, for a thousand miles to a tiny island. It took them 34 days. They had neither food nor water, no instruments, no fishing gear, no supplies save what they chanced to have in their pockets. Little rain-storms eased their thirst, and they captured an albatross, a shark and a few small fish.

Again and again a heavy wave capsized the raft but they turned it right-side-up, climbed in and resumed the desperate fight against Nature. The inner measurements of the raft were 80 by 40 inches. None of the three men could ever be in a comfortable position. If one lay flat on the bottom, each little wave against the thin flooring, coming twice in three seconds, smote head and back like a baseball bat. The tropical sun baked them, the night airs chilled their wet clothing until they shivered.

One by one their little treasures, a pistol, a knife, even their clothes, were lost in the periodical overturns of the raft. At last, naked, almost paralyzed by weakness and strain they were swept over a coral reef to the beach of a little atoll. "If there are Japs on this island," said one of them, "they'll not see us crawl. We'll stand and march and make them shoot us down, like men'of'war's men."

But no Japs were there; in their place, friendly natives, who overflowed with hospitality and stared, and stared again. One woman looked at them compassionately for three days without a break. Assuredly she had something to look at, for heroes are not common. These were made of the everyday fabric of manhood; they weren't even officers. The leader was a chief machinist's mate, one was a gunner, the third, a bomber; but all with the pride of the Service.

Harold J. Dixon, in command, determined to apply what navigation he knew and steer south and west—if he could steer without a paddle or a sail. So long as the wind was favorable the raft was carried along, the high gunwales taking the wind. But when it blew contrariwise he rigged up a sea-anchor made of a life-jacket, so holding the nose of the raft to the wind and checking the drift. Meanwhile he had drawn a chart on another life-jacket, and knowing their position when the plane had crashed, calculated their advance from day to day. In a calm the men used paddles made of their shoes, and strove to regain what they had lost by drift.

Gene Aldrich was a farm-boy from Missouri, Tony Pastula was the son of a Polish gardener in Ohio. They, as well as Dixon, kept their heads, took their hardships with a spice of humor and never gave up hope, even when reduced to an extremity of weakness and suffering. "We'd do better in a telephone-booth," said Gene, "It would be dry."

The author is a Honolulu newspaper man, and resident correspondent of the New York *Times*. He handles this story, one of the biggest that ever "broke" with complete and cold detachment. Never a trace of hysteria is in it. The facts speak for themselves—like a choir of trumpets.

War is not all fighting: Bombardier G. A. Spencer of the Canadian Army in Britain, a school teacher from Alberta, is learning art at a South Coast school where instruction is given without charge as part of the program providing educational facilities of all kinds for the forces.

This Business of Roots

ROOTS, by Baroness van Boekoop. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

THE CUP AND THE SWORD, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. (McClelland & Stewart. $3.00.)

THE FAMILY WAY, by Myron Brinig. (Oxford University Press. $3.00.)

BY STEWART C. EASTON

CLEARLY the author of *Roots* has felt the need of a theme for the suitable bedizenment of her memories of the Netherlands East Indies, and has thought to find it in the old familiar idea of a man's attachment to the land of his youth. So Marijn, the hero, is said to feel his roots embedded in the soil of the Indies, and he is drawn irresistibly towards Marie Celestine who has been brought up on the fringe of his ancestral estates.

Unhappily the Baroness is unable to make her characters into recognizable human beings, her dialogue is pedestrian, and her manner of writing stems from an era long past. The inevitable result is tedium, only enlivened by occasional pieces of authentic observation and occasional digressions which will appeal to readers who want to know more about the country she is describing, but which do not advance the story and have no integral part in it. But the book has certainly an ephemeral importance, and a melancholy interest in so far as it deals with the notable preparations made by the Dutch to meet the inevitable Japanese attack which arrives in the last chapter.

The Cup and the Sword deals with the same theme of the attachment of an old French family to the soil of California. Through several generations the family business has been the growing of grapes for wine. In this book, largely because of the better drawing of the many characters, the fascination of the land and the native industry built up on its fruits, is communicated to the reader.

But Mrs. Hobart is not content with this. She has chosen to add a second psychological theme to her main one, and in this she fails owing to an over-superficial treatment of a subject of universal importance, that had no business to be secondary to the well-worn Blood and Soil paraphernalia. Mrs. Hobart may well be concerned with the problem of suffering and the effect of physical pain on a robust man of violent temper, but to deal with it adequately needs not only observation but an insight rather more profound than is usually displayed by the script writers of soap opera. Nevertheless the book remains well above the average, and the little known wine industry has found a faithful chronicler.

The people in Mr. Brinig's novel, though he makes no song and dance about it, have their roots deep in the rock of Manhattan. New York itself, as so often, occupies the centre of the stage, as well as the background, and the characters are only puppets out of a fairy tale. But they are good puppets, and very obedient to the wishes of their manipulator. Bob and Morgan start the day determined on divorce and end it reconciled, Sargent and the sailor start the day in single blessedness and end it ready for the altar, Drury wants to see the Yanks win and DiMaggio make a homer and he does just that. Though not to be classed as one of Myron Brinig's major works, "The Family Way" has many touches of his usual penetrating insight into character, and unquestionably its humor makes it easier on the stomach, if easier also on the intelligence, than usual.

Ambassador of Good-Will

MY FATHER IN CHINA, by James Burke; (Oxford, $3.75.)

MADAME Chiang Kai-shek was born Mayling Soong, the daughter of Charles Jones Soon (the surname is variable) who came first into public notice as an undergraduate in Theology at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. His early history is obscure but apparently he arrived in the United States in 1878, was apprenticed to his uncle, a silk and tea merchant in Boston, ran away to sea, was befriended first by the Captain, Charles Jones, whose name he took at baptism, and then by General Julian S. Carr, a wealthy merchant of Durham, N.C. who sent him to Duke University for an Arts course. His ambition to become a missionary to his own people had taken him to Nashville. There he met William B. Burke of Macon, Georgia, who was studying for the Southern Methodist Ministry.

Because of the intimacy of their friendship Burke offered himself for missionary work in China and was appointed in June 1887, being described by a rhapsodical Editor as "a sweet-spirited and worthy young man of noble and manly bearing." He was more than that; a resolute, clear-thinking, hard-boiled Southern Methodist who knew his own mind and never could be turned aside from his plan of action, however high and thorny the obstacles to fulfilment.

In Soochow, sixty miles from Shanghai, he presented himself to the Conference of the China Mission and renewed acquaintanceship with Charlie Soon who had just been married to Miss Ni Kwei-Tseng, a princess of blue-stockings. She had been graduated from the Bridgman School for Girls at 18, with honors in mathematics. Is it any wonder that Mme. Chiang Kai-shek is a woman of uncommon parts and great charm?

Mr. Burke was appointed by the Conference to Sungkiang, the capital of the Shanghai district, and labored there for more than forty years. Indeed, he is there still, for after his official superannuation and return to Georgia he begged so hard to go back that his plea was heard. A letter dated January 21, 1942 arrived in America in April. That letter, by a young missionary, said, "Old Boo Sien-sang (Burke's Chinese name) is still at his home in Sungkiang. He is getting the best of treatment. He looks thin and old."

He has lived through persecution and insult from Boxers, fanatical students, officials, war-lords, seeing unspeakable horrors and tasting unspeakable joys. By his upright and decisive character, by his complete fearlessness, by his willingness to undergo any hardship to help his Chinese friends of all classes he won the confidence and affection of the Chinese, and the respect even of the Japanese forces of occupation.

This book is his story, told with knowledge, enthusiasm and pride by his son. But it is more; the most illuminating and detailed record of the transformation of China that has yet been printed. It deserves the widest circulation.

More Good Advice

A PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY FOR WAR-TIME, by James L. Mursell. (Longmans Green, $2.50.)

IF WE all would follow the advice that has been poured upon our graceless heads every street would be a meeting-place of paragons. But we listen, courteously or otherwise, take our own way, and find out the facts for ourselves. So the streets are full of averages.

How to live? We all know. How to act in emergency? We have been told not once but a hundred times. But we live and act in the light of our own experience, modified by the nature of our childhood-training and the pull of our environment.

For that reason this book may not be as widely read or as influential as its content deserves. The rules it sets down for happy and triumphant living are admirable. But the author assumes that the readers can lift themselves out of worry and sharp trouble, that they can *decide* to have courage, that they can make themselves over by reading this-or-that. He calls for the tremendous experience of conversion as he might call for a new hat. It doesn't come so easily.

The gallantry of a soldier or the courtesy of a great lady is inborn; the product of three or four generations of diligent and gracious living, and of independent thinking and action.

The Implacable

BINDWEED, a novel by Betty de Sherbinin. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.00).

MATRIARCHS are the very stuff of fiction. Some of them rage like the northwest wind, others overflow with a hard sentimentality, still others are dull—like the fox, but all of them are resolved to have their own way or bust.

There's one in this book, a dominant soft-pedal-er in the Buenos Aires manner, orthodox to the last inch of her, outwardly soft but inwardly implacable. She marries off her timid daughter to a young hedonist, whose boredom finally extinguishes him, by way of a big car turning over at ninety miles an hour. Immediately she sets about raising her infant grandson in the proper manner. The heroine of the book, a niece, breaks away from the leading-strings, but with difficulty.

Shining Portrait

THE REED AND THE ROCK, Portrait of Simon Bruté, by Theodore Maynard. (Longmans Green, $3.50.)

IN THE year 1834 Father Simon Bruté, principal of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, some fifty miles from Baltimore, was named by Rome as Bishop of the new Diocese of Vincennes which, roughly bounded, extended from the Great Lakes to St. Louis and Cincinnati, and even across the Ohio River into Kentucky—a trifle of some 55,000 square miles.

In five years he was dead of tuberculosis; not surprising, when it is remembered that he travelled the region continually, set up all its most important parishes, organized the Diocese and laid the foundation for the steady progress of Religion in a wilderness-region soon to be overflowing with people.

A pioneer of such quality deserves to be remembered, especially as Bishop Bruté was a notable scholar, an artist, a graduate in Medicine before entering the Church; a man whose eccentricities of thought and manner ran in parallel with his humility and a genius for making friends. The book which the author modestly calls a Portrait, rather than a Life is carefully constructed, well written and continually interesting.

Broadcasters' Talk

HANDBOOK FOR ANNOUNCERS, (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Ottawa. .50.)

MR. GLADSTONE MURRAY in an Introduction to this 44-page pamphlet points out that pronunciation of English is as variable as the winds of heaven. He mentions Southern English, Scottish English, Northern English, Eastern American, Southern American and Western American, to which last Canadian speech belongs. The task of the broadcaster is to approximate to the best usage by people of high culture in that region.

The pamphlet deals at length with articulation and gives a long list of words frequently mis-pronounced. Teachers of English in Secondary schools would find this manual most convenient.

Unfortunately there is not sufficient warning in the handbook to those broadcasters who assume a superior tone and pontificate instead of announcing.

Early Carman

BY W. S. MILNE

PIPES OF PAN, by Bliss Carman, (Ryerson, $2.50.)

Thirty-six years ago, a Boston firm brought out *The Pipes of Pan*, which was a gathering together in one volume of five of Bliss Carman's previous books of lyrics: *The Book of Myths, The Green Book of the Bards, Songs of the Sea Children, Songs from a Northern Garden, From the Book of Valentines.* Since that time, Carman has been recognized as a great lyric poet, even in his own country. A few years before his death in 1929, two volumes of his poems appeared in Canada, *Ballads and Lyrics* and *Later Poems*, but 1942 marks the first appearance of a Canadian edition of Carman's early poems, *Pipes of Pan*. It seems to have been printed from the plates of the original American edition. The pages of each of the five books of which it is made up are numbered separately, and there is no index for the whole volume. In spite of these mechanical defects, poetry lovers will be grateful to the Ryerson Press for making available in a Canadian edition early and important work of Carman's which has been too long out of print.

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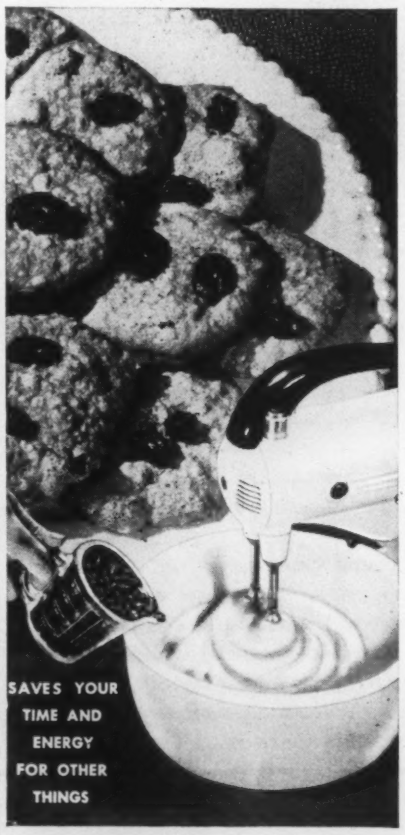

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NO SUGAR required

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• METHOD:—Cream shortening on No. 8 speed. Add corn syrup gradually, still at No. 8 speed. Add egg and combine well, still using No. 8. Scrape bowl and beat a few seconds. Turn back to No. 1 speed, and add sifted dry ingredients. Add oatmeal and raisins, still at No. 1 speed. Scrape the bowl, and beat another min., still at No. 1 speed. Drop by small halfspoonfuls on a greased cooky sheet and bake in a moderate oven of 350°F. for about 10 min.

Other *Sunbeam* Appliances that save the user's energy and give more time for other things are: IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER AUTOMATIC TOASTER, *Sunbeam* HEATING PAD. etc.

Because of the necessities of war, the manufacture of certain electrical appliances is now forbidden. MIXMASTER is one of them, but probably some dealers still have a small stock. Sunbeam Automatic Toaster, IRONMASTER, SHAVEMASTER and Sunbeam Electric Heating Pad will be available at some dealers in reduced quantities, at least for a short time. Flexible Shaft Company Limited, Factory and Office, 321 Weston Rd. S., Toronto, Ont.

Figure-Aid
by
GOSSARD

Let your figure faults fade like magic under the miraculous molding power of an expertly-designed Gossard garment. At the same time, note how you are happily relieved from fatigue and strain . . . how your Gossard guides every unruly line into a smooth, graceful curve. No matter what your figure problems there is a Gossard garment designed to solve them. Be fitted today.

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EVENING COURSES

●

Parent Education Evening Study Courses of ten fortnightly lectures will open at the Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto, 98 St. George Street, as follows: Course IVa — Preschool Learning: Lecturer, Mrs. H. Johnson—Monday, October 19th, 8.15. Course IVb—Discipline: Lecturer, Dr. K. S. Bernhardt—Monday. October 26th, 8.15. Inquire Midway 6090.

WORLD OF WOMEN

"I Think That I Shall Never See"

BY BERNICE COFFEY

SOME upsets in the established order to be sought but rarely found:

An aged couple who on their sixtieth wedding anniversary inform reporters neither can understand how they managed to stick it out for so long; that he beat her with a poker every Saturday night; that his digestion has been ruined by her unspeakable cooking; that if they were given another chance to live both would marry someone else. . . The octogenarian who attributes his long life to the fact that he smokes twenty cigars and drinks a quart of Old Pal each day, never did a hard day's work in his life, and admits he's as deaf as a post. . . A novel by Faith Baldwin in which the hussy who breaks up the virtuous wife's home not only marries the man but makes him happier than ever while ex-wife peddles corsets from door to door. . . A millinery saleswoman who says, "You know as well as I do you'll never find a hat that will make you look like something human. Better wear your old hat and spend the money on War Savings.". . . Any teen-age girl who remarks that intellectual qualities compensate for lack of pulchritude —and believes it. . . An after-dinner speaker who repeats a joke not heard before by nearly everyone in the audience. . . Any woman who was not disillusioned by those photographs of Clark Gable with his moustache shaved off. . . The wife who does not secretly believe she could have had a glittering career if she hadn't married. . . The membership of a women's club that approves unreservedly of the actions of its executive. . . A professional model who never shows her teeth. . .

Trial Run

Preparing for the day when her already thin automobile tires expire with loud pops, Linda Darnell of the movies made a trial drive from her Brentwood home to Beverly Hills. Others of like mind can take warning by what she discovered—

It required 15 minutes to get the steed harnessed and ready instead of a few seconds to start her car.

She had to rise and shine at 5 a.m. instead of 6 a.m.

It took her one hour and fifteen minutes to get to work instead of the usual 10 minutes.

She was fifteen minutes late for work.

"But," she said, somewhat uncertainly, "I think it is better than walking."

Cakes and Fowl

They said to Marie Antoinette, "The
mob cries loud for bread."
"If they've no bread why not let
them eat cake," is what she said.
The mob now can't get pork or beef
and loudly does it howl
And all they say to it today is "Go
and eat some fowl."

NICK

Washington Story

The story of how a Canadian girl. daughter of a well-known Western family, rang doorbells in Washington, solved her housing problem and met The First Lady of the United States, has some of the elements of a modern Horatio Alger story.

One of the many Canadian girls at present engaged in hush-hush work in Washington the time came—as it comes to all in that fantastically overcrowded city—when she had to move. Hours and days of searching were fruitless. At last she decided to borrow the Fuller Brush man's technique. She selected one of the city's most exclusive residential streets and began a systematic door-to-door canvass of all its houses. Leaving behind a trail of astonished maids and upset butlers, she arrived in front of a large imposing building—one of Washington's most famous clubs for women.

Instead of passing it by she went in and made her inquiry there too. She was given a courteous hearing . . . and sized up carefully. Yes, perhaps something could be arranged. There was a small room with a private bath. It was on the servants' floor to be sure, but in a separate wing. Perhaps she would like to see it? She did, and hardly could believe her good fortune. So after a few days—and some quiet investigation by the club of her credentials—our heroine became the occupant of her hardily won room-and-bath and was luxuriating in its accompanying privileges of breakfast in bed and enjoyment of the club's excellent cuisine . . . . all without undue stress on her pocketbook.

With a firm hand on the reins Linda Darnell prepares for the day when carriages no longer are horseless. The experiment was not a success.

But the story doesn't end there. For several days there was a restrained bustle of preparation throughout the building. Rugs and drapes which in deference to Washington's humid climate are removed for the summer months, were put in their places and everything was given an extra polish.

The secret was soon out. Mrs. Roosevelt was coming to a small tea. What is more our Canadian was invited to be one of the guests. So she met Mrs. Roosevelt—"Her voice is beautiful, her manner friendly and warm, and her personal charm almost equals that of our Queen. She knew everyone and kissed several of the younger guests. If nothing else ever happens this will be my finest memory of Washington."

Ration Toter

Speculation on what will be expected of the diner-out if rationing should be extended has endless possibilities. Will guests arrive at the hostess's door carrying under their arms a neatly wrapped chop and other ingredients of the meal? (A chop, we hasten to add for those whose memory of what such meat looks like, is growing dim, is shaped something like the top of a grand piano and has a memorable flavor.) Something seems to tell us that under such circumstances we shall find it less of a chore to remain at home and let hospitality go hang for the duration.

Fortunately the items rationed so far are not of a bulky nature, and can be carried about in meal lots very easily. Birks-Ellis-Ryrie have a small compact case of black pinseal that opens up by means of four flaps in a fashion similar to those travelling toilet sets that most men own. It contains three tubular shaped black-stoppered bottles for tea, coffee and sugar and range in price from sixty-five cents to a dollar. Squarish in shape the ration cases are small enough to nestle cosily in a woman's handbag or a man's vest pocket.

For Men in Blue

An ingenious scheme for filling a large portion of the 50,000 ditty bags to go to the men of the Royal Canadian Navy and Merchant Navy has been planned by the women's committee of the Ontario Division of the Navy League of Canada. The announcement was made recently when Mrs. Herbert D. Burns was hostess at the Ladies' Club to officers and a group of press women. In all 100,000 of the bags will be sent by groups all over Canada.

The Committee has arranged for an Open House Meeting to be held

ADA MACKENZIE

Just Arrived from Britain
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TWEEDS
●
TOP COATS, SUITS, GLOVES & HATS
●
SWEATERS
●
CASHMERE, SHETLAND, BOTANY AND ALPACA

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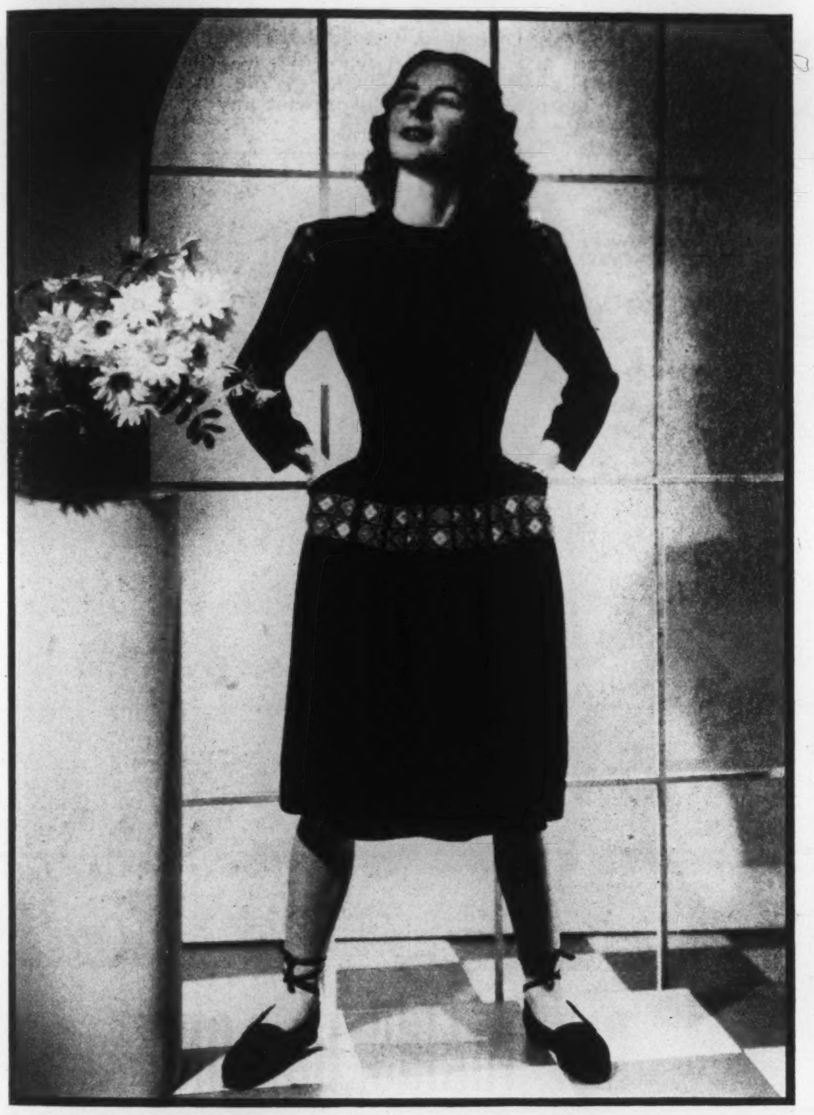
BY APPOINTMENT
EXCITING
INVITING
YARDLEY LAVENDER

Lavender's not sophisticated. It is sweet and fresh and eternally young. It is one fragrance that provokes charmingly —disarmingly—excitingly —invitingly. Wear the Yardley English Lavender everywhere. It is always correct. 65c to $13.50. And enjoy the charm-protection of Yardley Beauty Preparations.

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

at Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, on Friday evening October 9, at 8 p.m. Everyone with a soft spot in his or her heart for the men who sail the seas is asked to come and bring as their price of admission a gift to go in a ditty bag. This may be a pair of woollen socks or sea boots (the men prefer these to have feet in them), a small towel and wash cloth, pipe and tobacco, or anything else that will be of use or give pleasure to a man on a ship.

Lieutenant-Commander H. E. Hubbard of Halifax, and Merchant Seaman Gunner Frank Laskier will be the chief speakers. The heads of a number of women's organizations are among the invited guests. The Sea Cadets Band will lend a further nautical touch. Other attractions are a lucky draw for twelve prizes which, according to Mrs. R. C. Matthews, president of the women's committee, is to include a bicycle; movies showing the League's work, a home cooking sale under the convenership of Mrs. R. C. H. Cassels.



A "young" dress with peg-top skirt patriotically considerate of yardage! The richness of the soft-draping pre-tested rayon crepe is accented by colorful embroidery, more than ever in the Fall fashion picture.

A Man Around The House

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

HAVE you a man around the house? If you have you're lucky. They aren't a nuisance anymore. They're simply worth their weight in gold no matter how heavy they are. Really, when a husband gets lumbago nowadays it's a perfect godsend. He can still answer the telephone beside his bed and shout to the laundryman at the side door. As for the children, it's fine for their morale to have daddy upstairs when they rush in after school before hurrying out again for the big business of the day which is play.

Nothing to Do

Most women are doing war work today. Many of them have older sons in the services. They want to keep busy. They must keep busy. And the middle-aged husband for awhile felt out of things; nothing to do but cut his living expenses in half and figure out whether the family's standard of living should be operated on drastically or sliced down bit by bit.

Now however they've found a new occupation. It makes them feel like little boys again—cleaning out the icing bowl. They've felt the younger men could put it all over them when it came to helping around the house. After all their mothers actually believed it was man's job to bring home the bacon and her's to fry it. Now that it is so difficult to get bacon to fry there's a general slump in the old theories.

Little Helpers

One of the most surprising things when Canadians get together at the tea hour is not the lack of tea. It's the attitude of the older men. The older man has always lent a substantial note to any festive occasion but it must be admitted that, until this war, he was grand to look at but not much help to have around.

All this is changed. At a recent Sunday supper the guests had barely finished toying with their food before five serious, substantial citizens were on their feet. Other bewildered guests watched them, fascinated. With army precision they marched each to a lady, purloined her salad plate and marched to the kitchen. It took almost physical violence on the part of the hostess to prevent them from shaking soapflakes, turning on the hot water and rolling up their sleeves.

"She's So Efficient—"

Asked for explanations they admitted they'd been housebroken, late in life but thoroughly. They hadn't anybody to "do for them" anymore. The last cook was receding into a gilded past. When their wives were home their meals were better, despite food shortages, but their wives were doing war work. The house had to be largely managed by remote control.

"My wife is so efficient," said one man proudly, "that after the war I think I'll let her take a job and I'll retire and live on the earnings."

"Well," remarked one woman glibly, "It's a poor woman nowadays who can't support at least one man."

That made the masculine tea assistants spring to fearful attention. Some of them had very ambitious wives and one thing might lead to another.

One Flaw

The only flaw in having men kitchen-conscious is the uneasiness they develop if the party seems to be lengthening out. They keep taking out their watches and trying to give their wives the signal that they have to get home and make the porridge for tomorrow morning's breakfast.

"And how do you like puttering 'round the house," one tactless lady enquired of one portly gentleman.

"As a matter of fact I like it," was the answer, "If I only had a girl friend who'd run in and smoke a pipe with me once in awhile, I'd be perfectly happy."

BRIGHTEN YOUR SMILE with

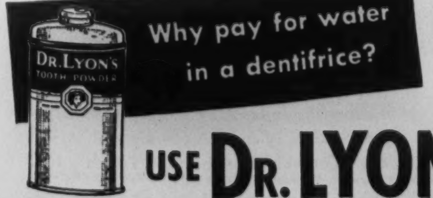
Powder and water

—the way most dentists make teeth gleam!

TO MAKE teeth really *clean* and gleaming—to brighten them *faster*—you'll find most dentists using two simple cleansers, just *powder* and *water*.

For brighter, cleaner, more attractive teeth, trust this same care at home. Get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, use it on a moist brush, and save money while you brighten your smile. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is *all* powder—all *cleanser;* not a trace of acid, grit or pumice. Developed by a practicing dentist, Dr. Lyon's gives teeth the daily care they need—cleans and brightens them, refreshes the mouth—and at the same time gives you assurance that nothing it contains can scratch or injure delicate tooth enamel.

See how much further it goes, too—actually twice as far as similarly priced tooth paste. Ask for Dr. Lyon's Tooth *Powder* now at any drugstore.



CANADA'S LEADING TOOTH POWDER
IT COMES IN TINS . . . NO EMPTY TUBE NEEDED

USE DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER —ON A MOIST BRUSH

Elizabeth Arden

says

"REFILL YOUR LIPSTICK

save metals,

save money"

Elizabeth Arden
SAVE MONEY SAVE METAL

- ★ Long-lasting
- ★ Flattering
- ★ Satin-smooth
- ★ Colors always fashion-right

Use your metal lipstick case over and over again with Elizabeth Arden's refills.

Adjusting a refill takes only a minute.

You'll be a refill-addict from now on.

ELIZABETH ARDEN REFILLS ...... .80
LIPSTICKS 1.60

SIMPSON'S TORONTO

and at Smartest Shops in Every Town

"Elizabeth Arden, in her desire to help conserve materials urgently needed for Canada's war industries, requests that Arden glass containers and jars be returned to the Elizabeth Arden counter. A nominal refund will be made."

WANTED URGENTLY!

1,000 OLD FUR COATS

TO BE CONVERTED INTO WARM FUR VESTS FOR OUR GALLANT MERCHANT and NAVAL SEAMEN

Winter's bite is already making itself felt on the stormy wastes of the Atlantic, and unless they are doubly-warmly clad, our brave sailors are compelled to suffer needless hardships.

IF YOU have a fur coat which has outlived its usefulness, please get in touch with your Furrier immediately. This is an urgent need.

SEAMEN'S FUR VESTS PROJECT

1211A BAY ST. RA. 3235

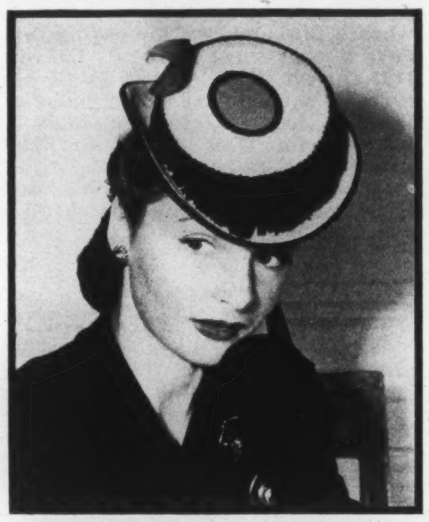
THE DRESSING TABLE

Stockings and Austerity

BY ISABEL MORGAN

A WELL-KNOWN English film critic recently said that such and such a film (made in America) was stolen—as usual nowadays—by the magnificent dish of ham and eggs in glorious Technicolor. It is not by any means that we have too little to eat, says a letter from England, but that a housewife's idea of a satisfactory diet has been radically changed—so much so that every cookery book more than two years old is hopelessly obsolete, especially the culinary classic of our prodigious Mrs. Beeton ("Take 1 hen lobster, 8 eggs, 1 lb. butter"). The housewife does indeed earn every tribute that comes her way. With infinite ingenuity she feeds her children, soothes her "browned off" husband, keeps the home much as it always was and like as not does part-time work at the local munitions factory. A London woman bus conductor (there are 7,000) was heard to say "Come to think of it, I lead a pretty full life—but I don't seem to notice it. I've two children at home—both under ten—a house to run and I do a full spell of duty on here. My husband is in the navy and I've not heard for seven months."

What is the prime topic of conversation when women in England meet? Sooner or later—no matter what the occasion—they talk of stockings; as if talking might ease the pain; in case someone miraculously offered a solution. Did you know that a year's coupon ration spent entirely on stockings would only mean 33 pairs? Throughout the winter we buy lisle and tread warily: the first hint of a warm day we fly to the beauty counters and buy liquid stockings. For in the summer of 1940 someone *did* offer a solution—literally. And from then on we poured our stockings from a bottle—gratefully and easily, pencilling a seam and blocking in a heel with a special Seam Stik. In two actual stocking colors Grape Mist and Gold Mist they looked perfect—sheer, smooth, unstreaky. In fact, real. They did not spot in the rain but they washed off at night with soap and water. Of course strange things happened. Putting them on for a day's jaunt certain young women forgot and dived into a swimming pool wearing—apparently—a self-supporting pair of sheer silk stockings. Another girl seen on an escalator had forgotten the bend in her knee and appeared to have neglected two gigantic holes.



This tiny sailor hat of blue silk faille has a target atop its crown, concentric circles of black, blue and bleeding heart, edged with a swaying row of black silk fringe.

Now we have an even smaller ration of clothes coupons, about which of course it is only fair to say we are not particularly enthusiastic. But now it should at least be apparent that we are saving money, for Utility Clothes have really arrived and can be bought anywhere. This frighteningly dull name for any fashion collection (in fact we now have "austerity clothes" too) and one which normally no dressmaker or manufacturer would dream of trying to put across, masks a host of well-designed, good quality, moderately priced clothes with no hint of regimentation about them. It is taken for granted that we shall have no new silhouette till the war is over (the outline now being pretty nearly tubular), but we shall still have a certain amount of individuality about our clothes and even wear brighter colors than formerly. Apart from the sombre aspect of black which we wish if possible to avoid, it can only be worn in town and all the clothes in our wardrobe have definitely to lead double lives.

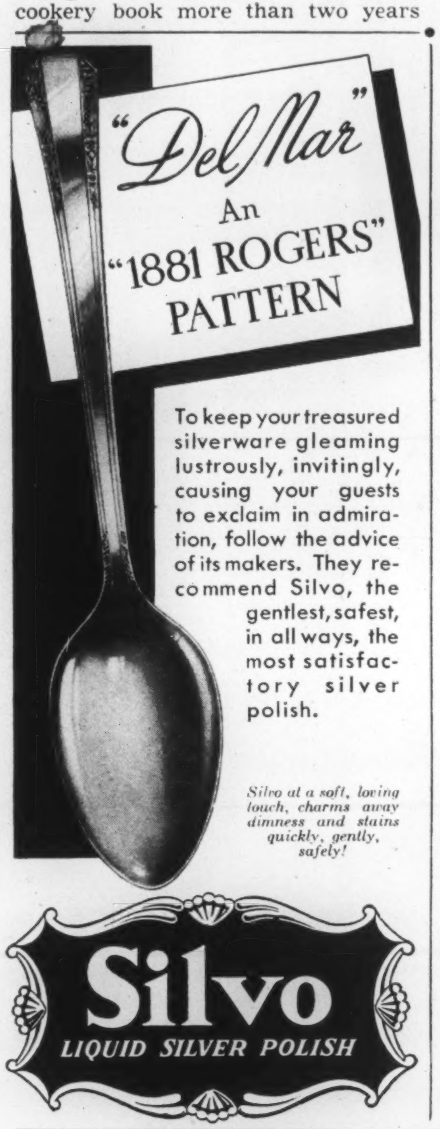
Conservation Policy

Here are the three types of young skins most often found and the combination of preparations suggested by Elizabeth Arden for the care of each:

Routine is simple for the normal young skin . . . just the 1-2-3—cleanse, tone, soothe, and the use of a powder foundation especially created for young skins. Cleanliness is achieved with night and morning use of Fluffy Cleansing Cream, which is patted into the skin with the fingertips and removed with tissues. The use of skin lotion removes every trace of the cream. Velva Cream smoothed into the skin every evening before bedtime, will help keep the skin soft and smooth.

The "Almost-but-not-quite-Perfect" skin can be won to perfection with a little care. Very often the imperfections are centered in large pore openings around the nose area and on the chin. A simple treatment with Pore Cream can help clear the condition, for it is a greaseless astringent, to be applied on the affected area before retiring and left on all night. Since the effect of this cream is of temporary duration, it is advisable to use it every night until the condition is improved. Its astringent action helps to contract the skin on these coarsened areas and vastly improves its appearance. For the 1-2-3 routine, Miss Arden recommends that Cleansing Cream be used instead of Fluffy Cleansing Cream, since it melts at skin temperature and can be patted into the skin without fear of stretching the pore openings.

The imperfect skin—this is the skin usually described as "oily" or blemished." It, too, can be helped, but time and patience are required. The regular use of cleansing cream and skin lotion is most important. Use a little more skin lotion than you ordinarily would. Use it in applying the cleansing cream, after cleansing and as often as it is convenient. For the corrective treatment, Miss Arden strongly recommends the use of *Astringent Cream* at least two or three times a week. This cream, often called the 3-in-1, is actually a mixture of Moisture Cream, Special Pore Cream and Astringent Oil. It, as well as all other corrective creams, is to be used only after the skin has been immaculately cleansed. The powder foundation choice here is important and Elizabeth Arden has one called, *Acne Lotion*, which helps to conceal blemishes, acts as a corrective preparation while on the skin and helps to prevent any spread of the condition.



"Del Mar"
An "1881 ROGERS" PATTERN

To keep your treasured silverware gleaming lustrously, invitingly, causing your guests to exclaim in admiration, follow the advice of its makers. They recommend Silvo, the gentlest, safest, in all ways, the most satisfactory silver polish.

Silvo at a soft, loving touch, charms away dimness and stains quickly, gently, safely!

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

DOROTHY GRAY
LIP SERVICE

● A unique device to enable you to choose the correct pattern for your lips. Test all six patterns at home and follow the one which makes you prettiest. Packed with new plastic Dorothy Gray Lipstick in four smart shades, Nosegay, Daredevil, South American and Scarlet, $1.15.

DOROTHY GRAY
AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

DEB TRAINS DAYLONG FOR AIR SERVICE
Wins Admiration from Men

Miss Mary Bishop, popular Toronto girl, is in training as a field-to-field ferry pilot. An intrepid flyer, Mary has light auburn hair, a fair, fresh skin. She says: "I want my complexion to have that clear, well-cared-for look people admire. So I take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Fragrant Woodbury Soap has such creamy lather; makes my skin feel smooth."

1. Mary solos for her ticket. To her, flying is both sport and hobby. She says: "Using Woodbury Soap is like professional skin care. I feel sure my skin is benefited by this gentle beauty soap.

2. "It's simple to whip up a frothy lather of Woodbury Soap. I spread it over my face to gather up soil. Then rinse, to remove all soapy residue. How refreshing this facial cocktail is!"

3. Entertaining soldiers is a pleasant duty to Mary. "Believe me, the boys appreciate girls who are dainty and feminine. I keep Woodbury Soap in my dresser to scent my clothing."

WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP

4. A special costly ingredient in Woodbury Soap insures its mildness. Pure, safe for delicate skin. Use Woodbury for complexion and bath. Soon win "The Skin You Love to Touch". 10¢.

(MADE IN CANADA)

CONCERNING FOOD

Ritzing the Menu

BY JANET MARCH

"IF THEY get boiled potatoes, tinned tomatoes, any sort of meat the butcher will sell me, and some stewed fruit they are doing well," said the smart woman on the street car, hitching her silver foxes up against the autumn wind with a hand which ended in five perfectly lacquered nails.

"I try to get John to go out for dinner at least twice a week. I know how the maid felt on her half day, and besides when we do that we can have coffee after dinner and we can't at home. It's wonderful. Here's where we get our bus," and they made for the door, their blue Red Cross smocks telling where they came from, two new members of what in the old days used to be called "the working class." They still managed to look as if a breakfast tray was placed across their knees each morning by one of those stagey maids with stiff organdy apron and cap.

Their days probably started near seven and ended at an indefinite hour after dinner. Women who have lived in spotless houses with gleaming silver, even though the spotlessness was not a personal achievement, like to continue to do so even if it means a good many hours' wear on the old dogs. It is surprising what a good job they are making of it, doing a lot of things they never had to do without benefit of car or other peacetime aids to living, and very few have given up their peace time good works. Indeed they have added a whole lot of war work. You have seen them out canvassing for charitable appeals, tagging on cold street corners, packing parcels for prisoners of war, filling great crates with clothes for bombed out families, and in between times running their houses with their own, not someone else's hands. To the many women who have never had maids this does not seem so remarkable an achievement, but a new job is always hard at first and the size of their houses and the number of their possessions to be cared for are a bit staggering. If you own an acre of broadloom it has to be cleaned unless you want to provide a free home for the city's moths.

I just didn't believe the smart lady's story of what she fed her family. I expect the potatoes were browned, the tomatoes scalloped and some of the stewed fruit was put in a soufflé before her family were called to dinner. She looked as if she would have enjoyed a cook book which crossed my path lately called "Cooking a la Ritz" by Louis Diat the chef of the Ritz Carlton in New York. A good many of these authentic Ritz recipes call for time and ingredients both of which today are as scarce as hen's teeth, but there are others which can be made quite easily. Lovers of really good food will want to own this book which is published by J. B. Lippincott, New York. Here is a recipe from it for

Fish Chowder

2 medium onions chopped
2 leeks chopped
2 stalks of celery
¼ pound of salt pork, chopped
2 quarts of water
1 teaspoon of salt
2 pounds of fresh fish boned and diced
1 pint of milk
½ pint of cream
1 glass of dry sherry. Not necessary, but will improve the chowder

Put the onions, leeks, celery and salt pork into a soup kettle and fry till light brown. Add the water and salt and bring to the boil. Cook for fifteen minutes, add the fish and milk. Cook for fifteen minutes more, add the cream and the sherry just before serving.

If you should manage to snare a lamb chop these days you might want to trim the elusive thing up a bit and here's how—

Lamb Chop Menagere

1 large thick shoulder chop for each person
2 leeks chopped
2 medium potatoes sliced
1 large onion sliced
1 small garlic clove
1 quart of water or white stock
1 teaspoon of salt
Pepper

Season the chops and sauté till they are lightly browned on both sides. Put in a pan with the vegetables. Add the water and cook for half an hour. While they are cooking make the following mixture:

2 new carrots minced and parboiled for a few minutes
2 medium onions minced
1 cup of string beans
1 white turnip minced and parboiled for a few minutes
1 teaspoon of chopped parsley

When the chops have cooked their half hour put them in another pan and cover, with vegetables. Strain the cooking liquid in which the chops were first cooked, skim off the fat, add salt to taste and pour over the meat and vegetables. Add the parsley and cook for about 30 to 40 minutes more till the vegetables are cooked.

Croute aux Fruits au Rum

½ cup fresh or preserved pineapple, sliced
½ cup of fresh or preserved cherries
½ cup of fresh or preserved pears, sliced
½ cup of orange sections
1 cup of apricot sauce
3 sweet rolls or Brioches, sliced and toasted
2 glasses of rum

Mix all the fruit together. Put the brioches on top and cover with the apricot sauce. Pour the rum over it and set fire to it at the table.

Apricot Sauce

Boil together 2 cups of apricot pulp and 1½ cups of sugar for fifteen or twenty minutes and then rub through a fine sieve.

CONTENTS 36 OR MORE SLICES
The Original British Crispbread
PEEK FREAN'S
Vita-Weat
GUARANTEED MADE FROM 100% WHOLE WHEAT by PEEK, FREAN & CO. LTD LONDON, ENGLAND.

Keep fresh in your memory

The needs of war have made it impossible for us to keep supplying Canada with Vita-Weat Crispbread and Peek Frean's famous English biscuits. We're sorry—and we ask you to look forward to the time when, once again, these matchless biscuits will be here for you.

Peek Frean
BISCUITS
from LONDON, ENGLAND

43

WHY?
DARLING—I LOVE YOU—
YOU MAKE SUCH SWELL BREAD— SO LIGHT— SO DEE-LICIOUS
LEVURE FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
DEAREST! THE CREDIT GOES TO FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST

Win praise if you bake at home, by using Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—Canada's favorite for 4 generations! You can depend on its making smooth, fine, sweet-tasting bread that always gets compliments! Ask your grocer for Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast—with the familiar yellow label.

Get Extra Vitamins—Maintain Pep by eating 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This *fresh* Yeast is an excellent natural source of the important B Complex Vitamins.

MADE IN CANADA

Have you tried NEW, IMPROVED
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
With the New Grease-dissolving Element that Makes Cleaning
50% FASTER

When you try New Improved Old Dutch, you can expect these surprising things:

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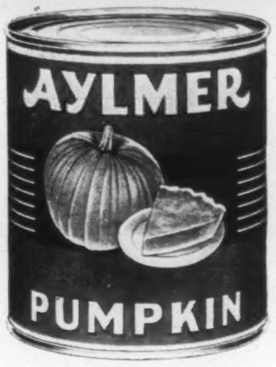

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MUSICAL EVENTS

From Boyce to Gershwin

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

TO THE success of the 1942 Promenade Symphony concerts in Varsity Arena, which have been singularly vivid and varied, none has contributed more than Dr. Hans Kindler of the National Symphony Orchestra, Washington. His final program last week ranged from Boyce to Gershwin. Five years ago when Reginald Stewart revived a symphony by Dr. William Boyce those who delve into social history had reason to be grateful, and are similarly indebted to Dr. Kindler.

When we listen to the music of Boyce we are back in the goodly company of the English musicians of the 18th century, great and busy figures in a London with a population about equal to that of the Toronto of today. It was the era of Handel, an overshadowing genius, but there were men like Maurice Greene and Dr. Pepusch, who assembled traditional airs for "The Beggar's Opera". Both were the teachers of young William Boyce. He and Thomas Arne were born in the same year (1710) and became composers of essentially English individuality and persons of high authority in their realm. The generation which came after them included Michael Arne and Dr. Linley,—and by the way, one of these days one would like to hear some music by Linley.

Of these active men none was busier than William Boyce, composer, organist, conductor and at the last what we would now term "musicologist". In his youth and early manhood he was organist in many London churches, rising at 48 to be organist of the Chapel Royal. A year previously he had become Master of the Royal Band, the office also known as "Master of the King's Musicke." From youth he was a prolific composer, who wrote chamber-symphonies, overtures, violin sonatas, concertos, oratorios ("David's Lamentations" and "Noah"), masques ("Peleus and Thetis" and "The Tempest"), many anthems, solos and duets.

A Festival Conductor

One phase of special import was Boyce's association with the development of an historic British institution, the Festival, an English word invented in the time of Cromwell and later adopted in many countries. The first was the "Festival of the Sons of the Clergy," mainly a religious celebration when first instituted in 1755, but which under Charles II became definitely musical. It survived at St. Paul's Cathedral and in 1757 and for several years thereafter was directed by Boyce. A more important and historical Festival still very much alive was the Three Choirs Festival of which Boyce became director in 1737. It had its beginnings in 1715 and took on a really impressive form in 1724, as a West Country celebration embracing the Cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, where it was held alternately. Two other British Festivals survive from the latter half of the 18th century, Birmingham and Norwich, both instituted when Boyce was getting on in years and stricken with deafness.

Deafness made him a "musicologist." Years before, one of his teachers, Maurice Greene, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, Professor of Music at Cambridge and friend of Handel, had begun a collection of English cathedral music from 1500 onwards. He died with the work unfinished, but in 1760 Boyce turned his hand to completing the collection. Published in 1768 it became a national musical monument in three volumes. Through the energy of Boyce the religious music of Blow, Bull, Byrd, Humphrey, Lawes, Locke, Morley, Purcell, Tallis, Turner and others was preserved in permanent and accessible form for future generations.

I have dwelt at length on the career of the courtly Englishman who came to us last week "with his old music" (as Browning put it), because of the substantial debt the English-speaking world owes to him. His public services admitted, what was Boyce's own music like? Dr. Kindler told me beforehand he had fallen in love with the little Symphony he played. Compared with the music of the great composers of Boyce's time, it is analogous to a lyric by a minor poet, fragrant and charming. Composed originally for a small chamber orchestra it was transcribed for a vaster assemblage of instruments with no sacrifice of its freshness and grace, and it was interpreted *con amore* by Dr. Kindler.

James Melton, the eminent Tenor who will be guest soloist with the Promenade Symphony Orchestra in Varsity Arena, Toronto, October 15.

Norman Wilks, M.C., Hon. R.C.M., concert pianist of international reputation, has been named Principal of The Toronto Conservatory of Music.

I felt a certain sadness in listening to the conductor's noble rendering of "Academic Festival" Overture, one of the most genial of Brahms' compositions, with themes based on students' songs. Composed in 1879 it was born in a time when the world looked to Germany as a home of civilization.

The performance of Tschaikowsky's Fifth and best Symphony with the first movement omitted was an interesting experiment. Even in abridged form the work gave a singular sense of completeness; and one very interesting thing happened. It is the most closely woven of all Tschaikowsky's compositions in this form, due to the consistency and the imaginative ingenuity with which he made use of a central "motto" theme in countless fascinating recurrences. The theme is handled with such amplitude in the first movement that the use of it as a solo for the French horn at the start of the second movement is accepted casually. But last week this solo became the opening of the work, an enunciation of its emotional message. The young horn-player, Mary Robb Barrow, probably the only woman in America who heads the horn sections in two large symphonic orchestras, seemed inspired by the occasion and played the solo with such lovely intonation and distinction in phrasing, as to thrill every listener,—not least the conductor, who singled her out for special honor at the conclusion of the movement. Dr. Kindler's whole interpretation was marked by poetry, fire and precision. His noble and stimulating transcriptions of modern Russian battle songs seemed to come just in their right place as an epilogue.

Anne Brown Delights

By no means the least important factor in the program was the local debut of the young American soprano, Anne Brown. She has been less exploited through ordinary channels of publicity than any outstanding singer of today; but her fame has spread through the individual beauty of her art. It is seven years this month, since she appeared as the leading singer in the operatic production of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" at the Alvin Theatre, New York. She was a beginner, a girl graduate from Baltimore, and her vocal success was phenomenal. She has ever since eschewed the theatre and followed the career of a concert artist under the guidance for the most part of Stokowski. She assuredly did something different from *Bess* when she sang under his baton the soprano role in Beethoven's Choral Symphony, which makes appalling demands on the staying power of the soloist. Her voice is beautifully pure and even in substance, with compelling emotional quality.

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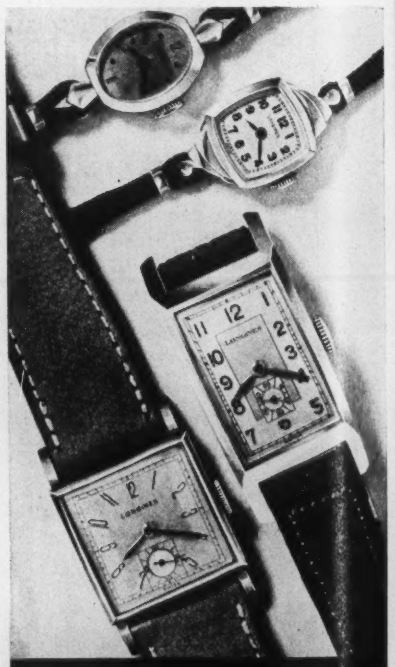

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THE FILM PARADE

Stunt Night

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT SEEMS that someone not long ago had the idea of putting most of Hollywood's extra-size Grade A eggs in one basket and letting the customers have it at the usual house rates. The result is "Tales of Manhattan," the cinema-goer's Bargain of 1942. For four bits you get Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda, Eugene Palette, Roland Young, Edward G. Robinson and Charles Laughton; not to mention Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters and the Hall Johnson choir. All these are more or less flung together in a series of episodes concocted by Ferenc Molnar, Ben Hecht, Alan Campbell, Donald Ogden Stewart, and a couple of idea-men named Ladislaus. It's a Gift Nite entertainment with a distribution of prizes to everyone, including the members of the case, who get a fat major role apiece.

The story, directed in the pre-war French manner by Jules Duvivier, has to do with a tail coat which changes hands and fortunes through half a dozen episodes. The original owner (Charles Boyer) wears it to pay his respects to a pretty matron (Rita Hayworth) whose jealous husband (Thomas Mitchel) promptly puts a hole through both the coat and its wearer. It then passes, via Eugene Palette and Roland Young, to Henry Fonda, then to Charles Laughton, Edward G. .Robinson and, finally to Paul Robeson and an old darky sharecropper.

"Tales From Manhattan" runs for upwards of two hours, which is quite a long time to spend sitting on the end of one's spine, a position which the rather relaxed tempo of the piece seems to induce. However there's no hurrying a film which contains a couple of dozen high-powered stars. Each is too important to be slighted, and each must have a camera workout consistent with his rating and prestige. Time, as the saying goes, is on their side and they can take up any amount of it they choose.

WITH so much talent at large, "Tales of Manhattan" was bound to have its moment of entertainment. I admired Rita Hayworth, as always, for her wonderful looks, and Charles Boyer for his style and an aplomb that wasn't to be shattered even by a bullet-hole smack in the viscera. I liked Ginger Rogers and Henry Fonda too, at least up to the point where the action gave out and they began to hang each other with wreaths of dialogue, like smilax. The best episode of the group was undoubtedly the one in which Edward G. Robinson attended his class reunion, in the inevitable tail-coat, fished this time out of a down-town missionary barrel.

The most embarrassing one went to Charles Laughton who played a pool-room pianist suddenly promoted to act as guest-conductor of, apparently the New York Symphony. He wore, of course, the Coat, which inevitably split at the seams; and the audience, a low comedy group which should have been down the street at Abbott and Costello instead of in Carnegie Hall, roared with delight through a whole long movement. Mr. Laughton on his podium played through this violent little tear-jerker with all the dumb anguish of Quasimodo on his stand. Don't our great artists *ever* differentiate?

On the whole "Tales of Manhattan" has the bright but limited value of a stunt. As an idea it was perhaps worth working out. But it wouldn't do to repeat or imitate it.

ERIC KNIGHT wrote "This Above All" in a white heat of feeling, immediately after Dunkirk; and a great deal of the novel's passionate and bitter questioning has found its way into the cinema version. "Is a sluggish class-ridden England worth fighting for?" was the question Novelist Knight put into the head of his hero, an intelligent, lower-class, disillusioned survivor of Dunkirk. The author could find no adequate answer but the one of brutal necessity. Fighting was not an alternative, it was the only condition of survival. The film version doesn't try to improve on Mr. Knight's findings.

Since the question is still perhaps beyond proving on sociological grounds the picture like the novel hardly ranks high as debate. But it does make a love-story of peculiar intensity and poignancy.

Director Anatele Litvak had to find a very special sort of heroine to straighten out his blackly disillusioned hero (Tyrone Power.) He found her in lovely persuasive Joan Fontaine, and she is exactly right at every moment. Tyrone Power who has a certain talent for moods makes his would-be deserter intelligible and even at moments tragic. But it is Joan Fontaine's sensitive and appealing performance that gives the love-story its special quality. She can't make the issues clear. She can and does make her love and understanding clear, and so in the end helps to point her hero, if not to a solution of his problems, at least to an answer. It is the war's best love-story to date.

THE THEATRE

Debunking the General

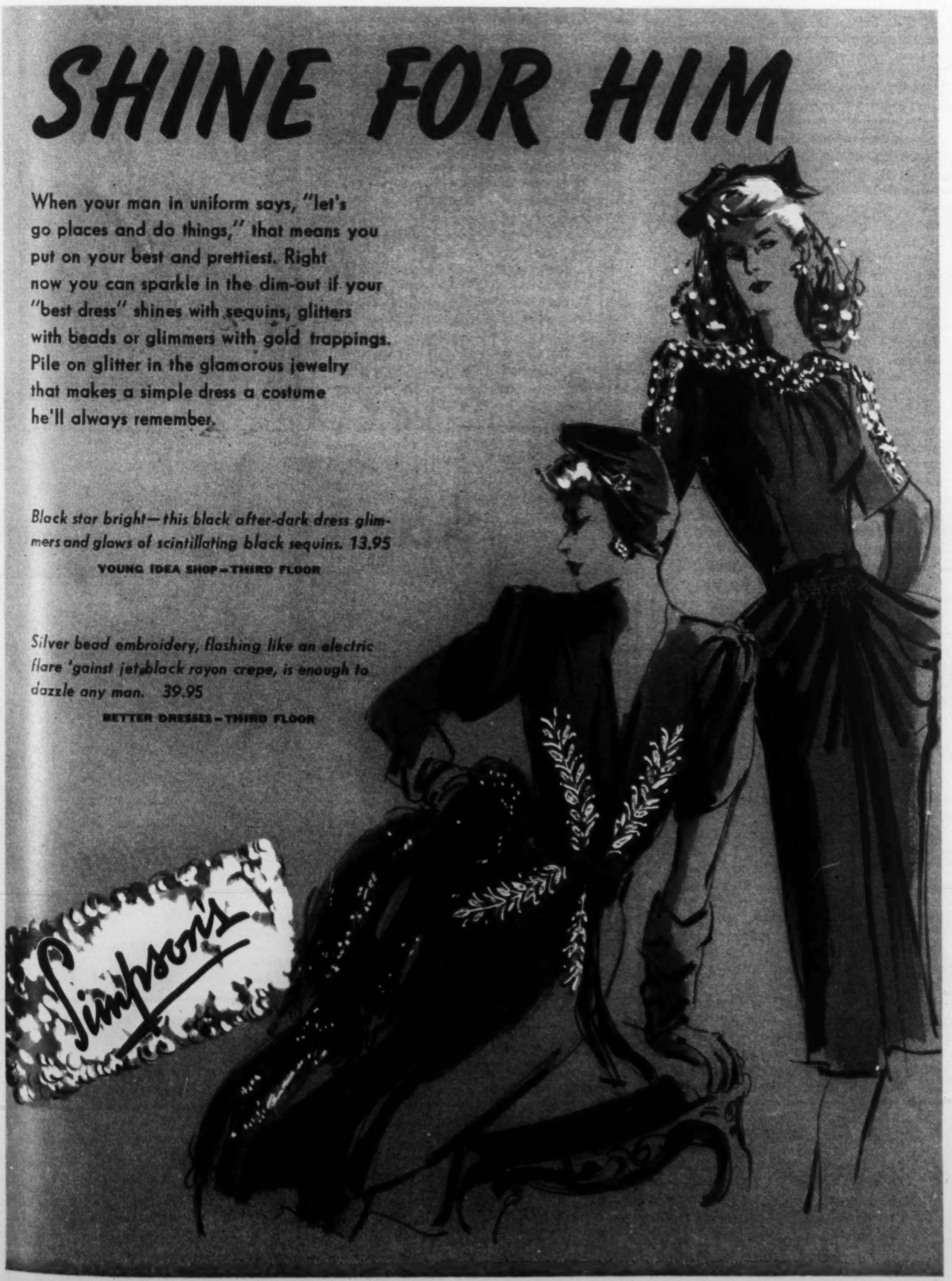
BY LUCY VAN GOGH

ISABEL LEIGHTON and Bertram Bloch, authors of "Spring Again" currently playing at the Royal Alexandra, are probably better acquainted with the types and backgrounds of their contemporary cinema, radio and publicity experts than with those of the kind of people who are the sons and grandsons of very eminent Civil War generals on the Northern side. As for that admirable and veteran actor, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who plays the impoverished but high-New-York-society son of the general, he cannot disguise the fact that he was once a flanneled fool at the wicket, whereas the character whom he impersonates could never have been anything more English than a champion oarsman. In the first act, where 55th Street atmosphere is essential, Mr. Smith is hard to believe. As social comedy gives way to a mild degree of emotion he improves, and at the close he is perfect.

Perhaps the producers thought that a too emphatic, "Life-With-Father"-ish player would overbalance the exquisite and Dresden-china Grace George. If so they were wrong. Her delicacy would have been enhanced by the contrast. Mr. Smith is too near to her in tone-quality. She plays the wife of the general's son, a lady who had to put up with a lifetime of general-worship, and it is all too clear that the general's son, as Mr. Smith plays him, could never have put it over on her. The authors intended the general's son to be a lath, but they also intended him to be a lath painted to look like iron; and Mr. Smith spreads the paint too thin.

The play tells how the wife, for adequate reasons, debunks the imposing figure of the general by providing materials for a very Lytton Strachey-ish series of broadcasts, which to everybody's surprise makes him a more popular hero than ever by providing his legend with human qualities. This plot permits the introduction of several character bits portraying members of the publicity trades, one of which, performed by Michael Rosenberg, is only on for ten minutes in the last act but obliterates the rest of the show for that period.

Miss George is still, for our taste, just a fraction too kittenish. Not in the sense of not being her age, or the age of Mrs. Halstead Carter, but in that of being pretty constantly arch, and twinkling a great deal. But her performance is so smooth, so gracious and so accomplished that one feels ungrateful in saying even that much against it, and her manipulation of some sentimental scenes that could easily go wrong is perfectly authoritative. Ann Andrews does a finished job with the thankless—and not too well written—part of the Carters' snob daughter. The minor parts are slightly less than convincing, for which we blame the authors as much as the players. But the entertainment—outside of Mr. Rosenberg's ten minutes—rests entirely on the Smith-George shoulders, and very good entertainment it is; with them on the stage at the rise of the curtain and one or other on it to its final fall.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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

A Job -- Courtesy Selective Service

BY JOYCE CENYDD

IT'S a safe bet that in September 1942 every out-of-work girl's dream was to be recommended a select job by the Selective Service Officers, and be selected. It happened to me; and as my experiences probably were typical, at least for stenographers, I'll record them here.

National Selective Service governing the unemployed caught me "on the wing," so together with six or seven hundred other women, schoolgirls to grannies, I stood in the queue outside 174 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, and waited—and hoped. Falling into conversation with the girl standing next to me in line, I found she had come from Dawson, Yukon—a long trip to get a war-job. An elderly woman, probably past sixty, standing just behind, soon joined in the conversation and explained that she didn't mean to take work yet, but it was "nice to have it by you"—meaning the Work Permit. She had four grandchildren. Secretly worried by visions of brass-hats ordering us to inconvenience ourselves in ways disastrous to our cosy routine, we wished each other luck, and kept our fingers crossed.

The long queues (three or four of them) moved through the vast, barn-like building at tortoise rate, converging on a nest of pleasant-faced ladies, sitting behind glass, interviewing, categorizing, quizzing; everybody took their turn in this "greenhouse" (the simile can stand, because the temperature there that day would certainly have encouraged grapes and brought along tomatoes), and emerged, if lucky, with a red-and-white "Permit to Seek Employment"—industry, location and capacity written down.

Some then set out to find their own jobs—as I did, three-and-a-half hours later. Others made an appointment to return ("preferably between seven and eight in the morning!") for further interviewing. After a week of hunting around (with all the advertisements gone from the papers, after you've "covered the waterfront" and "done" Leaside it's hard to know where to look next for a job), I returned to Spadina at 7.30 one morning to "go before the Placements Board."

The Labor Market

While I was waiting, something happened typical of the state of confusion in people's minds about Selective Service. A woman of about fifty went past me, and up to the Selective Service Officer's desk. She said, faintly: "I want to stay home to-day." The S.S.O. looked at her, and the woman added, still more faintly: "I feel tired". The S.S.O. said: "Oh, that's alright! Just let your employer know, that's all. You've no need to come to me, you know." The tired-looking woman seemed relieved, but unconvinced. "You told me to come to you if I stopped work," she argued. "I want to stay home to-day, because I feel tired. So I came." Patient explanation by the S.S.O. soon made it clear that the necessity to return to Spadina only exists where you *quit* your job — not when you want to lay off for a day.

All the Officers I talked to were kind and helpful. The very word "compulsion" makes me laugh—they seem to consider it their special privilege and delight to find good jobs for everybody. The Placements Board (in the person of a tactfully-efficient woman) refers to a file containing index-cards; each index-card contains a job. She runs through the cards, and recommends jobs. And straight from there, you go to be interviewed.

After a lengthy street-car ride, I sat down in a small employment office and filled in enough forms about my past activities, my forebears, my nationality and my affiliations to give me the notion that I must be going into a war-plant—I was.

Without Benefit of Victuals

After interviewing, I was told to take a bus ("the twelve-thirty special") to a distant spot, and I was given a gate-pass to the plant which stated "interview only." I follow the "N.B." plan (no breakfast), and I'd been about since 6.30. But I took that bus, and arrived at the plant at what was everybody else's lunchtime —not mine. I sat on a bench for a time; then I sat in an office for a long while; then I was interviewed; then I was interviewed again; then again; then I was told to start work tomorrow morning. A whistle told me it was 2 o'clock—the canteen would be shutting. I would have said "yes" to my own death warrant, but I like to remember that I retained enough democratic backbone just to whisper feebly, "Not tomorrow, please,—the day after."

Myself a Selectee

My proposition accepted, I was hired—as a "floater," my dear! I sat down on the bench again, until 2.15, huge hamburgers and elongated cobs of corn dancing before my eyes. Through my dizzy head ran a thought—what does the plant produce? I lifted my eyebrows at the girl sitting next to me on the bench; she lifted her's back at me—so I knew I shouldn't have asked. The walls of the room we were sitting in had posters on them urging you to Keep Mum, Enlist Now, Save Sugar and Roll Up Your Sleeves. I dozed off.

Wonders of Plant Life

If you want to study the wonders of plant life this Winter, the best way to do it is the way I did it—go to the National Selective Service Officers, and tell them you want a war-job. Plant life is different and delightful. Once you are photographed, referenced, finger-printed and pledged, you are IN— in behind the wire fence and the armed guards, miles away from anywhere, in a sort of colony, where everyone is friendly, nobody is self-important and most people seem to have a sense of humor. There are all sorts of little conveniences—staff buses, a hospital and a bank on the spot, a staff association and a canteen where diet is considered more important than profits (nowhere else have I seen such a trayful for twenty-five cents!) In the Administration you have what is (to me) a pleasing sense of secondary importance: the plant operators are the important people. They work all day and they work all night, and in the canteen and on the buses, they seem to be superior men and women (mostly women), talking a special jargon, and knowing funnier jokes than we do and more of 'em. When the stop-work whistle goes for the white-collar staff and some of the shifts at five-thirty, the mobs come out, and you see the size of at least a part of your colony; then if you visualize the same numbers left behind in the shops, you start to get an idea of the size of the project you're working on. And you wish Dr. Ley could see it too.

This place may be geographically a long way away from the battle-front; but the war feels nearer here than it does in town, working in a civilian office. And it feels nearer in the only tolerable sense—the sense that you are helping, in a microscopically small way, to produce weapons of death to hand to Canadian fighters. This bloodthirsty feeling only develops satisfactorily—at least, in some people—in the third year of the war. Once you have it, you might as well feed it—it'll feed best on munitions. Women will like plant life; it is an experience they may not get a chance to try again.

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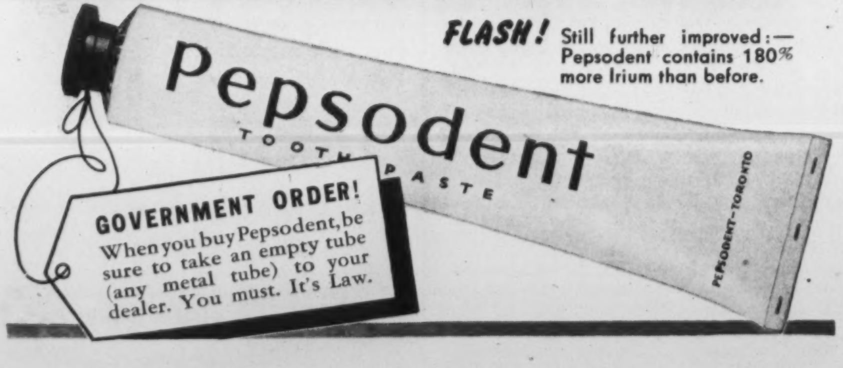

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Modern Penelope

BY MAY RICHSTONE

I'VE watched them enviously, these women who knit with a deft, lyrical ease, a first fine careless rapture, a clicking of needles and flashing of fingers that is like the poetry of motion.

Not me, though. There's something biblical in the way I let not my right hand know what my left hand is doing. There is also a biblical flavor, when six or seven stitches drop to the floor, about the language I'd like to use.

It pleases me, sometimes, to toy with the idea that there is an epic, Homeric quality to my efforts in this sphere. I remind myself of Penelope—you know the patient, dear sweet wife of Ulysses, who spun by day and ravelled by night. Penelope, not Ulysses. What he did by day and by night, we'll never know. We have only Homer's version. And men always hang together. Some of them should.

As I say, Penelope and I have much in common. But there are two basic differences. My husband refuses to wander, bless his lethargic heart. He never goes anywhere without me, and he takes me out regularly twice a year. The rest of his spare time, he spends in ye fine olde arte of taking naps. But at least I know where he is. The second difference is that while Penelope and I both ripped all we achieved, she made history.

Why I ever wanted to learn to knit in the first place, remains a profound mystery. It just never occurred to me how many stitches went into a sweater, one stitch at a time—one long, slow, laborious stitch, at that. I am literally appalled when I stop to think of it. And the instruction sheet. With what dismay I discovered that I was supposed to K3, P2, K6, P2, K10, P2, K6, P2. Next row K3, P2, slip 3 sts on a separate needle K, next 3 sts, P2, K10, P2 and repeat twist!

My first reaction was to regret that swooning had passed into disrepute. My second was to do or die. My results were neither.

All went swimmingly at first. In fact I thought I was going to achieve a complete sweater for my man by the simple expedient of leaving my knitting conspicuously displayed in the living room. Then all and sundry visiting friends, taking pity on my ineptitude, interpreted the directions to me, then did row after row. Meanwhile I spurred them on to greater efforts by profoundly admiring their prowess.

Did I say friends! Fine friends they were. Every last one began to suspect my motives, and either stopped visiting, or spent her time tinkling on my piano. What good are friends if you can't exploit them! So I stopped serving cake and coffee. Why should I waste my precious rations on such thankless creatures!

Meanwhile, from time to time, my darling husband inquired wickedly after the progress of the accursed sweater. Just to confound him, I finally finished it—in a mere eight months. That was a proud moment in my life, when the last crooked stitch was done and I stepped back to survey my handiwork. Them were the heights!

The depths came when my husband tried it on. "Darling," he said gently but firmly, emerging from its voluminous folds, "I am not tenting tonight in the old camp grounds. Give it away!"

So give it away I did, to my brother-in-law, a mountain of a man, who promptly enlisted in the army. The sweater is now camphored away among his civilian possessions; And whenever he comes home on leave, he quotes gravely, "O death where is thy sting!"

I'll get even. I am knitting him a pair of socks. It's an easy pattern to follow—Knit one, Purl one, rip three. The conviction grows on me that the war will be won before the first sock is done. I wouldn't mind!

IN SPRING

ON THE first day of spring, I,
walking along lake Ontario
Feeling the breeze blow about me
like wind round a tomb,
Amusedly wondered at the delicate
young perfume
Tapping at the stone-inscribed tablet
of my heart,
Childlike confident and hopeful at
first
Then resigned, with side-long glances
of sadness, petulant,
Slipped past my side.
From the north
A blast suddenly lifted from the
waves where it crouched
Cold and wintry and wrapped me as
in a cloak.

And all the ghosts within, rose leaping for resurrection.

DIANA SKALA.

• •

NIGHT PLANE

I'VE heard it strum upon the night,
And give the air reply,
And fill a cloud with muffled sound,
Then bend the crystal sky.

I've seen it chase the distances,
And toss the moonbeam's rim,
That feels across the silence.
Then like a winged whim,

Turn the world all upside down
And smile upon its face—
Glad for nothing but to be,
To touch the rushing space.

I've heard it strum upon the dark,
And leave a song in flight,
And like a short-lived ripple,
Smooth back into the night.

M. HELEN STEVENS.

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BOVRIL

PEPS UP MEAT DISHES

41-33

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THE LONDON LETTER

The Sufferings of Home Guard Officers

BY P. O'D.

THAT cheery and uninhibited place the House of Lords has once again been the scene of a lot of good clean fun. Our hereditary legislators have been enjoying themselves knocking the Government about. A few weeks ago they did it over the question of whether one kind of gas-producing machine for motor-cars was better or worse than another kind. The other day they defeated the Government—and by a two-to-one vote—over the equally vital problem of whether or not Home Guard officers ought to travel first-class. Wonderful the way these coronetted custodians of the nation's safety pick out the real danger spots! Where would we be without them?

Lord Strabolgi—Sergeant Strabolgi to the Palace of Westminster Company of the Home Guard—said he thought it a shame that Home Guard officers had to travel third-class, when every other kind of officer travelled first. He mentioned case after case of distinguished H.G. officers, with rows of ribbon all over their bosoms, climbing ruefully into their humble railway carriage, while mere young pups in the Army or Navy. . . . . But this sort of thing just breaks your heart.

Other Home Guard peers agreed that it was a darn shame, including Lord Elgin, a Zone Commander in Scotland, and Lord Mansfield, who bosses a battalion. Poor Lord Croft did what he could to stand up for the Government's decision. But then Lord Croft is the noble gentleman who proposed at one critical time that the Home Guard should be armed with pikes. For the rest of his life he will probably be regarded as a belated survivor of the Battle of Agincourt. The House of Lords refused to take him seriously. Result—26 agin' the Government, 13 for. Merry shouts of "Resign!"

Up to this moment the Government shows no intention of resigning. It also shows no intention of doing anything about the horrid sufferings of Home Guard officers in third-class carriages. It doesn't even give any sign of being aware that it has been defeated. Its attitude seems to be that of the very tough gentleman from Texas, who was fired on by the tenderfoot from Boston with the pretty little pearl-handled revolver.

"If you go on shootin' me with that weapon, son, and I find out about it, I'll give you a darn good spankin'."

St. Clement Danes

Most of the old churches of London are hidden away behind the tall buildings that have been raised about them in later times. If the visitor wants to find them, he must hunt carefully, guide-book in hand, or he may easily pass them by up the queer little twisting alleyways on which so many of them front. But there are two churches that he cannot possibly miss—St. Mary le Strand and St. Clement Danes.

Within a short stone's throw of one another—or a half-mashie shot, as a golfer might say—these two churches stand in the very centre of the Strand, holy islands amid the swirling tides of traffic. You might well wonder how their worshippers ever manage to attend divine service, except at imminent risk of life or limb. But on Sunday, of course, the traffic isn't there. This is one of the most peaceful stretches of roadway in all London.

Attention has recently been called to St. Clement's—"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's"—by the rediscovery of the ancient crypt. It was closed up a century ago, and the entrance apparently forgotten. A crypt seems to be an easy thing to mislay. Perhaps it would have continued to be forgotten, if a Nazi airman hadn't thoughtfully removed most of the church from above it. Searching for the foundations, with a view to restoration, an architect turned over a monumental slab in the floor of the church, and there was the hidden stairway to the lost crypt.

There is a pretty general agreement that no good purpose would be served by restoring all the "blitzed" churches of London. Sad that they should come to so dusty an end, but, since they have gone, better to let them go. Most of them had long ago survived their usefulness, except as architectural relics—and not all especially impressive even in that respect. But there are exceptions, and St. Clement Danes seems to be one of them.

The church the Nazis destroyed was a Wren—though not entirely his—built on the site of one erected by the Danes in the days of the Norman Conquest. They were allowed to live in London, in the area between Ludgate and Westminster, so they raised their church in the midst of it. The site, however, was famous long before that. The son of King Canute was buried there.

When Wren rebuilt the church after the Great Fire, he hardly touched the eastern half of the mediaeval edifice; and he left the western tower. The crypt belonged to the earlier church, and many London worthies were buried there. St. Clement Danes was the parish church of Samuel Johnson. His statue stood in the little churchyard, looking down towards the Fleet Street he loved. For that and other reasons, one hopes that some day it will be restored.

New Waterloo Bridge

Waterloo Bridge was falling down, falling down; and now Waterloo Bridge is rising up, rising up. Risen, in fact. The other day the first traffic was allowed to use it, though only on two of the six lines which it is designed to carry. For quite a while to come—a year or more perhaps, as things go now—the shabby temporary structure will cling to its side like a poor relation, but a poor relation that does much of the work.

In the happy days before the War, when people had time and inclination to wrangle about such matters, the new Waterloo Bridge was a fruitful subject of bitter debate. All the eminent architects, who hadn't got the job, hastened to point out what a dreadful mess Sir Giles Gilbert Scott was making of it. And all the eminent traffic-experts, who hadn't been consulted, pulled down their visors, set lances in rest, and went charging into the melee. It was a grand free-for-all—even for quite ordinary people who like writing letters to the papers.

Now all the noise and dust of controversy has died down—or been lost in a far louder noise, a much darker and denser dust. People are beginning to realize that, as a matter of artistic fact, Sir Giles has made a very good job of it.

The new Waterloo Bridge is a very handsome structure, with its five long spans curving across the river in a series of shallow arches. Not quite so beautiful perhaps as Rennie's masterpiece, which no less an authority than Canova called the finest bridge in Europe, but still a worthy successor. London may regret the passing of the old bridge, but it has every reason to be pleased with the new.

An interesting coincidence is that Rennie's bridge, like the present one, was a war-time structure. It was built during the final and most bitter phases of the Napoleonic struggle. When it was completed in 1817, Napoleon was safely cooped up in St. Helena.

When this one is completed next year or soon after—well, it is pleasant to imagine the possibilities, however wishful the thinking. Only, not St. Helena this time! Something more like a Nazi concentration camp—Dachau, for preference. We must not insult the shade of Napoleon.

Clothes Have to Last

Warning has been issued that we must make our clothes last longer—or, at any rate, the coupons we have to hand out for them. It comes to the same thing in the end. No coupons, no clothes—except hats, of course. Hats are still unrationed. But then hats are things that seem to last forever, even with people who wear hats. Hats may grow flabby and shapeless, and of oddly weather-beaten hue, but they don't wear out.

Naturally I am speaking of men's hats. Women's hats don't wear out either. They are never given the chance. They merely become impossible, the sort of thing that only a miserable worm with no heart and no intelligence would expect his wife to put on her head even in the black-out. To all appearances the hat may be exactly as becoming—or as unbecoming, perhaps—as it was three months before, when it was purchased. But there are some points that no wise man argues.

Except at night time, London Bobbies are now permitted on duty without steel helmets. It must be as Goering said the other day, the Luftwaffe is so busy in Russia it just hasn't the time to bomb Britain as usual.

Even the ladies, however, are being forced to accept the sad limitations of the time. Their hats are to be smaller, and much, much plainer—tiny crowns and hardly any brim at all. Some faces will, of course, look perfectly charming under those absurd little arrangements of felt, but others—well, war is certainly war.

As for the clothing coupons we are told that when the present green ones have been used up, the 20 brown ones that follow in the book must last until next April. There will still be 20 red ones, but apparently they must last until the Lord only knows when. The authorities are studiously non-committal on the subject. All they will say is that we must not count on a new lot next August. It will all depend.

Men can afford to take a grimly detached view of all this. The younger ones are being clothed at the nation's expense in khaki or light blue or navy—all very becoming shades in their different way—and the older ones have wives and daughters who thoughtfully relieve them of any worries on the subject. So far as poor men are concerned, the coupons might as well be all of one color and one date. They never see one anyway.

Poor Bishops

Bishops are generally regarded as very fortunate people—in the goods of this world as well as in those of the world to come. They live in "palaces." They enjoy large incomes—or did, for hardly any income can be regarded as really large nowadays. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, gets a stipend of £15,000 a year; and he has no less than two palaces, one at Lambeth and one at Canterbury. Nor is he alone in this apparent affluence. There are other prelates almost equally well off—even better perhaps, when a balance is struck between their incomes and their expenses.

Not very readily does the ordinary layman think of a bishop of the Church of England as an impoverished person striving desperately to make both ends meet. And yet, it seems, this is not far from being the actual case. Unless he has considerable private means, the average bishop cannot meet his engagements. He is a financial prisoner in his palace, and he cannot escape from it.

Even when he had the use of the greater part of his income, it was difficult for a bishop to live up to his position and its demands. Now that he has so little left—the Archbishop of Canterbury has about £3,500 out of his £15,000—he is practically destitute, so far as the private needs of himself and his family are concerned.

At a recent meeting of the Church Assembly at Westminster this difficult situation was discussed, and it was proposed that legislation should be passed separating the personal salary of the bishop from the fund necessary for the upkeep of his palace and the expenses connected with the various diocesan activities that are carried on there. In that way he would know what he really had to live on himself, and would pay income-tax only on this personal income.

After all, we should be fair even to bishops. However august they may look in their shovel hats and gaiters, dreadful anxieties may lurk beneath that looped-up brim, and the pockets of the purple-edged waistcoat may be stuffed with unpaid bills. It seems only right that something should be done about it.

They Do Their Bit

Some months ago a friend of mine was making his annual visit to the old and famous public school which he had attended as a boy—back in the middle years of the good Queen Victoria. It has, I imagine, changed very little in that time. He was therefore all the more surprised to see drawn up on the lovely green sward of one of the playing-fields a whole array of farm-tractors.

"What in the world are these for?" he asked the headmaster. "You aren't going in for farming, are you?"

"No, but the boys are," the Head explained. "They will be needed in the harvest-fields this year, and we are seeing to it that they shall know something about modern farm-machinery. They will be a lot more useful if they do, and we mean that they shall be useful".

Right now these lads are at work in the countryside, helping to get in the finest harvest this country has seen in many, many years—perhaps the finest it has ever seen.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Going Native

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

WHILE looking into the works of Mallarmé recently, I came upon his prose-translation of Edgar Allan Poe's *Raven*, and was thus sent back after many years to the original. My old impression was confirmed. Here as elsewhere in Poe's verse dwells a magnificent feeling for word-music joined to a boyish intelligence and a passion for garish spookiness masquerading as spiritual anguish. The opulent yet distressing incongruity thus achieved suggests a virtuoso playing *Little Dolly Daydream* on the organ. Poe to the end of his life —it is true that he was but forty when he died—remained at the level which Keats began to overpass in his 'teens. Intoxicated with sound, he clothes unreal emotion in an undulating vesture of superb rhythm and sonorous polysyllables, such as the proper names, both quaint and languorous, which he sewed on his lines like mother-of-pearl buttons—Nesace, Israfel, Lenore, Ulalame: how he would have loved the cooing saccharine Hawaiian songs crooned today by his fellow-countrymen! Of all serious writers he stands nearest to the frontiers of nonsense-verse, recalling the Yongy-Bongy-Boh who dwelt on the Coast of Coromandel, where the early pumpkins blow.

But, when all is said, how splendid, in that sugary kind, is *The Raven!* Once more I was enthralled by the outlandish atmosphere, the scented vocabulary, the hypnotic rhythm. What a gorgeous line—how sad that this column is not wide enough to reveal its sumptuousness unbroken! —"Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore." It recalled august verses of Aeschylus in the same metre, so over-powering in their massive yet vibrant beauty that it is worth while to have learned Greek merely to appreciate them. But whereas in Aeschylus the line possesses also a meaning noble, definite and relevant, in Poe's line there is no particular meaning at all. Still . . . "Tell me what . . . !"

LAMENT

NO KNIGHT comes a-courting
Although heaven knows
I wait very hopefully;
Nobody goes

Into poetic raptures
For my charming sake—
Even my poor heart
Never gets a break!

MAY RICHSTONE.

SUCH were my thoughts — or, rather, such was the pleasant mood engendered as usual by the contemplation of markedly sensuous verse, when hark! upon my own chamber-door there came a tapping, and I too have had a visitor, no stately Raven, but nevertheless Someone from the days of yore—to wit, a former pupil, who had returned, as the pleasant way of former pupils is, partly to find whether I was really as inept as I used to seem, partly to chat about past studies and present concerns. Her experience since she took her degree had been variegated and in the main attractive, but had included teaching, as may happen to the best of us. This she had not greatly relished, her charges—husky mammals of sixteen or more—being what in the brutal old days we used to call blockheads but what a more tactful generation describes as spirits naturally recalcitrant to hidebound theories of education. "So I gave up the prescribed books in English and chose simple poems for myself. I had a success with Poe's *Raven.*" You will imagine how I pricked up my ears at that. "But there was one line that failed utterly with them: it made them laugh loud and long." "What line?" I muttered. "Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore." Grinding my teeth, I asked: "What on earth is funny about that?" "Well, you see, they all connected it with the only Pluto they had ever heard of—Mickey Mouse's dog."

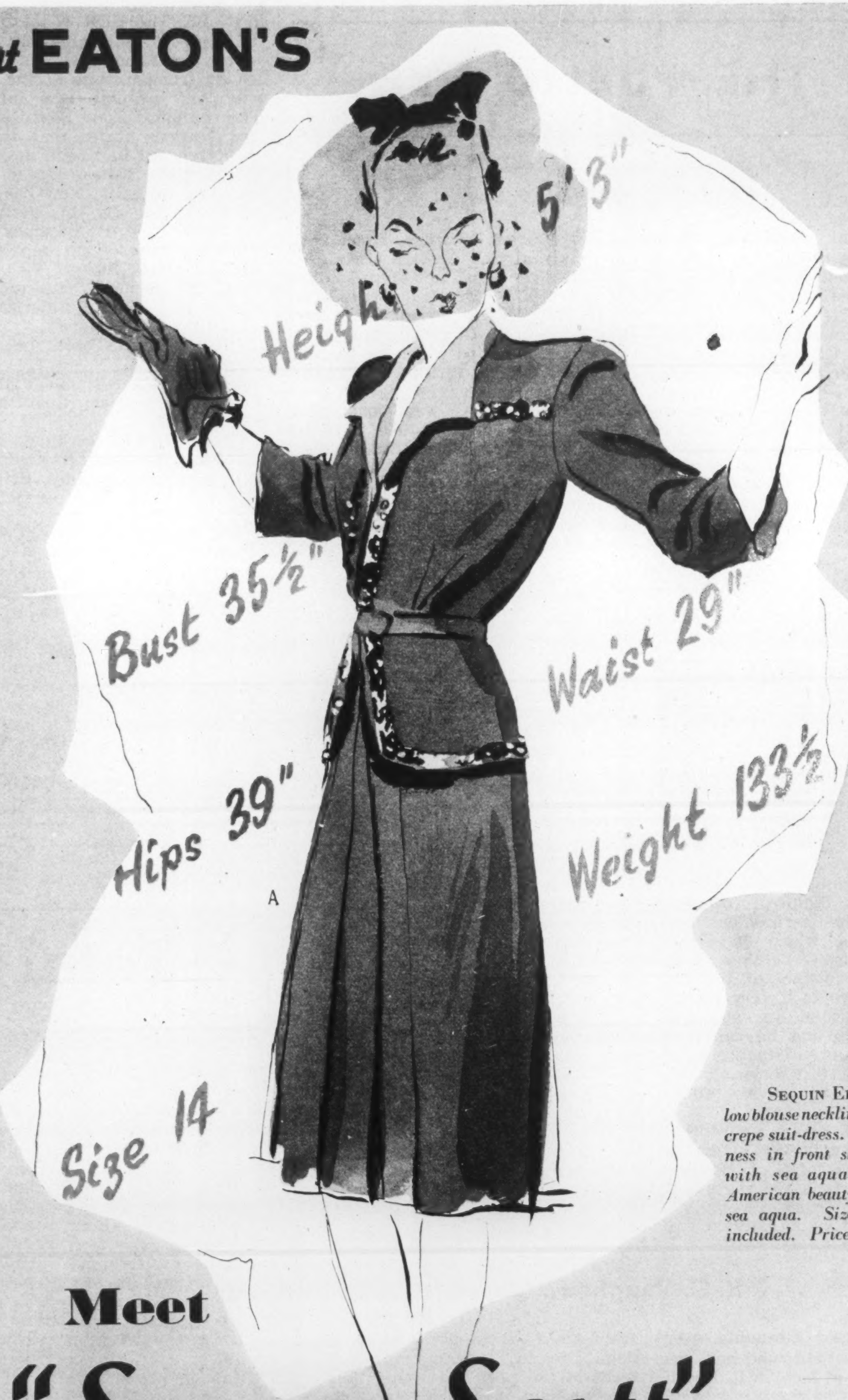
ONLY a generation ago, the fear that haunted teachers, University Extension committees, bishops on prize-days and other defenders of organized culture was lest "good literature"— Chaucer, Milton, Thackeray—should be neglected for "meretricious writings, cheaply popular stuff," that would catch the ear and ruin the taste of the young or half-educated. We are past that fear, reeling downwards to abysses of which Mathew Arnold never dreamed. It is now the meretricious stuff that is in its turn fighting for life against sub-human negroid concoctions. *The Raven* has become "highbrow"! It contains an allusion to mythology which at the time would have perplexed ordinary readers no more than an allusion to Oliver Cromwell; today it is ruined by the superior notoriety of a debased quadruped lurching through a cartoon-film (By the bye, I do not propose to waste time in answering anyone who objects: "I am educated, but I like Mickey Mouse, and Pluto into the bargain." He knows perfectly well what I mean and I refuse to blur the issue.)

A POEM, then, which in the last century not only filled Browning with enthusiastic admiration for its rhythm, but also won popular success both in the United States and in Britain, has by the March of Time become obscure. The jungle is creeping ever closer to the stockade. They tell us that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; true indeed: but that is the price of everything above brute-level. We laugh nowadays at what was taken seriously not long ago: that tale of the Englishman who, though alone in Central Africa, dressed for dinner every night. Yes: it has its funny side, but the other side is grim enough. Today we are going native, without the trouble of travelling to Central Africa: Africa has come to us.

Music is but one example. Writers of talent, even of genius, who for sound reasons chose a style and subjects that would appeal to the multitude, have one after the other sunk to be idols of a self-conscious coterie, read otherwise only by people who wish to pass examinations. Think of Jane Austen! Consider what is happening, even as I write, to Kipling. A generation ago, he was attacked for prostituting his gifts to please the vulgar, and was nicknamed "the banjo-bard of Empire"; the other day a very able young fellow revealed to me that he missed the point of *The Mother-Hive*, and that he and his friends found other Kipling stories heavy going. But that is little: what of Dickens, the strongest conceivable instance, for more than any other man who ever wielded pen he perfectly understood, and perfectly sympathized with, the "commonplace" man, woman and child! Dickens not merely wrote for the people: he *was* the people. Very well: recently I heard a young woman say that she couldn't read Dickens. Why? A hundred years ago the only conceivable reason would have been: "Mr. Dickens is ungenteel: indeed, Papa will have it that he is vulgar." But the reason given to me was: "Dickens is too highbrow."

HAVE you ever tried to explain the fact that, whereas more and more brains, devotion and organizing skill are every year put into education, people seem less and less capable of enjoying and using the immense spiritual, intellectual and artistic treasures bequeathed to them? The reason is that nearly everything children hear and see in the class-room is contradicted by nearly everything they hear and see outside it. What chance of success in genuine teaching has a man or woman who reads to them, I will not say Milton or Burke, but *The Idylls of the King* or even Longfellow and Poe, during a meagre number of "periods" a week—"periods", not hours: an hour is "too long for them"—when for the rest of the time they hear Father discuss nothing but hockey or baseball, when the house is filled with an acre of comic strips, the radio pours out American comic or jazz, and within a mile half-a-dozen cinema-theatres stand waiting to dose them with the crudest sentimentality, hideous manners and half-witted fun? In all the stupendous and varied mass of entertainment, real or alleged, now filling the world—a mass which (even when the size of our population is considered) far exceeds the self-indulgence of the most pleasure-mad epochs and nations that have preceded us—in all this can we point to more than one item that is genuinely first-rate and genuinely popular: the Gilbert and Sullivan operas? And yet . . . two or three years ago an English novelist told me that her nieces found they could see nothing in *The Mikado* and *Iolanthe*: "They're the sort of thing Auntie likes."

at EATON'S



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Safety for the Investor SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 10, 1942 *P. M. Richards, Financial Editor*

United Nations Mobilize World's Food Products

BY CLAUDE L. FISHER

> **"This time we are all in the front line", said our King, that is total war for every man, woman and child.**
>
> **It is also global war in that it is being fought on every continent and on every ocean. Back of this a constant flow of supplies is necessary, materials for actual fighting and for food at the front and at home.**
>
> **The Allied Nations are by no means self-sustaining in this respect. Their supplies come from the four quarters of the earth.**
>
> **The writer outlines how this is being accomplished.**

ON SEPTEMBER 27 there was announced simultaneously in Washington and London without any flourish of trumpets one of the greatest rationing systems ever attempted. The combined Food Board of the Allied Nations states that the agreement reached had been approved by the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. By this arrangement the United States becomes the exclusive purchaser on behalf of the Allied Nations for:—

(a) All oil-seeds, oils and fats in North and South America except Argentina and Uruguay.

(b) Copra in Tahiti and all free Pacific Islands.

(c) All oil-seeds, oils and fats in Portuguese Africa, Spanish Africa and Liberia.

Great Britain becomes exclusive purchaser for oil, fats and oil-seeds in Argentina, Uruguay, British Empire countries, Free French Africa and the Belgian Congo.

The purchases will be allocated by a joint Food Board. There will be no competitive buying. It will be noted that these purchases come under the Food Board; they are essentially food products.

The first front, aside from man power, in this war is predicated on oil,—oil for tanks, transport, airplanes—the mineral oil, petroleum. But the second front in oil is quite different. Oils, or rather oils and fats, form a major portion of man's diet whether it be the fighting forces at the front or the civilian population at home.

While some fats are of animal origin, many of those animals feed on the products of the vegetable kingdom. The cow turns grass into milk rich in butter fat in a matter of a few hours. The hog turns his diet, which is also mainly vegetable, into fat tissues which are ready for the market in the form of bacon in a few months after birth.

But nature is working for us at the same time in her great laboratory for in fruit and seeds we find fats and oils that have long been an important part of man's diet and the proportion is constantly growing. These vegetable fats and oils are always found in the fruit and seeds, never in the fibre or sap.

The lack of oils and fats in the last war was a major contributing force to the breakdown in German resistance. History may repeat itself. However, the Allied Nations are not so happy in this respect either. In the last war we had a France, an Italy and a Japan actively on our side right to the last day of fighting. Today, we are not only cut off from many former sources of oils and fats but the existing routes are more perilous. The Allies are grappling with the situation by creating two exclusive fields of buying and but two purchasers. It makes for efficiency and controlled prices.

The oils, fats and oil-seeds covered by this gigantic purchasing arrangement may, in a way, all be regarded as belonging to a group in that they all contain a "fatty" principle. In this respect they are akin. Because of this fatty feature the substances extracted from the seeds might more properly be called simply "fats" and thus easily distinguishable from the oils of petroleum but we have become accustomed to speak of them as "oils" when fluid, and "fats" when in the solid state.

To Earliest Times

The Eskimo obtains his oils and fats almost exclusively from the animal world including fish. The people

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

S. J. Hungerford

IT IS significant of the high value placed on the abilities of Samuel J. Hungerford that although he has reached three score and ten in years and retirement from the chairmanship of the Canadian National Railways Board of Directors, he is not to be allowed to altogether remove himself from the public eye—a fact apparent in the recent Ottawa announcement that Mr. Hungerford is to continue as President of National Railways Munitions Limited, government-owned firm engaged in manufacture for the Department of Munitions and Supply.

To the thousands who have enjoyed personal contact with this veteran railroader throughout the half-century he has spent in the service of Canada's transportation industry, his retirement from C. N. R. administration will be a matter for deep regret. For, in the words of the motion adopted by the Board of Directors on the occasion of his retirement, Mr. Hungerford has made for himself an enviable reputation in the realm of employee relationships; the harmonious and cordial relations which have for many years existed between management and personnel of the National System are to a very considerable extent due to his wise and tactful leadership and he can look back with pride and satisfaction upon a lifetime of unselfish service to his chosen profession and to his fellowmen.

From the days of his apprenticeship, which began in 1886 when he was 14, the career of S. J. Hungerford covers a span of 56 years—all spent in railway work. From his first employment in a railway machine shop at Farnham, Que., until his appointment first as President and then as Chairman of the Board of the C.N.R., Mr. Hungerford has lived through the period of greatest development in Canadian rail transportation, a period which he himself describes as "a thrilling half century."

Mr. Hungerford was born near Bedford, Que., in 1872. His boyhood training was similar to that of other boys in rural districts and he was in high school at the age of 14 when his father died. Necessity compelled the boy to leave school and go to work and he became a machinist apprentice in a railway shop, there serving his time and laying the foundation for a career in transportation.

In 1891, as a journeyman machinist, S. J. Hungerford began the first of many moves which later were to see him as master mechanic at Calgary, superintendent of shops at Winnipeg, superintendent of rolling stock and so on through numerous highly responsible executive posts to the position of vice-president and general manager of the system in 1922.

The following year, 1923, saw amalgamation of the Canadian National System completed with Mr. Hungerford as Vice-President in charge of Operation and Construction. Thus, within the span of 37 years the apprentice had progressed from his first humble tasks to responsibility for the operation and maintenance of one of the largest railway systems in North America.

It was in 1932, when Sir Henry Thornton resigned, that Mr. Hungerford was appointed acting president. The appointment was confirmed in 1934 and in 1936 he was made Chairman of the Board of Directors. In 1937 he became the first President of Trans-Canada Air Lines. In July 1941, Mr. Hungerford resigned the presidency of the railway system and of the air lines, remaining as chairman of the C.N.R. board.

R. C. Vaughan

DURING a career extending over 43 years, the man who now becomes a member of the C.N.R. Board of Directors and Chairman in succession to Mr. Hungerford has gained by practical experience a very thorough knowledge of all branches of railroading and an intimate acquaintance with every part of Canada and the railway requirements of all sections of the country.

Robert Charles Vaughan, President of Canadian National Railways since July, 1941, was born in Toronto in 1883. He was educated at the Toronto public schools, Harbord Collegiate and the Central Business College. He began his railway career when he was 15 as messenger boy with the C.P.R. and won speedy promotion to clerk and stenographer. In 1902 he joined the Grand Trunk Railway and a year later went to the Canadian Northern. In 1904 he was appointed secretary to the Vice-President and General Manager of the Canadian Northern and as such came into contact with officers and employees in all branches of the service over all sections of that System.

An ability to seek out and absorb the varied details of railroad practice brought young Vaughan his first important promotion. In 1910 he was made assistant to the Vice-President and General Manager. In that capacity he also had charge of operation of the Royal Line Steamers trading from Montreal to the United Kingdom. Then in 1918 came his advancement to the position of assistant to the President of the Canadian National and assistant to the President of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine at Toronto.

During ten years in those capacities Mr. Vaughan's ability as an organizer and executive became more than ever apparent and in 1920 he was named Vice-President in charge of Purchases and Stores for the C.N.R., a job which involved purchases averaging nearly $100,000,000 a year and included everything from pins to steel bridges. When in 1939 the Canadian Government set up its Defence Purchasing Board, Mr. Vaughan's services were utilized as Chairman, a post he held in Ottawa until the Ministry of Supply was set up.

In 1941, on retirement of S. J. Hungerford from the presidency of the railway and Trans-Canada Air Lines, Mr. Vaughan was appointed president of the C.N.R., Canadian National Steamships, Central Vermont Railway, the Grand Trunk Western Railway and a director of Trans-Canada Air Lines.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Total War and the Post-War

BY P. M. RICHARDS

ANY lingering doubts about the totality of Canada's war effort were dispelled by the speeches of Donald Gordon and Elliott M. Little at the Canadian Chamber of Commerce convention last week. Manpower, materials and electric energy are to be ruthlessly diverted from civilian to war uses on a scale that will put many "non-essential" businesses out of operation now and mean death later on for numberless others; workers will not only be ordered to more war-necessary jobs but also to other locations, even though away from their homes; the resulting cut in production of civilian goods and services will be so great as to necessitate the rationing of essential goods. "Consumer choice can no longer be permitted to dictate the production of most supplies. . . There will have to be a drastic standardization of products."

As to which civilian activities are "non-essential," Mr. Gordon said that "essentiality" must be tested in terms of what will win the war. "Completely non-essential production, which does not contribute to the health and maintenance of the community, will, of course, be ruled out."

This is a reasonable gauge in this period of emergency, but it is to be hoped that Messrs. Gordon, Little and Carmichael are also giving thought to the health and maintenance of the community beyond this immediate emergency. The Canadian Chamber of Commerce itself showed that it regards this as an essential consideration when it adopted, as the final act of its convention, a statement emphasizing the need for "careful and intelligent planning" by the authorities in making provision for war and civilian needs. It said that "Undue dislocation of employees, aggravation of the housing problem, and increased transportation difficulties can be minimized in this way, and a working nucleus in non-war industries, essential to the peacetime economies, can be maintained for the post-war period."

Switch-Back More Difficult

The latter is vitally important, this column is convinced. We had anything but an easy time making the switch-back to peace production after the last war; it will be enormously more difficult this time because of the much more complete transformation of our economy to the service of war. The situation is that as soon as peace comes again we are going to have not only hundreds of thousands of young men from the fighting services demanding peacetime employment, but more hundreds of thousands of men and women from the munitions and allied services, all looking as their right for the "brave new world" that has been promised them. Then it will be right up to private industry to furnish that employment. What shape will private industry be in to do it? How much private industry will there be?

To ease the post-war strain the Government will create some temporary employment with public works projects; it will also continue service pay or a portion of it to ex-fighting men during the transition period and may do something of the same kind for ex-munition workers. But such things can be only a makeshift, at best. After they've saved civilization, and after the promises made them, our soldiers and sailors and airmen are certainly not going to be willing to live on a dole. They'll want opportunity, not mere subsistence.

Essential After the War

It is to non-war industry, of the kind that is now in process of being liquidated as "non-essential," that society as a whole, and our ex-fighting men and our ex-munition workers in particular, will have to look for employment and opportunity for advancement when the war ends. The moment that day arrives, activities now classed as non-essential will become the most essential activities; it will be the war industries that have no place in the scheme of things.

Besides employment, we shall then have to look largely to the civilian-supply industries to provide the numberless goods and services which society will them need urgently.

Our wartime rulers know all this, of course, but the pressure of war is so tremendous at this time that we may well doubt that they are able to give much thought to anything but the needs of the moment. This column does not advocate the weakening of the war effort for the sake of easing the after-war period, but only that wartime decisions affecting civilian-supply industries be made with full consideration of their probable effects on the post-war situation as well as the war. Taking the line of least resistance is dangerously easy now because it can be presented as a patriotic necessity, but it may result in unnecessary harm to our future peacetime economy.

It is to be noted that the Canadian Chamber of Commerce adopted its resolution about the need for "careful and intelligent planning" *after* hearing Messrs. Gordon, Little and Ilsley.

of the temperate and tropical zones also use animal fats in the form of meats, lard and tallow, etc., but we derive a great deal of what we need direct from the vegetable kingdom.

The history of vegetable oils extends back to earliest times and is full of interest. Of course, the oil noted above all others for its food value is that of the olive. In the country where civilization was cradled the olive grew to its greatest perfection and its oil was used extensively in the preparation of many foods. It was olive oil which the widow mixed with the meal to feed Elijah. Of course, it is pre-eminent as a salad dressing either alone or combined with other ingredients.

The olive is grown in all countries that border on the Mediterranean, was introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards when they conquered that country and reached what is now California through the famous Franciscan missionary, Junipero Serra, when he established his numerous missions among the Indians in that land.

Palm oil for which palm butter is another name is also used as a food but not so extensively as olive oil. In tropical West Africa a specially prepared variety called "chop oil" is a staple article of food. The coconut palm is closely allied to the ordinary palm and produces an oil much in demand.

Other vegetable oils have been used for food from ancient days, particularly in the East, and among them is Macassar oil which is much prized for cooking. Byron paid tribute to this oil in chronicling the travels of Don Juan but it has never become popular in America as food. Considerable quantities of it were imported at one time as hair tonic and used so copiously that despairing housewives invented a protective covering for the upholstery called "antimacassars".

New Methods

While those vegetable oils just mentioned have been paramount for ages as a food, it is only during the present century and especially the past twenty years that we have developed edible oils from other varieties of seeds. New methods of purification and treatment have now made practically all vegetable oils suitable for food.

Cottonseed oil now produces an excellent salad oil of which the well-known Wesson oil is a type. Then we have peanut oil and peanut butter and edible oils from the soya bean, corn (maize), rape (colza), poppy-seed and many others not so well known. Nevertheless, many of those less known oils are extensively used by manufacturers in their own special brands of prepared or packaged foods.

Early this century it was found possible to "harden" edible oils and fats by the addition of hydrogen and this, aside from improved methods of purification, has greatly extended the use of vegetable oils as a food. By this means relatively cheap oils can be converted into more valuable fats so that the hardening of oils by hydrogenation has now become a well-established industry.

In biochemistry a recent discovery of the action of light on a non-active oil enables the precious vitamin to be produced synthetically. No longer is it necessary to capture and bring to shore the live cod or halibut there to be killed that the vitamin may be extracted from the fresh liver. The impossibilities of yesterday are the established facts of today. We can so juggle with the oil or fat molecule not only to improve it but to make entirely new products synthetically.

The principle of extraction from all seeds and fruit is practically the same, namely, first cleaning, then crushing cold which furnishes the best oil, then the crushing with a gentle warmth and finally soaking the crushed mass in solvents which dissolves out more oil. This oil when separated from the solvent is the lowest grade. The residual mass is made into "oil-cake" and used largely for stock food for cattle, horses, pigs and poultry.

Vegetable oils cannot be distilled like the mineral oils of petroleum, as extreme heat produces decomposition of the fatty principle. However, one of the most important properties of those fats and oils is that when boiled with caustic soda or caustic potash they "saponify" or form an emulsion. Glycerine is released, an essential in explosives of the dynamite class, and the residue combines with the alkalis or caustics to form soap.

Olive and Palm Oils

Hard soap is produced by using caustic soda, soft soap by caustic potash. The olive and palm oils especially produce a most pleasing and soothing soap. They were so used in Cleopatra's time and Dr. Dafoe prescribed the same type for the Dionne quintuplets. Palm oil has a very pleasing faint odor that is so persistent that it carries over even into the soap itself.

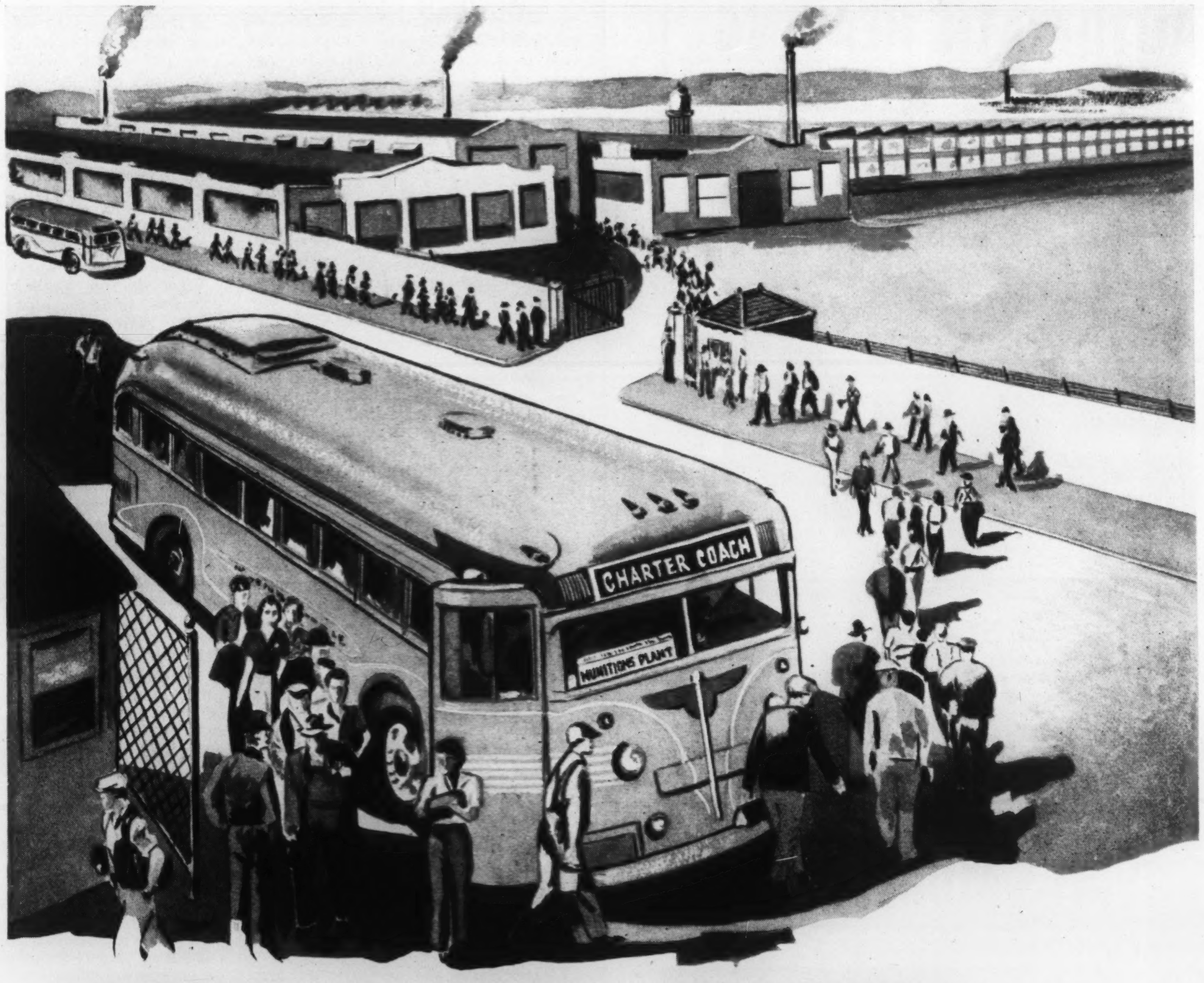
Many of the vegetable oils are used in other industries, especially the paint and varnish trades. Some are "drying oils" like linseed oil, some are semi-drying and some are absolutely non-drying. The latter cannot, of course, be used in paints and varnishes. Castor oil is of this type and it is also one of the few vegetable oils that cannot be used as a food. Small quantities of it are used for medicinal purposes but even Mussolini when he fed recalcitrant Italians large quantities of it in establishing Fascism scarcely regarded castor oil as a food.

Linseed, the seed of flax, also has a unique quality. It is so slippery that if a man were to step into a bin of it in an elevator he would immediately sink right to the bottom.

Although all those oil-seeds have a common fatty principle each variety has its own peculiar quality and it is this feature that makes them so adaptable in so many industries, quite aside from their food value.

Their vast importance both in the food and in the industrial world is ample justification for the buying and rationing front just announced from Washington and London. We do not wish any shortage of such oils and fats to trap us as it did Germany in the last days of the last war. Tea and coffee may yet be bought by importers, sold to retailers and only then are they rationed. In this latest plan with regard to oils, fats and oils-seeds control begins at the source.

One of the most responsible jobs on Britain's famous London, Midland & Scottish Railway is that of signalman. Today it is held by a woman.



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MONTREAL

Transportation of war workers is vital to production for victory. Ever-increasing thousands of men and women in essential industries depend on Provincial Transport coaches to carry them to their jobs.

With many plants working on a 24-hour basis, the Provincial Transport Company must provide almost continuous service, bringing fresh workers to the plants, carrying home those that have finished their shift.

This is Provincial Transport's major war job. It has others, too—such as providing services to military camps, carrying troops on mass movements, etc. . . . but first and foremost stands its regular day-after-day transportation of thousands of war workers.

Because this service is so essential, many coaches have had to be taken from pre-war regular scheduled services (it is now impossible to buy new coaches). So, scheduled services have had to be curtailed and coaches have become over-crowded. The patience of the public is asked. These inconveniences exist because the war effort MUST come first.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

MONTREAL TRAMWAYS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Montreal's street railway system is doing so large a volume of business because of war activities that it occurs to me the company's stock might be a good buy at this time. I would be grateful for your opinion.

—F. K. G., Westmount, Que.

It is true, of course, that Montreal Tramways' volume of business has expanded greatly because of the war; in fact it has grown so much that the company has a good deal of difficulty in handling it. But you must not overlook the fact that expenses have also risen sharply and that they absorb a large share of the increased gross revenues. Furthermore, common stock dividends are rendered rather remote by the heavy debt retirement requirements of the plan of compromise effected with bondholders last year.

A feature favorable to the stock is that the improvement in earnings has served to improve materially the position of the outstanding bonds, and debt retirement is strengthening the stock's long-range position. But the war will end some day, and when that happens there is likely to be a decline in general business activity and a renewal of automobile competition. The record of street railway systems on this continent for years before the war was not such as to encourage the purchase of such stocks for holding now.

BAGAMAC ROUYN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have some Bagamac Rouyn Mines' shares and would like to know if they are of any value?

—R. A. C., North Battleford, Sask.

Yes, your Bagamac Rouyn shares have some value. The company was reorganized in 1937, the name changed to Bagamac Mines Ltd., with the shares exchangeable one new for four old. The transfer agent is Trusts and Guarantee Co., Toronto.

The company has reported little activity for the last three years. Some prospecting for and investigation of outside mining properties was done last year, but nothing of importance was discovered. As of December 31, 1941, Bagamac had $602 cash, $11,236 accounts receivable and $139,553 investments against current liabilities of $8,437. The investments were made up as follows: shares of mining companies, etc., at cost of $215,943 (quoted value $53,275) and pooled shares of mining companies at cost $13,610. Among the mining stocks held are blocks of Senator Rouyn and Gold Frontier.

Bagamac shares are listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange and there is a bid of three cents for the stock.

CANADIAN CELANESE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As a common shareholder of Canadian Celanese Ltd., I would appreciate any information you may have as to the current trend of earnings.

—W. L. N., Moncton, N.B.

I understand that sales of Canadian Celanese Ltd. are running ahead of last year's, but that 1942 budget taxes applicable to the second half of the current year will affect net earnings somewhat. However, a reassuring fact for shareholders is the maintenance to date of the regular common dividends and extras on a par with the 1941 payment of $1 regular and $1 extra.

Operating profits in 1941 were the best in many years, amounting to $4,418,000 as against $2,742,000 in the previous and $2,982,000 two years before. The dividend disbursement of $2 was covered almost twice over by net earnings ($3.99).

The sales of the company this year, as in 1941, and to a greater extent, have been stimulated by the disappearance of silk fabrics from the domestic markets. As is well known, Celanese products have been competing for many years with real silk (as well as with wool and cotton goods), and the final transfer of all real silk to the Government for war purposes gradually saw the domestic market drained of real silk fabrics and clothing. This opened new buying for Celanese products.

CLERNO

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can furnish me with as to the present situation at Clerno Mines will be appreciated. What is the connection of Arno Mines with Clerno, and is it active?

—R. F., Hull, Que.

Clerno Mines has not reported any activity for some three years. The property adjoins the McWatters mine, in the Rouyn area of Quebec, and geological conditions are said to be interesting. Difficult financing conditions, however, have kept the company dormant. Two shafts have been put down and some encouragement met with in lateral work completed. With finances available it had been proposed to sink a series of diamond drill holes across the property.

Arno Miles holds a 51 per cent interest in Clerno Mines, but has not carried on any development for a number of years. It also has 200 acres in Rouyn township, Quebec.

CLERICY CON.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Any information you can give me regarding Clericy Consolidated Mines will be welcome. I have held some shares for years and have come to the conclusion it is dead.

—M. B. N., Kingston, Ont.

Clericy Consolidated has not held any property for some years. It owns, however, 500,000 shares of Clerno Mines, which holds property in Rouyn township, Quebec, adjoining the McWatters mine, and formerly held by Clericy and Arno Mines. This company is inactive at present.

A limited amount of lateral work was completed, two shafts having been put down, and while no ore shoot was outlined some encouragement was met with. The geological conditions are reported as interesting and once the war is won and there is a revival of interest in gold prospects, some activity on the Clerno ground is possible.

MOORE CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What do you think of Moore Corporation common stock for buying now? Your sound advice will be appreciated. What is the dividend rate and the yield on the stock? Is the company getting any war business, and what is its position in respect of company finances?

—W. M. E., London, Ont.

The current yield on Moore Corporation common is around 7% which is a very attractive rate, I think, in view of the company's earnings and outlook. Dividends are currently being paid on the stock at the annual rate of $2.22 per share, and in 1941 an extra dividend of 66½ cents per share was paid. Against the total of $2.88½ per share, the company in 1941 earned $3.75 per share, after providing $450,000 for wartime contingencies, an amount equal to $1.06 per common share. Earnings in 1940 (without any such special provision) were $3.72 per share, in 1939 $3.59, in 1938 $2.71 and in 1937 $3.51. All units of the company operated at record levels in 1941 and it is to be expected that operations will continue at, or near, these levels for the duration of the war.

The principal item of the company's business is the manufacture and distribution of multiple copy forms necessary for the control and speedy handling of practically every kind of business operation. There is at present a heavy demand for these products, with governmental organizations as well as civilian corporations being heavy users. One reason for interest in the shares from a long-term viewpoint, is the fact that after the war, as well as during it, the company will make products essential to transportation, commercial and industrial organizations.

Moore Corporation Limited has no funded or bank indebtedness, and has built up a strong financial position. As at December 31, 1941, net working capital was $8,376,631, comparing with $6,101,615 three years earlier at December 31, 1938. At the end of 1941 current assets of $13,692,455 with 2.58 times current liabilities of $5,315,824.

BROULAN

Editor, Gold & Dross:

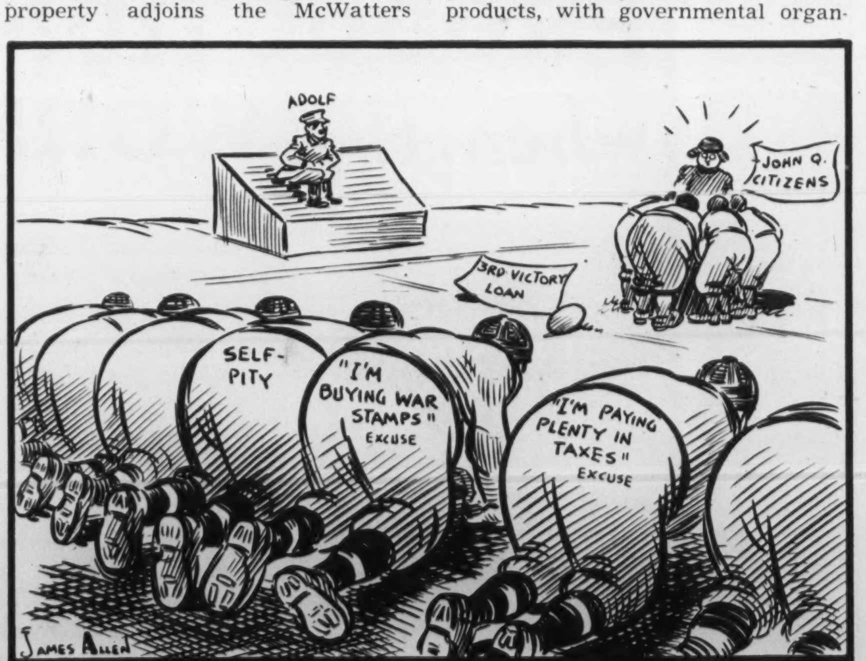
I have 1,000 shares of Broulan bought at 87 cents. Do you think the company will be able to carry on in spite of a shortage of labor? Do you think a third dividend is likely to be paid this year?

—S. W., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Yes, Broulan Porcupine should be able to carry on even in the face of a further shortage of labor. The policy has been to carry development work well in excess of current requirements and the company is now provided with sufficient ore to keep the mill supplied for several years. At the annual meeting it was stated that a substantial reduction could be made this year in the number of employees without causing a proportionate drop in the output of gold. As regards dividends this year it appears reasonable to expect payments equal to the nine cents a share paid in 1941.

Net profit, after all charges, was 5 cents a share for the first half of the current year as compared with 7½ cents in the like period last year, and it is of particular interest that costs were reduced this year. Net working capital was $71,000, at the end of 1941, but is now likely higher. Ore developments continue satisfactory and ore reserves which were 636,000 tons at the beginning of the year, have been increased.

Broulan and the neighboring Bone-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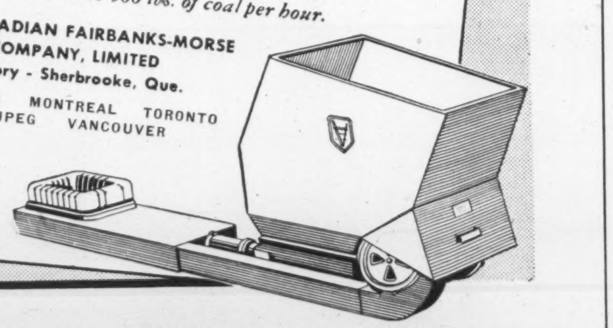

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CANADA PERMANENT
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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 223

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1942 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Monday, 2nd November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1942. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager
Toronto, 15th September 1942

GOLD & DROSS

tal, in which it holds share control, are effecting operating economies through the closer co-ordination of the offices. Broulan will handle the office and engineering work for Bonetal and also take care of sampling, steel sharpening, assaying and machine work, which will tend to counteract the shortage of labor.

CONTINENTAL MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been a subscriber to SATURDAY NIGHT *for many years, and am trying to find out something about Continental Gold Mines Limited. Can you assist me?*

—C. M. M., Nelson, B.C.

I have been unable to find any record of Continental Gold Mines. Do you, by any chance, mean Continental Mines Limited? If so, this company was succeeded in 1928 by Continental Kirkland Mines, and the exchange basis was, I believe, two new for one old share. Toronto General Trusts Corp., Toronto, is the transfer agent. Some four years ago control of operations was acquired jointly by Toburn Gold Mines, Premier Gold Mining Co., and American Smelting and Refining Co.

There is no activity underway at the property at present. Some prospecting was done in the summer of 1941 on the company's east claims but results were disappointing. If exploration being carried out by Toburn to the north on the 2,475-foot horizon warrants, it is possible a drift may be driven into Continental's ground at that level, in the hope of locating commercial ore.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

JOHN KNOX, manager of Hollinger Gold Mines, and chairman of the mine manpower advisory committee, states: "The shortage of men in the strategic mineral industry, including coal, has reached an alarming stage." Mr. Knox quotes this as justification for sending workmen away from the gold mines. However, John L. Lewis, who heads a powerful union of coal miners in the United States, has refused to permit these men to work more than 35 hours a week unless it can be proven to his satisfaction that such work is necessary! Do these angles add up to common sense? If 300,000 coal miners were to work just a normal day of eight hours they would put in more time than were 400,000 men to work 35 hours a week. There would be an actual gain of the equivalent of 100,000 men, or close to 34 per cent. Why should such "leaders" as John L. Lewis be permitted to sabotage the working power of men and thus compel other groups of men to be uprooted from their homes to fill the gaps? Why create havoc in loyal and willing communities just to make putty for the wormholes made by the parasites which the governments condone? Such fine communities as Porcupine and Kirkland Lake stand ready to share the burdens of war, even more than their share.

•

The call for workmen to leave gold mines in Ontario and go to jobs at the base metal mines revolves largely about the goldfields of Porcupine and Kirkland Lake as the volunteer area, and the Sudbury district as the area to which the men will go. Approximately 700 men make up this migration. The greater number, some 460, are transplanted from the Porcupine gold area and some 215 from the Kirkland Lake and Larder Lake area. Hollinger Con. Gold Mines at Porcupine is the larger employer with a pay roll of about 3,000 men and will accordingly contribute about 150 men, with proportional contribution made by McIntyre-Porcupine, Dome, Preston, East Dome and others. In the Kirkland Lake area, Lake Shore with close to 800 men employed will contribute 39, while Wright-Hargreaves will account for 41, Kerr-Addison 30, Sylvanite 20, etc.

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Investors in the shares of gold mining companies have less reason to lament the recent trend than might at first appear to be justified. For instance, operations during a period of labor shortage and scarcity of material and supplies involve low efficiency and high costs. The gold is often taken out at a very small margin of profit. The temporary reduction in operations during the remainder of the war will mean that a larger amount of gold ore will remain in the mines when the conflict comes to an end. Then may follow an era in which workmen will be available in abundance. Material and supplies will be plentiful again. At that time the mines may then proceed with operations on the fullest possible scale and with a much greater margin of profit obtainable from each ton of ore. The actual profit to be ultimately derived by shareholders of gold mines might reasonably be somewhat greater through the conservation of ore at present,—and thereby fortified behind big ore reserves with which to reap the harvest of the post-war era.

The demand for gold in neutral countries is believed to be increasing. Although the United States is producing close to $200,000,000 a year in gold yet this entire output is disappearing, apparently finding its way to neutral countries. So far the U.S. government has been able to maintain its accumulated gold horde of some $22,750,000,000 but those in close touch with the heavy purchases of material which the country is making in South America and other parts of the world are under the impression that much of the surplus gold may be required to meet the growing obligations.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area some months ago and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

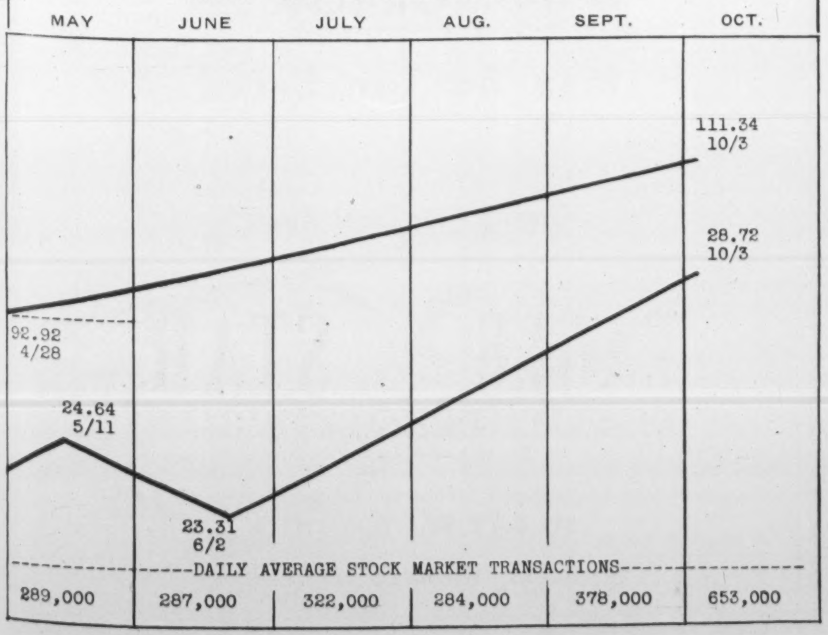
INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows, Industrials 92.92, Rails (June) 23.31, with peaks, to date, during last week. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

N.Y. STOCK MARKET FOLLOWING ELECTION YEAR PATTERN

In a national election year in the U.S.A., based on experience of the past half century, the stock market normally grounds at some point between January and July and then proceeds to advance until around election time. This pattern has been particularly noticeable during the New Deal's incumbency. In 1934, for illustration, stocks bottomed in July and then advanced into December. In 1936, January was the low month, with advance, after the double bottom in April, to November. In 1938, prices registered their minimum figures in March and rose to a November peak. In 1940, the low was in June, with upward progress into November.

During the current year the market, to date, has adhered to the above-described sequence. The extreme low point, for instance, was established in April, with irregular advance in the five months that have followed. Prices, the past week or so, were at about the high point of the five-months range—up some 17% from their early year lows. The extent of this movement, both as to duration and points covered, certainly calls for a conservative attitude, so far as any general purchasing is concerned. Furthermore, should the month of October be characterized by substantial price advance, with volume of trading climbing and activity otherwise broadening, we shall feel called upon to recommend, from the intermediate standpoint, the sale of stocks—a position exactly the opposite to that taken by us during the extreme price weakness during April of this year.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Loss Prevention Now of Prime Importance

BY GEORGE GILBERT

> **It is admitted that never before in our history has there been a greater need for maximum production of war materials, as it is realized that a modern war cannot be won by man power alone but only by a combination of men and machinery.**
>
> **Fires in the aggregate have a serious hampering effect upon the country's war production program, for even though the loss may be covered by insurance the materials burnt are irretrievably lost and may be very difficult or impossible to replace. When Fire Prevention is thought of as the preservation of such materials from destruction, its importance becomes obvious.**

AS AN abstract subject, Fire Prevention is of little or no interest to the general public. It is only when fires cause a loss of their property or wealth or injury or death to persons that they become concerned about the question of prevention. For that reason, fire prevention campaigns would make a stronger appeal if they were publicized as loss prevention campaigns, because it is loss prevention that is the live topic, especially at the present juncture when the preservation of existing supplies of materials and commodities is of the greatest importance. While there has been considerable criticism of the people by fire preventionists for their carelessness in permitting so many preventable fires to occur, it has not been as effective in inducing them to take action to reduce losses as it would have been if more emphasis had been placed on the prevention of loss rather than on the prevention of fire.

Statistics show that the heavy losses take place in only a very few of the total fires which occur. Indeed, from 50 to 75 per cent of the total loss in any city can be traced to from one to two per cent of the total number of fires, and, accordingly, any material reduction in losses must be largely brought about by correction of the conditions which permitted these fires to assume such magnitude.

Faulty Construction

It is true that some of these heavy losses occur in dwellings, but only if there is an almost total destruction or the contents are of high value. But most large losses occur in other structures, such as factories, wholesale warehouses, schools, churches, stores, hotels, theatres, office buildings, piers, wharves, or, in fact, in any structure which in itself is of high value or the contents of which represent large values.

These heavy losses are not restricted to any particular type of construction. Frame buildings burn, but so do those with brick walls, and the destruction of steel work in a building is always heavy where there is an interior fire and the steel is not protected by proper insulation. In some cases the so-called fireproof construction of large plants did not prevent the burning of the contents and, because of the intense heat of the fire, the severe injury of the structure itself.

A study of many of the large individual losses makes it plain that serious fire damage is primarily due to faulty building construction, not necessarily poor construction or construction of material that will burn, but rather faults from the standpoint of the easy spread of fire. Open stairways and elevator shafts, extensive light shafts, improper dumb waiter shafts, ventilating systems, non-firestopped recesses in walls and partitions—all readily carry fire and smoke from floor to floor. All these vertical openings are flues for the rapid spread of fire.

Buildings of excessive area are frequently total losses because of the inability of the fire department to fight a fire far in the interior, beyond the reach of a stream from a door or window. Likewise, excessively high structures are beyond the reach of fire department streams, and, unless suitable private fire protection equipment is available, there is little the fire department can do to prevent a heavy fire loss. Even though the fire may be extinguished before much of the building is involved, there may be tremendous water damage done to the contents.

Delay in Discovery

Another feature of these heavy losses is that almost invariably there is a serious delay in discovering the fire. The most of these fires occur after midnight, several hours after the place has been closed for the day. In many cases, discovery is made only when the fire has reached such proportions as to break through the roof, and then, it is too late for the fire department to do effective work in preventing a heavy loss.

While incendiarism is the cause of some of these heavy losses, many others are due to various other causes, such as improper electric wiring or equipment, poorly insulated heating devices, faulty chimneys, hazardous processes not properly safeguarded or not recognized, values too congested, exposures not protected, and a general disregard of good housekeeping.

As a rule, none of these conditions will be taken care of by the individual property owner of his own volition, largely because they involve an expenditure of money for their correction, also because of lack of knowledge of their importance. A man who has a house built for himself would not leave out fire-stops in the side wall if he knew of the hazard to life and property due to this cause, but in buying a house from a builder, or employing a builder to construct a house according to certain architectural designs, he has no general assurance that these desirable features are included, nor does he know that the chimneys are fire-safe, the heating apparatus properly separated from combustible material, or the oil burner safely installed.

These are safety features which must be assured by municipal or other governmental authorities. To ensure suitable building construction, whether from a health, comfort or fire safety standpoint, there must be a proper building code in effect, and, of equal or more importance, the building code must be enforced without fear or favor, which requires the services of properly qualified and independent inspectors. Likewise, fire hazards must be controlled under suitable fire prevention ordinances, and periodical inspections made to ascertain if they are being complied with.

Continuing Fire Hazards

While properly devised and enforced building codes and fire prevention ordinances will undoubtedly save much valuable property from destruction — something which is of the highest importance in a time of scarcity of needed materials for war production like the present—unfortunately there will remain in our communities numerous structures which are ready breeders of serious fires.

Although such structures cannot at present be eliminated economically, they can be made less apt to produce a severe fire loss by the provision of adequate fire alarm service, including an automatic fire alarm, and by installing fire protection equipment, such as automatic sprinklers and standpipes, and by having more complete patrol of the premises by watchmen under regular supervision to make sure that they are on the job and performing their duties in a capable manner.

It is an unfortunate fact that many owners of large and valuable business properties who provide fire protection equipment of various kinds, do so only in order to obtain a reduction in their insurance rates, and do not adequately provide for the maintenance of the equipment after it is installed. If such equipment is to continue to perform its functions and be effective when the need arises, it must be subject to some governmental or other supervision which will ensure that it is maintained in operating condition.

Not only the owners of such properties but the citizens generally of the communities in which they are situated have a direct interest in the fire loss prevention measures taken by the owners, as fires originating in these hazardous structures may start a conflagration that would cause widespread destruction.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Would you be good enough to give me some information regarding Government annuities? My husband and myself are somewhat older than most persons beginning such a form of saving, being at the age of 55 and 50, but because of recent developments we are forced to investigate additional sources of old age security. I may say that our income is about $3,500 per annum. Are Government rates higher or lower than insurance company rates?

—S. C. H., Welland, Ont.

At the present time the rates charged by the Dominion Government for annuities are lower than those of the insurance companies. The later the age at which you de-

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sired the income from the annuity to commence the lower the cost.

If you desired the income to commence when your husband reached aged 65, for example, the annual payment required for a Government annuity providing an income for yourself and your husband as long as either of you lived, that is, when one died the income would be continued to the other as long as he or she lived, would be $120.19 for each $100 of annual income desired.

If you desired the income to commence when your husband reached age 70, the cost would be lower. In that case, it would be advisable, I should say, to take out individual annuities, one for your husband and one for yourself. The annual payment required for your husband's annuity would be $41.48 for each $100 of annual income, while the annual payment for your annuity would be $32.63 per $100 of annual income. The income from your husband's annuity would commence when he reached age 70 and yours when you reached age 70.

•

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you let me have a report on the financial position of the Confederation Life Association of Toronto as to assets, liabilities, surplus, income, expenditure, length of time in business, and its standing as to claim settlements under its policies?

—F. E. H., Windsor, Ont.

Confederation Life Association, with head office at Toronto, is an old-established Canadian company, having commenced business in 1871, and has long occupied a prominent position among the strongest and soundest companies doing business in this country. It enjoys a well-earned reputation for fair dealing with policyholders and claimants.

At the end of 1941 its total admitted assets, according to Government figures, were $140,888,645, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $135,678,348, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $5,210,297. As the paid up capital amounted to $300,000, there was thus a net surplus of $4,910,297 over capital, policy and annuity reserves, provision for profits to policyholders, and all liabilities. Its total income in 1941 was $23,898,416, and its total disbursements, $17,262,438, showing an excess of income over disbursements of $6,635,978.

Vested Interests

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

In a book "Vested Interest or Common Pool" which has aroused much interest and controversy in England, Nicholas Davenport assails all the "vested interests", those of capitalism and socialism, of big business and the Trades Union Congress.

Mr. Layton finds much good in the Davenport New World but criticizes his method of getting there.

THE widespread interest provoked by Mr. Nicholas Davenport's book "Vested Interest or Common Pool" is a welcome sign of the preoccupation of ordinary men with the fundamental problems of economics. Mr. Davenport knows where to put the finger. His first thrusts are against "vested interests". Thus he unites the support of the capitalist (of the music-hall variety) who finds vested interests in the Trade Unions, as well as that of the worker, to whom the very phrase vested interest conjures up a picture of a fat man in ludicrous clothes, smoking a vast cigar which retains, for self-advertisement, its band.

Mr. Davenport has a go at them all, the vested interests of capitalism and socialism, of big business and of the T.U.C. But he goes too far. He says, for instance, that cheating the excess profits tax has become so general a habit that accountants and income tax inspectors no longer trouble to cross question. This is nonsense, and it is not improved by the fact that the author of it has had abundant opportunity as a City man to discover that it is nonsense. Consider also the assertion that employers commonly meet the extra cost of living by taking increased tax-free expenses from their companies. This also is simply not true.

In some quarters the book has received commendation because of its catholicity in attack. It attacks certain Government methods because they savour of jockeying, in this totalitarian war, for a position in the post war; and it attacks the T.U.C. for the same thing. It attacks right, left and centre, with the same plan. This should not automatically be construed as impartiality.

The gravest shortcoming in most of the economic panaceas which the war has brought up is that they lose themselves in a fog which conceals essential distinctions and makes a sentimentality of what should be a science. "There is a type of reformer to be found, whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round", to adapt the old saw. Mr. Davenport's book renders this service, that it portrays this fault with such obviousness as to make it almost impossible for anyone hereafter to commit it.

Method is Suspect

But there still is much good in the Davenport New World. It is only the method of getting there which is so suspect. It is good that there should be equal pay for equal work, and good that a wages policy, fixing levels and hours of work, should be urged, even though we know with a desperate certainty that we shall never see one in this war. There is, too, a good sentiment about the idea of leasing capital to the State, with payment in the form of "rentals" based on equity. We know, of course, that we shall not see that either, but it still is a good idea. In the peace, Mr. Davenport's idea is for a common pool for wealth to associate with a planned economy, to marry, and to produce the maximum economic well being for all men. Another good idea.

Where in all this is the reality? It is surely time that fine words and soaring sentiments were done with. Germany twists the knife in Russia's vitals, our own armies and air fleets, with those of the United States, wait for zero hour. Shall we now begin to rebuild this pyramid from the bottom? It is better to face the ineluctable fact, that the war economy has been forged in its final shape. There is no time left for any fundamental change. For better or for worse, till victory do us part, we have our war economy. Let us not dissipate vital energy in baying at the moon.

This, of course, does not hold true of the post-war. We shall need to plan for that, and very carefully and thoroughly, if victory in the war is not to become ashes in our mouths. Again, we have Mr. Davenport sitting on the dilemma's horns, and hardly seeming to notice it. The profit motive should, in general, go. The banks should be nationalized. But, at the same time, we must preserve the instinct for self-betterment, there must be no tampering with the essential liberty which has been called (by other writers) the opportunity for initiative, the small man's freedom.

And this instinct of Mr. Davenport's will thrive in conditions determined by a new League of Nations, which will make a much better do of economics than ever it did of politics, which will "run" the raw material resources of the world, seeing that each country gets what it needs. This is strongly reminiscent of the Atlantic Charter, but it is also faintly reminiscent of that apotheosis of capitalism which was called the cartel system.

One cannot but be suspicious of theories whose basis is the idea that the ordinary international exchange of goods and services inevitably contains the seeds of war and injustice. Economics work side by side with politics. It was politics that were rotten, not economics. And to make a heaven of economics would do no job if the corrupting partner were left corrupt.

One of the many reasons a nation at war must restrict civilian consumption of oil: H.M.S. "Warspite," naval veteran of the present war, takes on a load of oil from a tanker. Far at sea, the two vessels are protected overhead by RAF planes and below by the Navy's patrol craft.

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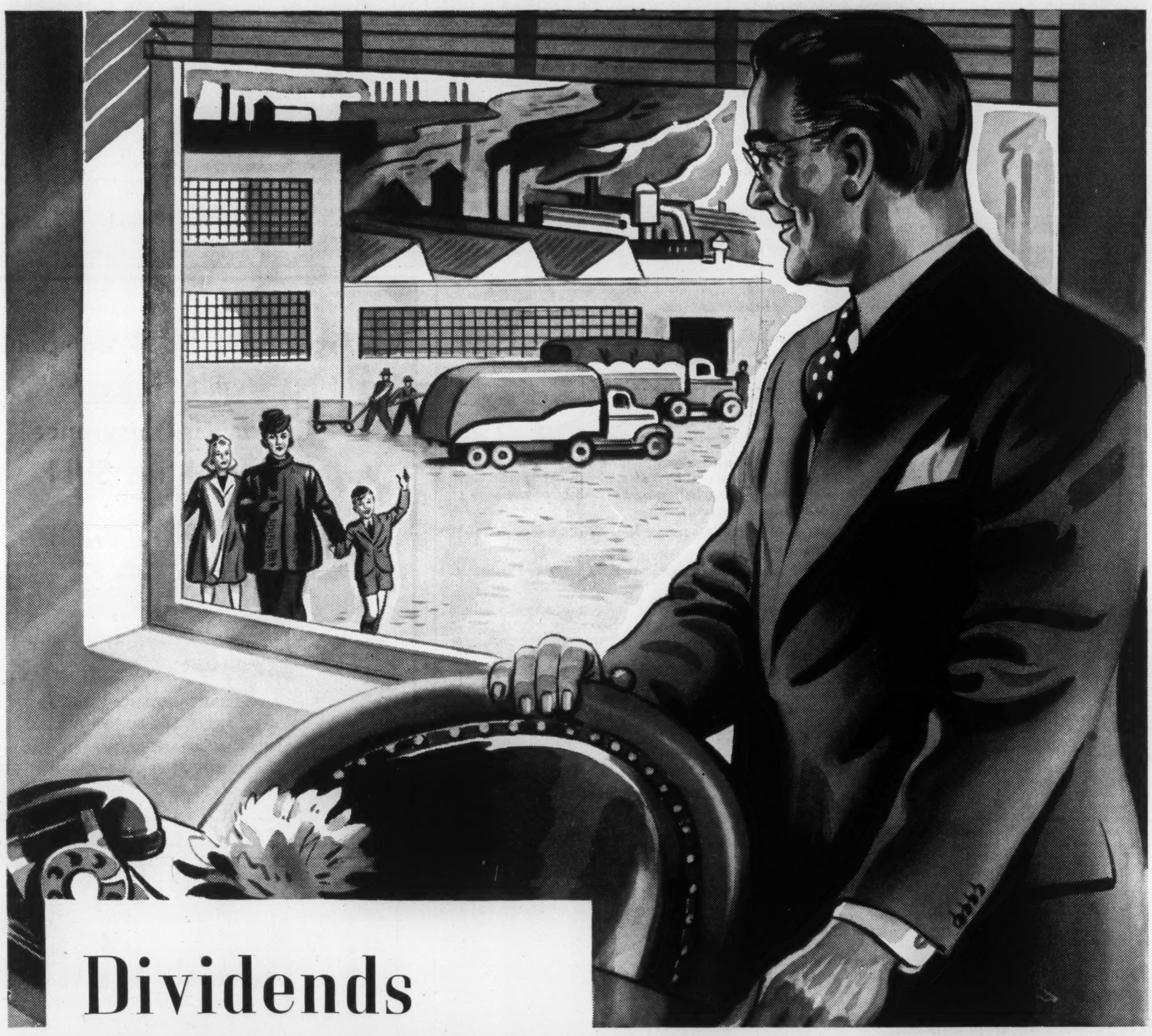

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